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THE RISE AND FALL OF THE PHONOGRAPH

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LIKE ancient Gaul, the phonograph trade was for many years divided into three parts. Three great companies, Edison, Columbia, and Victor, held rigid control, and shared between them a sales income that rose to more than $125,000,000 a year. That figure represented a retail expenditure by the American public of $250,000,000 annually for phonograph merchandise bearing those three names. It was a fine income while it lasted. In ten years one of the companies returned to its stockholders a total of 437% in cash dividends, and 816% more in gratuitous stock. Those were happy days.

The phonograph began in the laboratory of Thomas A. Edison. In 1877, when he announced the invention, the device was so startlingly new in principle that it is said his application papers went through the Patent Office without a single prior reference being marked by the examiners. But he had stumbled on the phonograph in connection with other experiments and it did not at first interest him very deeply. He played with it and amused himself by having it repeat his own recitation of "Mary Had A Little Lamb", but he did not begin to develop it commercially until about 1885, when he found his rivals, the famous Volta Laboratories, filing patents intended to make it a success commercially.

The brains behind the Volta Laboratories were those of Alexander Graham Bell, of telephone fame, Chichester Bell, his brother, and Sumner Tainter. The Bells and Tainter called their device the graphophone, and in 1887 the American Graphophone Company (which, practically speaking, soon became the Columbia Graphophone Company) was formed to market the machines and the wax cylinder records made under Bell and Tainter patents. Litigation then began between Edison and the Bells, but after some twenty suits had been filed the two groups came to a working agreement and by 1890 the marketing of Edison phonographs and Bell (or Columbia) graphophones was proceeding peaceably.

But the dividends did not begin at once. The possibilities of the instrument as a home entertainer were not immediately recognized. Its chief rôle in the early '90s was that of a slot-machine amusement in barrooms, railroad stations, bawdy houses, nickelodeons and penny arcades. The

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patrons of that innocent era carefully adjusted to their ears a pair of rubber tubes, dropped a coin into a slot, and then listened spellbound as the machine ground out a squeaky song, a comic recitation, or a blaring band piece. It had the fascinations of a toy and a scientific marvel combined. But a musical instrument it was surely not. The chief sales outlets were hardware stores, toy stores, bicycle shops, and sewing-machine agencies. To ask a piano merchant to take on the line was to invite his resentment of what he regarded as a deliberate insult.

II

Then another inventor entered the field. Emile Berliner, a naturalized American citizen of German birth, had been instrumental in perfecting the telephone. He became interested in the phonograph, and invented a machine he called the gramophone which differed sharply from the Edison and Bell machines, whose records were round wax cylinders, by using flat discs. Berliner exhibited his invention before the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia so early as 1888 and had it marketed abroad by 1890. But for some reason he did not obtain a United States patent until about 1895, so that the real advent of the disc record in this country did not come until almost twenty years after the invention of the phonograph. But 1896 saw the start of Berliner's gramophone marketing, and the beginning of a struggle for supremacy between the cylinder and disc machines. It was a struggle that was necessarily to the death, because neither type of machine could use the records of the other. It went on for almost twenty years before the complete triumph of the disc was finally acknowledged.

Not only did the gramophone pioneer with the disc type of record; it proved also to be a pioneer in the development of phonograph merchandising. Berliner intrusted his sales rights to a New York organization called the National Gramophone Company and some unknown genius in that company struck out boldly at once with full-page magazine advertisements aimed directly at the American home. The very first of them featured the gramophone as a "talking machine that talks talk" with sufficient volume and clarity "to be plainly heard in a large parlor", and announced that it was intended "solely for the entertainment of the home circle". The early discs were about six inches in diameter (modern records run from ten to twelve inches), and were made of hard gutta percha. The wax cylinder records of the Edison machine could be damaged and broken by careless handling; therefore, the gramophone advertising featured the disc record as "practically indestructible."

That advertising pulled and very soon its appeal was cleverly broadened. Because of the mechanical simplicity of the first gramophone it could be sold for $15, whereas its competitors, Edison and Columbia, began their prices at $40. Naturally, the two latter sneered at the gramophone as cheap, and for offset the gramophone advertising of 1898 featured the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, a great public figure of the day, as saying of it: "It's the best thing I know of to entertain one's family and friends." Soon afterward there came full-page ads featuring Joe Jefferson in a recitation from his famous play, "Rip Van Winkle," and with Jefferson's signature engraved on the disc, a "personality" feature that the round cylinders could not match. Altogether, those early gramophone ads, from 1896 to 1900, laid down practically every sales appeal that was to

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characterize phonograph merchandising for the ensuing quarter of a century. The policy of featuring entertainment for the home, rather than mechanical novelty; the policy of star endorsement; even the policy of installment selling—these were all first developed by the National Gramophone Company.

Its competition was felt, and Columbia, falling back upon Bell patents that had never been developed commercially, brought legal pressure upon the National Gramophone Company. Either by bluff or persuasion (the record is vague) the latter was induced to accept a judgment acknowledging patent infringement, in which Berliner, the actual inventor, was not a party. The name gramophone was abandoned—without Berliner's consent—and the National Gramophone Company practically combined with Columbia in the merchandising of a new disc machine called the zonophone. This was in 1900. Out of the wreckage of Berliner's affairs thus brought about there emerged in the following year the Victor Talking Machine Company. Today the word gramophone is practically unknown in this country, but in England and Continental Europe it is still the generic name for all talking machines.

The phonograph had begun as a scientific novelty; Edison and Columbia advanced it to the status of a public amusement device; the gramophone brought it to the third stage of home entertainment. But none of these gave it the dignity of a musical instrument: that was the contribution (in this country, at least) of Victor. Since the rise of the machine was largely consequent upon its rise as a musical instrument, its story after 1901 is almost wholly the story of the Victor Company, of which Eldridge R. Johnson was the founder and principal figure.

Johnson began as a machinist at a wage of $2.50 a day. By 1895 he had attained the greater dignity, though the far more uncertain pay status, of sole owner of a small one-story machine shop in the rear of a carriage factory in Camden, N. J. Of an inventive turn of mind himself, he began to make a reputation as a builder of inventors' working models. This brought him an early Berliner gramophone for mechanical improvement. He later described the machine as sounding "like a parrot with a bad cold in its head", but the device greatly interested him. He was able to improve its mechanical construction and was given a contract to manufacture gramophones to be sold by the National Gramophone Company.

He then turned to the improvement of the record, and after several years of experimentation, he produced, in 1898, a much better record. To use trained singers for experiment was too costly for him at the time, and so he got into the habit of singing into the recording machine himself. Thus his first successful record was one of his own voice singing a popular song of the day called "I Guess I'll Have to Telegraph My Baby." It showed such an improvement on Berliner's records that Berliner sent one of his own workmen to study Johnson's methods. Curiously, this workman later became Victor's impresario and ultimately a director in the company.

Into his work Johnson put every penny of his own, and all that he could beg or borrow. Some of the employés of his machine shop had sufficient faith in him to turn back each week a part of their wages in exchange for an interest in his experiments. But all this seemed swept away when Berliner was abandoned (perhaps sold out) by his agents, the National Gramophone Company. There followed a confused, desperate struggle of retrieval in

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which Johnson finally saw his way legally clear to continue manufacture. Legend has it that in joy at his triumph over the enemies of Berliner and himself, he named his machine and new records the Victor. At any rate he registered the name in the Trademark Office in March of 1901, just midway between the desertion of Berliner by his agents and the organization of the Victor Talking Machine Company.

Tales are still told in Camden of Johnson's financial shifts of that time. Men speak wistfully and with self-reproach of having met him on the street and of his imploring them to accept a thousand dollars worth of stock for a beggarly $200 in cash that he needed for a pressing bill or payroll. For the most part such offers were declined, though a few were accepted. To such as accepted there later came very rich reward. One man who afterward retired with a fortune running well into six figures is said to have got his initial interest by the investment of only $2000.

But Johnson persisted and in October, 1901, the Victor Talking Machine Company was finally organized, to begin a career of trade dominance almost unique in American business history. Johnson had managed to keep a substantial controlling interest (which he never lost) and the bulk of the incorporators were his own employés from the little machine shop. Loyalty was strong among them; they still worked for Eldridge Johnson. His company was that *rara avis*, a corporation with working directors whose sole business interest was the development of their own product.

In the Fall of 1901 the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo was the scene of the killing of a President, William McKinley, and it was also a battleground on which the Victor machine won its first gold medal over all competitors. Within a year thereafter the company was advertising that it had 10,000 dealers and that its business in the first year of organization had amounted to $2,000,000. It had even won over into its jobbing ranks the famous Chicago musical firm of Lyon & Healy (then the largest musical house in the world), thereby gaining greatly in commercial dignity.

The story runs that the winning-over came as the result of an all-night session in which Lyon & Healy executives listened while Johnson himself talked of his plans and determination to make the Victor machine and Victor records things of real musical value and importance. He left that conference sadly; the executives still hesitated to put their dignified organization by the side of the small bicycle shops that still were the principal agencies of phonograph merchandising. But next day decision came, and Lyon & Healy telegraphed Johnson their acceptance of the Victor line.

III

It is probable that Edison, absorbed in his laboratory, paid little attention to this development of Victor. Not so with Edward D. Easton, who controlled Columbia. Easton had come to the phonograph with a vision of its possibilities, but one that differed curiously from the idea behind Victor. Of Yankee birth, he had begun his career as a reporter on a weekly newspaper in Hackensack, N. J.; then he had turned to stenography and become recognized as one of the best shorthand writers in the country. He had gone to Washington, had served as court reporter in the trial of Guiteau (in 1881) for the murder of President Garfield, and had also reported the long investigation of the famous Star Route cases. For this last

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work he received $50,000, a record fee for the time. With this capital he founded Columbia, being attracted by the idea of using the phonograph as a dictating machine, thus doing away with stenography. Of its possibilities as a musical instrument he seems to have had no vision.

But Easton was shrewd. It was his shrewdness, undoubtedly, that lay behind the persuasion of the National Gramophone Company to desert Berliner and ally itself with Columbia. When that move failed (through the emergence of Victor) to remove the menace of the disc, Easton cannily began to straddle both the cylinder and the disc fields. When Victor, in 1902, announced its $2,000,000 business, Columbia began to feature disc records in its own advertising. When, the following year, Victor stressed imported disc records made abroad by such artists as Calvé, Plançon and Kubelik, Columbia promptly countered by importing discs made by Edouard De Reszke, Sembrich and Schumann-Heink.

There began a merry war of the ads. Victor secured the endorsement of Sarah Bernhardt and Adelina Patti, and announced that 25,000 dealers now distributed its records and machines. Whereupon Columbia advertised that it had dealers "everywhere", and boasted of holding the world's record in cylinder production with an output of 2,000,000 records a month. Incidentally, that claim marked the peak of the cylinder's career: the handwriting was already on the wall. In April of 1904 Victor took the entire back cover of the *Saturday Evening Post* to proclaim an exclusive contract with Caruso, the new star who had come to replace Jean De Reszke as the Metropolitan's prize tenor.

With that contract the triumph of the disc record and of Victor policy was secure. A comparison of financial statements at the close of 1906 is eloquent. Columbia had then been in the field for twenty years, and Victor only five. But Victor had amassed an earned surplus of almost $3,000,000, while Columbia could show not quite a million and a quarter. Thereafter, except for his original hobby, the office dictating machine, Easton put his efforts into competing with Victor on the disc; the cylinder field was left to Edison and the farm trade.

Later a legend grew up that Columbia, by emphasizing loudness of reproduction, had given Victor its great chance to feature *musical* reproduction—thus accounting for Victor's greater success. But the explanation is not as naïve as that. The earlier spadework done by the National Gramophone advertising was unquestionably also a factor in Victor's amazing growth. The National's free use of advertising space was in itself an example, and it also blazed the way in installment selling, in securing the endorsements of prominent public figures, and in the featuring of artist stars.

In addition, the success of the Berliner gramophone abroad was another advantage. On the Continent the interest of the musical world had turned very early to the gramophone and disc, and those first records by world-famous artists that Victor imported and offered to the American public were discs made by Berliner affiliates in Germany and England. Even the famous Victor dog trademark derived from the Berliner gramophone. The picture had been painted by an artist in London for exhibition at the Royal Academy. When the hanging committee refused it space, he took the painting to the English gramophone company, which paid him £100 for its use. In this country it was Emile Berliner himself who registered the picture for trademark use, in-

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cluding the famous title, "His Master's Voice." This was in July, 1900, at the very time the National Gramophone Company of New York deserted him, and more than a year before the Victor Talking Machine Company was organized. It was Victor advertising that later made the trademark universally known, but the picture itself was another inheritance from Berliner's pioneering.

In fact, it was not until 1906 that Victor made any great advance upon that pioneering. In that year the company revolutionized phonograph construction by introducing the Victrola. Up to then the phonograph trade had been running riot in horns. Big horns, little horns, tin horns, brass horns, pink horns, blue horns—they ran to all sizes, shapes and colors. But Victor dramatically reversed the pack by turning the horn downward and inclosing it in the cabinet of the machine. The move had two effects, both of a significance that was far-reaching. One effect was to make the phonograph for the first time a piece of furniture; the other was to reach a quality market hitherto untouched. For that first Victrola was the first phonograph, intended for the home, to be put upon the market at so high a price as $200.

Even the Victor jobbers shook their heads at such hardihood. One later told how he bought one of the new instruments as a gesture of sportsmanship and put it upon the floor of his retail store, thinking it would serve as a show piece. To his surprise it sold within a week, but he considered the sale a mere freak. He ordered another and when that quickly sold he was quite convinced that the saturation point had been reached. A third and fourth single order and sale followed before his faith grew strong enough for him to order a half dozen at a time.

He came to see the time when he clamored for carload shipments. For the Victrola sounded the knell of the horn machine and the cylinder machine, as well. Its success was so pronounced that the word victrola, reduced to lower case, later became the popular generic name for all cabinet phonographs in this country.

Columbia was not long in coming out with a cabinet type, but Edison clung stubbornly to his first loves, the cylinder and the horn. Steadily the Edison volume dropped and the Edison executives mourned. Finally, they persuaded the inventor to change and in October, 1913 (seven years after the introduction of the Victrola), a full-page advertisement appeared in *Collier's Weekly* with this naïve beginning: "Mr. Edison announces the final perfection of the phonograph as a real musical instrument of the highest type." The new instrument was a cabinet machine of victrola type; it played only disc records. And the advertisement amusingly (and no doubt unconsciously) reverted to Berliner disc advertising of the late '90s by featuring the new Edison discs of 1913 as "indestructible"! The stories that sometimes lie behind the ads!

IV

The phonograph trade was now concentrated on the cabinet and the disc. Victor had become the leader, with Columbia a fair second and Edison a poor third in respect to sales. The switch had saved Edison from collapse, but his obstinacy in clinging to the cylinder had made many of his jobbers jump to the Victor bandwagon, with a resultant gain for Victor that showed clearly in Victor assets and dividends. In the first ten years (from 1901 to 1911) Victor amassed assets of $8,000,000 and paid its stockholders cash divi-

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dends of about $750,000. But in the next three years of 1912-13-14 the assets doubled (going to $16,810,000) and the Victor stockholders were made happy by cash dividends that totalled 77%, or approximately $3,850,000.

In spite of the change to cabinet and disc, the Edison company never regained a position of dominance. Its failure to do so was later laid by its executives to the fact that the inventor himself insisted on a strict personal control of its policies. No artist could be engaged, and no piece of music, however popular, could be recorded and sold without his approval. And the executives complained bitterly (though secretly) that his approval was based largely on personal liking, without any regard for the popular demand for either artist or selection. As another handicap to the success of the company he was also accused of diverting its phonograph profits to pay for costly experiments in other fields, without considering the needs of the phonograph business.

Yet the fact remains that the Edison company won back to a comfortable business and the country was dotted with dealers to whom the sale of Edison phonographs and records took on the semblance of a religious rite. The man inspired an actual reverence for his inventive accomplishments and his name (the one personal name that ever stood out in the phonograph field) had great sales value. This was most strikingly shown when the company introduced an elaborate cabinet design that was known as the Laboratory Model. It retailed for $285 and it got its title because it was said that it was the instrument which Edison had in his own laboratory and the one he used in all his tests. Thus the Edison dealer would point out impressively: "When you listen to music on that $285 model you are hearing it just as Mr. Edison heard and approved it as a perfect reproduction." Considering that the inventor was well known to be almost stone-deaf, that argument carried a really strange weight. But it undoubtedly enabled the Edison company, although the smallest of the Big Three in total sales volume, to be recognized as enjoying the greatest percentage of high-priced instrument sales.

But though Edison had practically ceased to be significant competition for Victor, Columbia had not. It was Columbia which first introduced double-faced records (*i.e.,* records with music on both sides). Recognizing the sales value of Victor's policy of securing great stars for its record catalogue, Columbia set out to attain an imposing array of its own. But somehow Easton's men lacked the canny flair that Victor seemed to have for the particular big name. Caruso, McCormack, Galli-Curci—to mention only a few—were stars that Columbia could not match. When Easton died, in 1915, he left an estate estimated at about $1,000,000, and the assets of his company then stood at about $14,000,000, of which some $2,000,000 represented surplus and undivided profits. But Victor's assets had grown to $21,000,000, of which $14,000,000 was a surplus that included $7,000,000 in actual cash.

After Easton's death Columbia growth continued and by the close of 1917 its assets had swelled to $19,000,000, though its surplus was unchanged. But Victor by then had piled up assets of $33,000,000, with a surplus that had risen to $23,000,000 (or more than Columbia's total assets) and which included nearly $5,000,000 in cash. And in addition Victor had paid out, in the three years of 1915-16-17, cash dividends totalling 180%, or more than $9,000,000. Small wonder that Victor stock, with a par of $100, was quoted at private

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sale (it was not entered on any exchange) at as much as $1400 a share.

The entrance of the United States into the Great War gave Columbia a new chance to overhaul Victor. Both Edison and Victor placed their plants at the disposal of the government and their output of phonographs and records was seriously curtailed by war work. At the same time there came a new rise in the demand for phonograph music. All over the country sweet-voiced male choristers endeavored busily to make America happy and warlike by means of vast "sings." Other earnest souls began a campaign to put music in the trenches, and organized a Slacker Record Week for the gathering and giving of old records to sailor and soldier. This had the natural effect of cleaning out all the home record cabinets and making them yawn for new records. The high war wages also began an era of conspicuous waste in popular spending, and the average phonograph sale went from $125 or $150 to $200 or more. In the delta of the Mississippi it was not unusual to find a ramshackle carpetless darky shanty boasting a bright red mahogany $250 Victrola, while in New York profiteers looked around for $500 and $1000 phonographs to give to their mistresses.

Nor did the demand die with the Armistice, and Columbia, which had taken advantage of Victor's preoccupation with war work to expand its own sales and production, made a further determined drive to clinch a position of leadership before Victor could reorganize its plant from the war basis. Seeking money for this expansion, Columbia drew the attention of a New York financier eager to increase his own wartime gains. He bought control, and changed the capitalization from 150,000 shares of $100 par value a share to 1,500,000 shares of no par value. He then had them listed on the New York Stock Exchange (the first appearance of a phonograph stock on that list), where the price of the no par shares was quickly run up to $65 a share. On that basis the new capitalization had a value of over $90,000,000, although Columbia's net tangible assets did not amount to one-third of that sum. The rest was simply water.

At the same time a high-pressure sales director was engaged. His sales experience had been gained in a field having nothing in common with music, but he was convinced that the lack did not matter. Columbia records and phonographs, he declared, could be sold with much the same freedom as packages of crackers. Under his vision of sales possibilities the Columbia management—faced also by the necessity of earning dividends to justify those absurd stock prices—went outside its Bridgeport plant to make contracts, with twenty-one woodworking factories throughout the country, for extra Columbia cabinets.

The Fall of 1920 saw that great volume of merchandise reach the market, and every trick of high-pressure sales technique was used to move it by Columbia salesmen and managers who had been graciously given a chance to share in the profits by the purchase of Columbia stock at $60 a share. Columbia dealers were soon literally jammed with Columbia merchandise. And they stayed jammed. The depression of 1921 had begun. The financier expertly retired with a handsome profit on his stock-selling, the stock went down and down to below $5 a share, and the company staggered on under tremendous inventories while the high-pressure sales director explained the unpredictable nature of the catastrophe. Anxious bankers, appalled at the possibility of having to acknowledge the loss of bank loans run-

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ning to $15,000,000, kept Columbia going for nearly three years before they gave up all hope. But in 1923 receivers were finally appointed, Columbia stock was removed from the list of the New York Stock Exchange—and that was the end.

Later the company resumed under entirely new ownership and plan of operation. But that subsequent change does not concern this narrative. Practically speaking, after 1923 only Victor was left of the Big Three of the phonograph's heyday.

V

Even in the face of Columbia's great drive of 1920, the Victor Talking Machine Company had the best December in its history and its total sales volume for the year exceeded $50,000,000. In 1921, in the face of national depression, its sales climbed still farther—to top $51,000,000. Truly, its position seemed impregnable then. Out of the great Camden plant Victor supplied the United States, Mexico, South America, China, Japan and the Philippines. The rest of the world it tapped through a half-interest in the Gramophone Company of London, whose business extended over Europe, Africa, Asia, India, and Australia. For that half-interest (bought in 1920), Victor paid $9,000,000, and trade gossip had it that the sum practically represented the rebuying of rights which Eldridge Johnson had sold years before, in a time of pressing need, for a very welcome $50,000. Be that as it may, the Gramophone Company purchase gave Victor a world outlook—achieved in twenty years.

The company had gone through war, through two notable business depressions; it had met and conquered the competition of trade rivals, such as Edison and Columbia, enjoying the advantage of established position and resources given by a much earlier start in the field. In the face of all these things, in twenty years, it had amassed earned assets of $43,000,000, of which $31,000,000 was surplus and undivided profits. It is understandable, therefore, why Eldridge Johnson, in an address to the Victor jobbers, should betray far less concern over future business than he did over the fact that inheritance taxes had so mounted as to endanger his ambition of passing on to his son the majority stock control of the great enterprise he had founded.

The voice of the radio broadcaster was already heard in the land, but so secure did Victor appear that in 1922 the directors broke up that huge surplus by distributing $30,000,000 in the form of a six-for-one stock melon. Nor did they lack reason for the move. Congress was snatching, with excess taxation rates, at corporation profits, and Victor's surplus was a tempting mark. Surely it would soon be built up again. In fact, Victor's net operating income for 1922 was over $7,000,000, or enough to pay a dividend of $20 a share on the new $35,000,000 capitalization that resulted from the distribution of the surplus. No director saw anything to worry about in the way interest in the radio was spreading over the country, nor in the fact that radio sales leaped a full 1000% (from $6,000,000 to $60,000,000) in that same year of 1922.

Yet, curiously enough, it was not radio that first revealed the dry rot in Victor. That was done by what the phonograph trade called the flat top craze. Practically speaking, that craze began back in 1918, when an article in *Country Life* first pointed out that the commercial phonograph cabinet was not in line with the new decorative trends. Its aspect was too utilitarian; it did not blend well with the period furniture styles then coming into

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vogue; particularly, it did not meet the demand imposed by the modern apartment for space-saving double-duty equipment.

Later in the year another article appeared on the same theme, and the New York interior decorators began to worry their cabinet-workers for furniture adaptations that would combine (and disguise) the proletarian phonograph in a console table, an old-fashioned chest, or an antique buffet. Suddenly stories began to run about the New York phonograph trade of how dealers had gladly sold a phonograph for $50 or $75, only to learn later that the instrument had been encased in an elaborate period cabinet and resold by some interior decorator to *noveau riche* clients demanding "something different"—at prices running around $1,000 and, in some instances, up to $2,000. At that discovery there began a gnashing of teeth in the New York trade. The profit it was missing!

There seemed nothing that could be done, at first; such a market was too limited, too freakish, for quantity or mass production. But gradually the new idea spread—from Park avenue and Riverside drive to Upper Broadway, the Bronx and Brooklyn. It crystallized into a standard *décor*: a mirror on the apartment wall, beneath it (or in front) a flat top console, and on the console a bowl of fruit (perhaps even cherries!) or a vase of artificial flowers. And somehow, some way, there came a demand for a phonograph in that console. To Upper Broadway, the Bronx and Brooklyn, the æsthetic appeal of that combination of mirror, console, music and a bowl of fruit was irresistible.

It was one of those gifts from the gods that occasionally come to an industry and open a new market for exploitation. A demand grew up for a flat top console phonograph to retail at from $200 to $250, and it was met by the dealer with every sort of a makeshift flat top contraption into which a small phonograph could be squeezed. Small furniture factories began to run overtime turning out special cabinets for the phonograph trade and some of the smaller phonograph manufacturers began to put out flat top instruments.

For years Edison, Columbia, and Victor had rigidly barred out competitive makers through their control of fundamental patents. But these patents were beginning to expire and new names began to appear, such as Brunswick, Aeolian, Sonora, Cheney, *et al,* whose makers saw a great opportunity in the new trend. The flat top idea spread from New York to Chicago and to other cities. By 1922 it had reached Main Street in the small towns, and goodly profits were being reaped by those manufacturers who had turned to the flat top. But from those profits Victor held sternly aloof.

It is hard to say why. When Victor had revolutionized the industry (in 1906) by the introduction of the Victrola, it had really made the phonograph a piece of furniture. The horizontal console was simply another development along the same line that the upright cabinet Victrola had begun. But apparently the Victor directors could not see that; they clung to the upright Victrola almost as stubbornly as Edison had clung to the early cylinder.

Just what that attitude cost Victor no one can say. But in one year, when the demand reached its height, Victor sales dropped $10,000,000 (or 20%), and its sales representatives were dismayed to find Victor dealers more bitterly critical of the company than ever before in its history. Dealer after dealer was taking on competitive phonographs for the sake of their console designs, and the sale of these competitive instruments stood out as the cream

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of the dealer's business. Money loss, prestige loss, the establishment of dangerous competition—all these were part of the price that Victor paid for that attitude toward the new demand.

Finally, the directors were forced to action. But still they would not recognize the flat top. Instead, the company brought out a curious line of console Victrolas that the irate trade promptly and derisively labelled humpbacks because the cabinet top was so curved (or humped) that the instrument could not be used as a table. That humpbacked design was deliberate. The Victrola, said the directors, was a musical instrument and not a piece of furniture. It had as much right to an individual design and place as the violin or 'cello. And who—so they asked—would ever think of using the violin or 'cello for a table? Or for the display of a bowl of cherries or a vase? It was a magnificently stubborn gesture, that humpbacked machine, and the logic was very convincing—to the Victor directorate. But both went directly against the ideals of the housewives of the Bronx and Brooklyn and Main Street, and no great industry—catering to the American home—has ever been able to do that successfully.

Certainly Victor was not lucky in the attempt. By 1924 the directors were somewhat dazedly putting out purely flat top console Victrolas, and period cabinets that looked like anything and everything but a phonograph. They were at last ready to give the public what it wanted, for sales had declined to $37,000,000 and net operating income had fallen off more than 80% in two years. This in spite of the fact that in the same year of 1924 Victor stood out as the largest advertiser of any American corporation, its advertising budget being estimated that year at $5,000,000—or almost 14% of its sales, an astonishingly high percentage. But the plain truth was that the public, now busily listening to radio (which in two years had leaped from a sales volume of $60,000,000 to $350,000,000), had forgotten even its flat top wants, and was deaf to the frantic barking of the Victor trademark dog.

The full, rich story of Victor decline, and the queerly comico-tragic efforts of the Victor directors to avert it, would need many pages; only the high lights can be touched upon here. Just as with the flat top, there was a similar curious blindness and obstinacy over the advent of radio. Yet every man on that Victor board was still vitally interested in the company, just as in the early days; practically every one still held an active executive or supervisory position in the plant. Moreover, every man had seen the fall of the bicycle and carriage at the coming of the automobile; in fact, the Victor plant was built, in part, on the site of a carriage factory that had failed because its ownership and management had not grasped the significance of the automobile in time. Yet in spite of all that, radio was suffered to grow amazingly for several years before a single Victor director was sufficiently alert to install a radio receiver in his own home to study what the new marvel offered.

But by 1925 the handwriting was only too clear upon the wall; so clear that when Victor finally took its first public notice of radio by giving the great McCormack-Bori broadcast as a sort of New Year's present to the radio public, it was whispered in the Victor organization that one very high executive of the company had actually refused to listen that night to the singing of his own stars. The pill was very bitter. After frantic effort the Victor experimental laboratory had finally revealed that Victor in-

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ventive genius was not able to produce a Victor radio. There was no question as to the immense sales possibility of such a radio; dealers and public alike clamored for a receiver bearing the Victor dog trademark. In the early days of radio a working agreement with the Radio Corporation of America might have been possible, and it would have been of mutual advantage.

But by 1925 Radio Corporation had awakened to the great value of the prize it controlled; its patent pool barred out Victor just as rigidly as Edison, Columbia and Victor had earlier barred out competition in their own field through the control of fundamental rights.

Yes, 1925 was a bitter year for the phonograph, and for Victor. In spite of the interest aroused by the McCormack-Bori broadcast, Victor that year (for the first time since the organization of the company in 1901) was forced to pass its dividend; its sales fell to $20,000,000 (a decrease of 60% in four years) while its operations showed an actual deficit, and its assets dropped more than $5,000,000. Somewhat shaken in morale, various members of the sales department recalled somberly the figures compiled by a zealous yes-man a year or so before. This brightly loyal mind had computed the total number of years each Victor director had been in the phonograph industry. The total for the board ran to something like 200 years and this, clamored the yes-man fondly, was a sure guarantee that neither radio nor anything else could ever beat Victor. Two hundred years of phonograph experience and phonograph brains on that board; it made a fine slogan.

But something must have been wrong; if not with the figures, then certainly in the inference. Or perhaps in the brains. A desperate gamble upon a new model—the Orthophonic Victrola—in 1926 gave Victor a flurry of comeback. Sales that year rose to $46,000,000 and Eldridge Johnson was able to retire through the sale of his controlling stock interest to a group of New York bankers at a figure placed by the New York *Times* at $28,175,000. But the Orthophonic Victrola and the Orthophonic Victor record that made that comfortable and somewhat lucky retirement possible had not been the product of the famed Victor experimental laboratory nor of the 200 years of phonograph skill vested in the Victor board. The surprising orthophonic horn and the orthophonic (or electrical) method of recording had both been developed outside the phonograph industry—by an electrical rival, a member of the Radio Corporation group. Radio had taken away from Victor, and the phonograph, both business and inventive leadership.

Within a year the bankers took the final step and resold Victor to the Radio Corporation of America, the great Camden plant being remodelled for radio production. Edison had finally closed his phonograph works meanwhile; newer and lesser manufacturers were in bankruptcy or hasty retirement via radio alliances. The stubby tail of the little trademark dog which the phonograph had made famous now quivered to the voice of a new master. The story of the phonograph, as a self-contained, independent industry, was done.

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JIM FARLEY: AN ELK ON A TOUR

BY HUGH BRADLEY

It is an infinite capacity for getting about and seeing people that has made James A. Farley what he is today, and may make his client, Franklin D. Roosevelt, President of the United States in November. At various times Big Jim has been called a boxing commissioner who's mixed up in politics and a politician who's mixed up in boxing, but probably the best description of him so far recorded came from his own lips a year ago, when he was doing his first missionary work for Roosevelt.

"I'm just an Elk," he said, "turned loose on a tour of the country."

Big Jim takes great pride in the fact that he is a good Elk. All six feet, two-and-a-half inches of him vibrates happily as he sums up his achievements in the benevolent and protective order. He has been attending its State and national conventions for twenty years, and he combined two labors of love during his early campaign for Roosevelt, for he halted it long enough to join the fraternal orgies of the brethren at Seattle.

He has been exalted ruler of the Haverstraw lodge, district deputy in the Southeast New York District, the largest in the United States, and president of the Past Exalted Rulers Association of that district, and has held many other less high sounding titles. He is also a mighty man in the Redmen, the Eagles, and the Knights of Columbus, but the B. P. O. E. was his first love, and it remains his fondest.

He was born at Grassy Point, N. Y., on May 30, 1888, and won his first eminence in the world as the best first baseman Haverstraw ever saw. In 1896 he was the first boy to apply for the job of carrying a torch when they were whooping it up for the peerless Bryan in Rockland county. That was his entry into politics, and service to the party has been his motto ever since. The fact that the parade was mainly composed of small boys made a profound impression on him. He looked sadly upon the sparse gathering and vowed that some day he would redeem this rockribbed Republican center from the immoral G. O. P.

The second of a family of five, he started to work soon after he had attended to his education at the local high-school and the Packard Commercial School. But even when his duties as a salesman for a gypsum company took him far afield he did not neglect the home fences. With an arm draped affectionately about their shoulders he told the Rockland Democrats the stories that he had gathered on the road. Soon he was a recognized leader among them. In 1912 he was rewarded with the post of town clerk of Stony Point, and in that office he continued for seven years. For four years more, while he continued to forge ahead in business, first as a salesman and then as sales-manager for the Universal Gypsum Company, he was one of the town supervisors.

Such honors, of course, were purely local ones, and hence somewhat trivial, but to

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this day no delver into Big Jim's life can get away without hearing him recount them affectionately. By 1917, however, he was beginning to feel that he needed a wider arena. In travelling around the country he made many new friends, and no matter how busy he might be he never neglected to learn every man's first name, the state of health of his family, and his idea of the political situation. Now he began to feel that he should put this valuable knowledge to some use.

It was about this time that he met Al Smith, and at once a flourishing friendship was started. The fact that Big Jim led Rockland county into making a surprisingly good showing for the ticket at the election of 1918 may have influenced Al's esteem, but Jim's booming voice, his quick wit and his ready laugh were bound to have made an impression anyhow. So he was appointed port warden of New York, a job carrying $5,000 a year in salary and scant work. One day a bit later Al sent for him and said:

"I want you to tell me truthfully if the job should be kept up. I begin to suspect that there is really no use for port wardens."

Jim reported honestly, and in his next message to the Legislature Al recommended that the port wardens be abolished. Both in boxing and in politics, the two allied fields in which he has achieved his chief fame and where such a virtue necessarily has hard sledding, his honesty has been highly extolled.

"He's as pigheaded as they come, once he gets his mind set on something", said a fight manager whose purse and pride have been punished more than once by the edicts of the State Athletic Commission, "but there ain't no doubt that he's as honest as any guy in the State, or in the world, for that matter."

Relieved of his duties as warden, Big Jim returned to his other labors, to which now had been added the chairmanship of the Rockland County Democratic Committee. After the débâcle of 1920 he dropped around to assure Al that he would be reëlected next time and that some day he would be nominated for President. Al laughed. For once Big Jim did not echo a laugh. Instead, he looked solemn and chewed his gum. (He chews several packs a day, and it is his refuge at all times of stress.) Then he went back home to preach the gospel of Al to the citizens of Rockland county.

He was still doing it when the time came for the next gubernatorial campaign. The Smith-Hearst feud was then flaming. Of all the Democratic leaders of the State, Jim and Tom Foley, who was bound by earlier ties, were the only ones to brave the publisher's wrath by insisting that Al should run. When Al agreed, Charles F. Murphy, the Tammany leader, was perturbed over the possibility of serious trouble.

"I had to do it to get rid of Jim Farley", Al told him. "He was down in Oliver street, waiting for me, when I left the house. He was at the trucking company office at lunchtime. He would call me up in the middle of the afternoon. He haunted me."

The night before Al was nominated Big Jim never left the hotel lobby. He moved tirelessly from group to group, smiling, telling stories, boosting Al, getting a line on the situation, making friends.

"I'm not doing a single thing", he said, when someone told him he ought to go to bed. "But I'm going to stick right here to make sure they don't put anything over on Al."

From then on Jim was a marked man in New York State. It was certain that

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greater honors awaited him as soon as he finished his service in the Assembly, to which the citizens of Rockland county elected him at the time Al was balloted into his second term as Governor. Unfortunately, the same citizens repudiated him at the next election, and he has not held elective office since.

He has, in fact, no desire for it. While he was still in the Assembly his fertile mind began to realize that there was more to the game; that a really first-rate teller of stories and asker about the folks could hope for something much better than a past master's cockade and mantle in the Elks or leadership at Albany. He had had his first taste of king-making, and the whole 215 pounds of him—"there's hardly an ounce of fat on me"—yearned for more.

II

It was at this time that they began saying that Big Jim knew more people in the State than anybody except Al himself. At the riotous Madison Square Garden convention of 1924, he set out to improve on the score of his master while laboring mightily for the cause. Al spent most of his time during the convention at the Manhattan Club across the street, listening to the raddio, but Jim was in the midst of the crowd, asking about the folks back home.

Many of the delegates were brother Elks, and he had met others on his sales trips. He continued to meet more, and to cultivate fields that were remote from the Smith possessions. Dozens of McAdoo worshippers departed for home, their shoulders still tingling from the genial laying on of Big Jim's hands, eager to relay his best stories to the boys, and vowing to send him the latest news of the campaign for mayor of Walla Walla.

Something had to be done for such a man. Herbert C. Pell had not been going so well as chairman of the State committee. "Pell's not a politician," a prominent party leader said aloud, "he's too much of a gentleman. What we need is a guy like Farley". Big Jim heard and appreciated the compliment, but he did not get the post just yet.

"In 1924 Al Smith—and I think I'm as good a friend of Al's as I ever was—wanted me to take the chairmanship of the Canal Commission", he said this Summer, "but that didn't work out, so he sentenced me to the Boxing Commission."

He is too modest. As a member of the Assembly he had been an intimate of Senator Jimmy Walker, who had written an amusing jingle known as the Walker Boxing Act. Al, who is a moral fellow, was opposed to boxing and all its evils, but the boys insisted that the game go on. Maybe Al was a bit distrustful of Jim's talents in wider fields. However that may be, he knew that if anybody could interpret Jimmy's law, make friends for it among the righteous, and keep scandal at the minimum, it was that tireless adder of extra touches, Big Jim. For the time being he estimated his man well.

The star salesman for the gypsum company has never enjoyed a job as much as he enjoyed the chairmanship of the State Athletic Commission, or Boxing Commission, as he calls it and as it is generally known. Once he had it, he moved to New York, left his gypsum firm, and organized his own building materials company, which has since swallowed up six other companies. He profited in other ways. Twice there was talk of making him police commissioner, once to succeed Enright and the other time to succeed the magnificent Grover Whalen. He was also boomed for State Controller, and half a

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dozen other good jobs could have been his for the taking. But, in spite of frequent rumors that he would resign, he held on, even after the call to run the Roosevelt boom kept him out of town most of the time. Big Jim appreciated the possibilities of his post.

"We can do anything we want to do, and say it is for the good of boxing and nobody, not even the Supreme Court of the State, can overrule us", he said once, when the Commission's authority was being questioned in the midst of a prize-fight controversy. Yet it was not entirely the sense of power that inspired his attachment; it was also the opportunity for Service. Boxing in New York is intricately tangled up with politics. With his light blue eyes twinkling and flashing from under his tawny brows and revealing a myriad of wrinkles at the corners, Big Jim made the most of it. The United States Supreme Court had ruled that nobody had the power to set the price of prize fight tickets in the State. But he set a price.

Congressman Fiorello H. La Guardia uttered some pungent comment after one of his constituents had been refused permission to participate in a fight. It appeared that the boy's sister had confected his boxing tights in direct defiance of the commission's edict that all fighters must purchase their tights, two pairs at $10 a pair, from a certain sporting goods house. But Big Jim's smile never skipped a tooth.

Hundreds of newspaper boys are his friends. He says he never has lied to them; they say that they never have violated his confidence. Small things like that help to put over stunts such as the one that sent Gene Tunney to court.

After winning the heavyweight title Tunney took a flier in vaudeville. His act, which consisted of a few stuttering words and a brief display of his boxing skill, turned out to be far from tempting to the customers. Suddenly it was discovered that he had not been granted a license by the Boxing Commission, and thus could not give his exhibition legally on a New York stage. The champion was arrested for this violation but freed almost immediately—at a time when fifty or more newspaper men had been invited to a dinner in his honor. It naturally made the front pages, the customers reacted nicely, and everybody understood that Big Jim was on the job at the Boxing Commission.

It was only a little thing but it was typical of Jim's insatiable desire to help out an old friend or to make a new one. Previous to that he had been rather on the opposite side from Tunney. Harry Wills, a New York Negro, had been unable to attract the attention of Jack Dempsey with his challenges. For reasons of his own Dempsey wished to defend his title against Tunney only, who was ready and willing. Then Big Jim announced on behalf of the commission that Wills was the logical contender, and that Dempsey must meet him first or stay out of New York. So Tunney had to go to Philadelphia to win the title.

By this time Jim was doing all the announcing for the commission. William Muldoon and the chairman, George F. Brower, a Brooklyn lawyer, were his fellow members. The venerable Mr. Muldoon, whose main interest in life seems to be to see that patrons are not permitted to smoke in the air-cooled Garden, was gratified to learn that Big Jim was friendly to his crusade. One Friday there was a meeting, with Mr. Brower absent, and Big Jim was elected chairman. He explained it all to the newspaper boys and everybody was happy except Mr. Brower.

"It appears that they took advantage of

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my absence in proceeding as they have done", said Mr. Brower. "The action is not legal, however, because the regular meeting day is Tuesday. Sessions on Friday are only informal meetings, at which only minor routine matters are disposed of, unless I call a special meeting of the commission, when important matters are awaiting the attention of the board."

"I know, personally, that I have only the highest regard for Mr. Brower and the manner in which he has discharged his duties", said Big Jim.

Later it was agreed that the chairmanship should rotate among the members, but when the time came for the first rotation Mr. Brower learned that they had quit rotating. Eventually he resigned and his place was awarded to Brigadier-General John Phelan who, as head of the commission's License Bureau, had been of much help to Big Jim in some important matters.

There were other chances for the big fellow when Max Schmeling, the German, and Primo Carnera, the Italian, came to this country to display their wares. Some of the native-born pugilists thought they were being treated rather shabbily, but Jim even convinced them that it was all for the best. A friendly arm, a winning smile and a knowing wink can be just as effective with the heavyweights of the ring as with those of the political arena.

Two years ago Schmeling and Jack Sharkey fought in New York under the auspices of the Milk Fund, which is sponsored by Mrs. William Randolph Hearst. Previous to the making of the match Schmeling had been under the ban of the commission, but he was reinstated quickly. Neither Sharkey nor Schmeling held a title, but Tunney, by that time, had forsaken the ring for literature. So Big Jim proclaimed that the bout would be for the heavyweight championship of the world, and the news helped the Milk Fund to sell tickets at $26 each.

Rumors were heard that the contest might end in a foul. Big Jim therefore suggested that the fighters should appear in white trunks with black silk belts instead of the customary red or blue garments, and that the gloves be red instead of tan. The contrast in colors, he said, would be useful as well as artistic, for it would show every blow plainly.

At the time the commission had in effect a rule that punished the perpetrator of a foul. It ordained that he could collect only for the number of rounds fought prior to the foul. That is, if he had fought five rounds of a scheduled fifteen-round bout, he would be paid only a third of the sum previously agreed upon.

But both Sharkey and Schmeling were paid in full. Before the fight they had told the commission confidentially that neither of them would go on under the rule. In his desire to be of service Big Jim rescinded it for the night, but forgot to tell the public or the reporters anything about it. The fight ended in a foul. But the fact that Sharkey came into the ring wearing an American flag instead of the suggested white trunks could not have had much to do with it, for Sharkey himself was the one who committed the foul.

Big Jim's faith in human nature was probably shaken by this episode, but his facile mind soon recovered from the shock. He decreed that henceforth there would be no such thing as a foul. Any fighter hit below the belt would have to keep on going or be counted out.

"Nine-tenths of Jim's success in life is due to his record as a boxing commissioner", a close friend said recently.

No doubt it is the truth, for the job provided power and opportunities for

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Service in equal quantities. I have recorded some of his favors to eminent men, but that does not mean that lesser were forgotten. No gratitude is as great as that evinced by a man who receives a free ticket to a sports event. The promoters supplied the passes and Big Jim garnered the gratitude. It was once written, and not denied, that he was a "perpetual pasteboard blizzard", and that for one fight he gave away almost $30,000 worth of tickets.

I do not doubt it. When things looked darkest for Roosevelt in Chicago a friend encountered Jim, restlessly jingling the coins in his pocket, his usual sunny smile replaced by a look of care. A hearty feeder at most times, he had been snatching a sandwich and a bottle of milk here and there while working twenty hours a day. The friend feared that the strain had been too much.

"It's not that", said Big Jim. "Out in Montana and Idaho and Wyoming—all over the map—there are boys I call Bill and Pat and Jake—you know how it is. Well, a lot of those boys are turning up here at my headquarters and wanting tickets to see the show. There aren't any tickets, but I simply can't go back on the boys."

III

In 1928 he became secretary of the Democratic State Committee. As a natural born chairman he may have expected the full appreciation of being made head of the committee, but if so he did not display any resentment. He continued to smile, to tell stories, and to look ahead. At Houston and later in the campaign of 1928 all the more important men of the party began to take notice of this long legged and sturdy chap who toiled ceaselessly for his idol, and seemed to be able to call thousands by their first names.

Just what happened after Al's disaster at the polls is not definitely known. It is hinted that, with his far reaching contacts as salesman and lodge member, Jim realized that Al could never be President, and at once set out to arrange a better tie-up. Perhaps his love for the party and for Tammany was even greater than his love for Al. Anyhow, in 1930, he was appointed chairman of the State committee, and began a wholesale laying on of arms in behalf of "that great forward-looking friend of the people, Franklin D. Roosevelt". But even so, he did not neglect his old love. "No one can speak of Alfred E. Smith", he said, "except in terms of the highest admiration".

One possible cause for the rift has been overlooked. It was always Al's policy to give independent citizens' committees a lot of say in his campaigns, and to neglect the rural vote for the big cities. But Jim was a small town boy himself, even though he was now a leader in the biggest city of them all, and he remembered his early work in the Stony Point neighborhood and the soul warming applause with which the delegates from the bush leagues had always greeted his utterances.

So he looked with longing eyes at the up-State counties, which had done very little for the party since the days of David B. Hill. "It's too bad that some Democratic election inspectors up there have gone so far as to work for the other side", he said sadly as he prepared to try his powers upon them. Occupied with newer and more eminent friends, as well as with grander visions, Al could not have been as attentive as usual. So Jim went out for Roosevelt, who agreed with him. For a man obsessed with ideals of Service there was nothing else to do—and as a gypsum salesman he had always surpassed all others in opening new accounts.

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"You ask me how I organized the Roosevelt candidacy and support—how the movement was built up", he said this Summer. "Well, I started out last July. I travelled 30,000 miles over the West and the Northwest". (Part of this journey was to the Elks convention, where he electrified the delegates with the news that "the name of Roosevelt is magic", but let him continue.)

"For months before that I had been writing hundreds of letters a day to people in all those States, and so my way was more or less prepared. But that was some trip. I travelled every way except by airplane—even by horse and buggy and by skiff, as well as by train and motor car. All I did was to drop into a town and meet the people I had written to, usually at a luncheon or something of the sort, and then just give them a plain heart-to-heart talk, the kind everybody understands—no highfalutin stuff, but just man to man—telling them why I thought Roosevelt was the best man to nominate, and why he had the best chance to win.

"My line seemed to go over pretty well, if I do say it myself. People seemed to think that I meant every word I said and that it was on the level. I covered the whole route in six weeks and such sleep as I got was snatched on trains. When I got back I wrote to some man in every town I had visited and asked him to send me a complete list of every man and woman I had met. When I got that list, there were six or seven thousand names on it. I sat down and wrote a personal letter to every one of them."

Between such labors he directed his assistants in sending out 500,000 pieces of literature, each bearing the likeness of the Chief, gratified his penchant for maps showing the political complexion of the country, saw that the Chief did not neglect the sporting and German votes by failing to visit the camp where Schmeling was training for his second bout with Sharkey, and made thousands of telephone calls.

These telephone calls were very important. Big Jim, in fact, often tells how much the personal contacts they effected helped him to carry certain States, and how he often had as many as a dozen calls in at one time to such remote regions as Texas and Montana.

It is not necessary to discuss here the mistakes he may have made. That the voters of New York, who never said a word when he was photographed carrying a walking stick, booed him when he appeared at a Tammany Hall gathering this Summer is perhaps significant, but mainly because Big Jim will not rest until he has them back in the fold. He has complete faith that no one can resist him for long. Like Huck Finn's undertaker he knows that they will soon be calling on him, and it won't be his fault if they can't make up.

Once he wrote a letter to the chairman of the Connecticut Boxing Commission when there was some disagreement between it and his own commission.

"You and I, Tom," he said, "have been friends for over fifteen years, long before I became connected with boxing in any way, and I feel you know me well enough that if conditions were reversed and you had taken any action in Connecticut relative to a boxer from our State we would have gone along with you all the way while our agreement was in force."

Just as McAdoo, Hearst and others could not resist the beaming smile and booming voice of the man, so the Connecticut chairman relented. It will be the shock of Jim's life if "my best of friends, Al" does not wind up carrying a banner and at least one torchlight in the parade.

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A BRIEF FOR THE BANKERS

BY CLIFFORD B. REEVES

THE title of banker, formerly regarded as a mark of esteem in the United States, has sunk in public estimation to a point at which it is now almost a term of opprobrium. There seems some danger, in fact, that in forthcoming editions of the dictionary it may be necessary to define the word as a peculiar American colloquialism, synonymous with rascal, highbinder, and scalawag, and we may even see the day when to be called a son-of-a-banker will be regarded as justifiable ground for the commission of assault and mayhem.

Such loss of caste is no new experience to the financial fraternity, for throughout the history of banking there have been periods when it has fallen into disrepute. It is a somewhat esoteric business, the intricacies and principles of which are known only to an initiated few, and it has always been viewed with some distrust by the general. At various times, but particularly during periods of economic stress, it has been called upon to prove its legitimacy. Indeed, at certain times, it has been actually outlawed. But in the face of this opposition, banking has always survived. Sage, indeed, were the words of the little boy of Semitic origin who, after agreeing with his school teacher that Edison was a great inventor, added, "But I take my hat off to the guy who invented interest!"

The progress of finance in the face of public prejudice is a shining example of the immutable law that any service or practice for which there is real economic need will continue to exist in spite of all obstacles. After centuries of handicaps in the form of tyrannical governmental control and public disfavor, the business of banking has risen steadily to an important and even indispensable place in the scheme of modern life. After many futile attempts at economic and political surgery upon the banking system, there came long ago an almost universal realization that trade and finance are like the Siamese twins, in that they cannot live without each other.

The earliest banks, if such they can be called, date back many centuries before the Christian era, and were generally conducted by governments in an attempt to prevent plunder of the money they had issued. The early places of business were usually the temples. The cuneiform writings disclose, however, that as early as 600 B. C. private banks were known in Babylonia. The firm of Egibi & Son, of Babylon, is the first private banking house of which record survives, its name perhaps setting the precedent for the nepotism that has ever since characterized the business. But to a banker named Caicus, at Alexandria in 260 B. C., must go the credit for offering what appears to be the first banking service really deserving of the name. He paid interest on deposits, permitted withdrawals upon demand, and kept his bank open for business every hour of the day and night!

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Despite its auspicious start, banking gradually came into public disfavor, and that disfavor culminated in a prohibition of interest during the reign of Alexander Severus of Rome, at the time when that country was dominant in world affairs. The fecundity of money came to be regarded as a monstrous thing, and in the course of time the Jews were the only people willing to brave the storm of criticism that met every attempt to establish banks. They organized what were known as poverty banks or lending houses, and by the Fifth Century of our era these makeshift banks were the only lending institutions in Italy.

The effect of the long interdiction of interest by Pope and Emperor was a virtual paralysis of trade. All commercial enterprise waned, and poverty seized the land. The period is still known as the Dark Ages. The abhorrence of interest, however, gradually declined, and during the Eighth Century the monks took over the poverty banks from the Jews. This covert recognition of banking by the Church did much to restore it to its former good estate, and it gained rapidly in prestige during the next two centuries, when the Popes confirmed formally the right to charge interest and to demand adequate collateral on loans.

From that time to the present, though a prejudice against banking has continued to exist, the business has remained legal. But in every period of trade depression and general economic chaos an accusing finger has been pointed at it as the root of all the current troubles. Today, at least in America, bankers are thoroughly discredited. They are accused of bad faith and chicanery. They are charged with being derelict in their duty to their customers and the public. And so far they have made little reply.

II

The term banker, as it is used today, is a rather vague one, for in the past century specialization in banking has been carried very far. Thus, when the man in the street delivers his present caustic opinion of the bankers, he may mean the heads of the central banking and government banking institutions, or the commercial bankers, or perhaps the investment bankers. Or he may mean all of them, for they are all more or less under indictment.

If, as is now generally charged, the bankers had actually been in a conspiracy to defraud the public, it would be fair to assume that they would be living in luxury on their ill-gotten spoils. But investigation of their present position reveals that this is by no means the case. Instead of high spirits in the financial fraternity one finds only wailing and wringing of hands. Indeed, the bankers' present state of woe is a sad and harrowing sight to behold, particularly in the hard-hit investment banking field.

The investment bankers have suffered a terrific mortality. Of approximately 8,400 firms in the United States at the close of 1929, almost 2,000 have gone out of business, while several thousand others are doing little more than keep their doors open in the hope that they will be able to hang on by their fingernails until some turn for the better comes. In addition, more than 1,200 branch offices have been closed by the firms which have so far managed to survive.

The distributing organizations of all the investment banking houses have been pared to the bone. Many a house formerly boasting 100 salesmen is today fortunate if it can afford the luxury of ten. The lay-off of other employés has been appalling, and salary cuts have replaced bonuses,

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three or four successive reductions being not uncommon. In brief, the American investment banker lives today in an atmosphere of misery, burdened by his customers' losses as well as his own. Facing a dearth of new security offerings and an almost total absence of investment demand, his business is at a virtual standstill. Not long ago, when one of the fraternity was asked to list his firm in a directory of security dealers his reply was: "No longer trading in stocks and bonds! Cranberries only!"

Many investment houses, although they have weathered the tempest to date, have suffered losses that have completely swept away the accumulated profits of years. Not a few of them, during the boom, attached their names to, and invested their own money in, investment trusts in which staggering amounts of capital have since been dissipated. One of these trusts, whose assets have shrunk about $200,000,000 since 1929, seems to have set an unofficial world's record for losing money. Probably no corporation in history ever lost so much in so little time. Yet it is only reasonable to assume that the banking house which lent its old and respected name to the enterprise and invested its own money in it must have had an honest faith in its success.

In the field of commercial banking, the record shows that in the period from January 1, 1930, to May 1, 1932, nearly 2,000 banks closed their doors. This failure of nearly one bank out of ten in the United States is certainly no compliment to the soundness of our banking system, but it must be manifest that it is hardly a thing that the bankers themselves would have deliberately brought about. Their difficulties in many cases were caused by the decline in prices of the very same securities that other bankers were selling to the public. They went down, in other words, on the same ship as the public. True, they were guiding the ship, and thus responsible for it, but no captain scuttles his own vessel deliberately.

The accusation is frequently made that the bankers, and particularly the New York City bankers, willfully inflated the credit structure and diverted the bulk of the country's credit to speculative uses, thus fostering the wild stock speculation of 1925-29. Let us try to find out whether this indictment holds good. At the close of 1925 the New York City member banks reporting to the Federal Reserve accounted for approximately $1,151,000,000 of the total of $2,908,000,000, of brokers' loans then outstanding. The out-of-town banks and so-called outside lenders contributed the remainder. Between the Spring of 1926 and the close of 1928, a period of steady inflation, the total of brokers' loans increased to $5,091,000,000, but loans made by the New York banks showed virtually no change during the period. The entire gain of $2,183,000,000 was accounted for by an increase in loans by out-of-town banks and "others", for which the New York banks certainly could not be held responsible.

Almost a year later, on October 23, 1929, on the eve of the greatest deflation in history, brokers' loans stood at the staggering total of $6,634,000,000, but a division of this total between the New York banks, the out-of-town banks and "others" showed that the loans by the New York banks ran to only $1,077,000,000, or less than at the close of 1925. Meanwhile, those banks, despite the demand for credit, had paid off virtually all their loans from the Federal Reserve, thus leaving that source of credit available for the emergency. Certainly this proves that the big banks had actually done very little to foster the orgy of speculation.

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In the stock market panic of the following week, the total of brokers' loans declined in the amount of $1,069,000,000 in seven days, as panicky outside lenders withdrew their funds from the market. In this same week, however, the New York banks, stepping into the breach, *increased* their loans nearly 100%, from $1,077,000,000 to $2,069,000,000, and borrowed heavily from the Federal Reserve Bank in order to do it. Meanwhile, the out-of-town banks pulled $707,000,000 out of the market, while the loans of "others" declined $1,380,000,000. Thus banking functions which had been usurped by outsiders with no responsibility for the credit structure were suddenly thrown back into the laps of the legitimate bankers when the market began to look unattractive.

This rapid realignment was one of the most gigantic shiftings of credit burden in economic history. If the New York banks had been unable or unwilling to pick up that staggering and uninviting load, the greatest money panic in the world's history would have occurred. In the hysteria of the moment, their lightning-like assumption of brokers' loans was generally either unnoticed, or unappreciated in its full significance. As a matter of fact, very little comment has been heard about it even yet. Bankers are not good self-advertisers.

In the light of these facts, it begins to look as if the much-maligned big banks, which are generally accused of fostering the great orgy of speculation, have an apology coming to them. In truth, there is strong reason to suspect that if all brokers' loans had had to be made by such banks, much of the inflation that occurred from 1926 to 1929 might have been avoided. They were impotent, unfortunately, to control the influx of fair-weather lenders, but they at least did the next best thing. They contracted their own loans at a sacrifice of profitable business, paid off their debts to the Federal Reserve, and stood ready to catch the bag that was finally thrown to them by the financial bootleggers.

III

In 1928 and 1929 certain important business leaders denounced the Federal Reserve System for not permitting a further expansion of credit, claiming that business was not being given the facilities to which it was entitled. But this same policy of alleged restriction is now, with strange inconsistency, being attacked as a conspiracy to inflate credit. The actual record shows that neither criticism is justified.

In August, 1927, the rediscount rate of the New York Federal Reserve Bank (the guiding rate for the other Reserve banks) was set at 3½%. Early in February, 1928, it was increased to 4%, and in May of the same year to 4½%. Two months later, in July of 1928, it was again boosted, this time to 5%. This was the third successive increase in a period of eleven months, and it showed clearly an effort by the Reserve authorities to put the brakes on further credit expansion. That effort was especially evident because of the fact that no credit strain existed at the time. The increases were not necessary; they were arbitrary. A much lower rate could have been justified from the standpoint of the available credit resources.

Finally, in August of 1929, two months before the great break in stock prices, the New York Federal Reserve rate was raised a full 1% to 6%. That rate has been equalled or exceeded at only two periods in the history of the Federal Reserve system, once at the time of the World War and again just prior to and

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during the depression of 1920-21. The justification of this attempt to prevent further expansion was proved conclusively a few months later. It is difficult, in the face of these facts, to maintain that the country's central bankers either denied business the amount of credit to which it was entitled, or that, on the other hand, they fostered the inflation that led to the ensuing economic downfall.

So far as the central bankers and commercial bankers are concerned, it looks as if impotence to control credit, rather than bad judgment in the use of credit under their control, was the real reason for the speculative abuses of the boom days. This is a fault of the system for which bankers as individuals cannot be fairly blamed. Our banking methods and laws have been developed by a process of evolution that is as yet far from completed. Each successive financial disaster reveals a new abuse to be guarded against in the future. Certainly a glaring weakness has been revealed in recent years in the manner in which it is possible for non-banking lenders to usurp banking functions and thus render ineffective any attempt at credit control at a time when such control is most needed.

Investment banking, which is a young but erstwhile lusty offshoot of the banking family-tree, has more to answer for than the commercial bankers. This is only natural, for investment banking, after its mushroom growth, had less experience and precedent upon which to base its judgments. The commercial bankers showed a reasonably decorous conduct in the current débâcle because they sowed their wild notes during previous periods of inflation, and have good memories. The commercial banking system of the United States broke down on a number of occasions before an essentially sound system was developed.

The investment banker is interested primarily in the underwriting and sale of bonds and preferred stocks, *i.e.*, fixed income bearing securities, and his business was adversely affected by the craze for common stocks that swept the country in the late 1920's. Some bankers, following the old business principle of swimming with the tide, entered the field of common stock distribution, but the more conservative continued to confine themselves to the distribution of senior securities. Even the latter, however, showed some deference to the speculative trend of the times by offering a tremendous number of issues that bore warrants to purchase common stock, or privileges to convert into stock.

The average investment banker thought he was being a very conservative fellow when, four or five years ago, he recommended the purchase of nothing more speculative than medium grade bonds. He discouraged common stock purchases, if only because stock-buying injured his own business. Upset by the fact that his bond sales did not seem sufficiently large for so prosperous a period, he consoled himself with the hope that after the stock market broke his business would be better. Though stock prices were high, he felt confident—and not without some cause—that even if a severe deflation followed, wide equities and adequate earnings would still be afforded to the senior securities that he was then selling. The sin of the investment banker is that, if he contemplated deflation at all, he had no conception of the extent to which it might run. But who will throw the first stone at him for that?

The investment bankers have been excoriated for their huge flotations of foreign loans in recent years, most of which are now either in default or selling at greatly depreciated prices. Yet the lending of capital abroad in the post-war period was a

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logical development of the financial situation. There existed in the United States a plethora of capital seeking investment. Despite the rapid issuance of new domestic securities, the pressure of this expanding capital was forcing domestic security prices higher and higher. Meanwhile, many foreign countries, faced with the necessity for post-war rehabilitation, or the need for new capital to develop their natural resources, offered what appeared to be an attractive outlet for new investment. Capital tends to flow irresistibly, by one method or another, to places where it is most needed. Moreover, from the standpoint of world stability, assumption by the United States of the rôle of lender was necessary and desirable.

But this transformation of the United States from a debtor to creditor nation necessitated certain changes in our traditional politico-economic theories. For a debtor country a high tariff may be sound, but for a creditor country it is suicidal, for it prevents borrowers from doing the very business upon which repayment of their debts is dependent. It was not the fault of the investment bankers that, as the country's stake abroad increased, Congress saw fit not only to maintain the old tariff standards, but actually to increase them. Many bankers protested. They testified before committees of Congress; they wrote books; they made speeches. But their warnings that the situation was growing untenable were disregarded. Denounced as "international bankers," they became very unpopular, and were accused of trying to lower the living standards of American labor in order to protect their own foreign loans. Of course, they were trying to protect their foreign loans! But they well knew that the American workingman's interest would not be advanced by any default in those loans.

IV

In judging investment bankers in the light of the market record of the securities they have sold, the fact should be remembered and emphasized that no investment can ever be regarded as permanently safe. A sound investment today may be in default ten years hence, but no one without the gift of second-sight can predict it now. Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, head of the French branch of the famous banking family, tried to project his judgment far into the future, in order to assure the preservation of his vast estate after his death. Under the terms of his will, he ordered that it be invested, in four equal parts, in the bonds of France, Austria, Prussia and Great Britain, and forbade his heirs ever to shift those investments. Well, at the present time it is reported that the estate has shrunk to about 15% of its original value.

Another difficulty of the investment banker's position lies in the absence from our economic and political systems of any method to control reckless and unwarranted capital investment, except in the fields of public utilities and railroads—and even there, despite such efforts at control, the holding company device partially nullifies the benefit. A banker may finance a perfectly sound industrial enterprise, only to find the following year that various misguided *entrepreneurs* have organized competitive companies, whose unjustified existence imperils the investment of all concerned.

This question of unwarranted new capital investment was recently the subject of a decision rendered by the United States Supreme Court. In the case in question, an ice company in a certain community in Oklahoma was seeking to prevent the organization of a second ice company on

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the ground that no necessity for it existed, and that it threatened the capital investment of both. The majority opinion, written by Mr. Justice Sutherland, ruled against the complaining company. But a dissenting opinion, written by Mr. Justice Brandeis and concurred in by Mr. Justice Stone, rejected the theory of the helplessness of the courts to intervene, and struck straight at the heart of the problem from a social and economic standpoint. Mr. Justice Brandeis said:

> Increasing doubt is expressed whether it is economically wise, or morally right, that men should be permitted to add to the producing facilities of an industry which is already suffering from overcapacity. . . . Some thoughtful men of wide business experience insist that all projects for stabilization and proration must prove futile unless in some way the equivalent of a certificate of public convenience and necessity is made a prerequisite to embarking new capital in an industry in which the capacity already exceeds the production schedules.

In some cases the investment bankers were themselves duped by unscrupulous corporation executives into purchasing and reselling issues on the basis of misleading information. A banker is no more infallible than any other man, and provided due caution has been exercised by him in his investigation, he can hardly be held accountable for facts which that investigation did not reveal, and which the executives of the corporation did not disclose.

One admitted defect of the investment banking business has been a tendency toward unsound competitive bidding for new issues. Much of the blame for this, however, must be placed upon corporation executives who shop around in an effort to sell their securities at the highest possible prices. Thus new issues in many cases tend to find their way into the hands of the most daring, rather than the soundest bankers. After making an entirely unsound bid, which the corporation gladly accepts, these over-optimistic bankers, in their turn, are faced with the necessity of reselling the securities to the public at an unjustified price. Corporations would be far better off if they maintained continuing connections with one banking house and accepted its advice about fair terms and prices. The proof of the soundness of that policy lies in the high credit standing of many corporations which have been far-sighted enough to adopt it.

A second admitted weakness of the investment banking business has been its unfortunate development along high-pressure merchandising lines. Here the lack of control by the house itself over its sales representatives has been particularly conspicuous. A house may be entirely justified in bringing out an issue of a semi-speculative character as an attractive business man's investment, but when it is sold by an out-of-town representative to a man who is absolutely dependent on a small income it becomes an economic crime. To be sure, the house itself is not without blame in this matter, for the common defense of the salesman is that he was driven to it by the constant demands of the home office to sell, sell, sell!

A further weakness of the present system of investment banking is that no training, reputation or experience is required for entering the business. Gresham's Law, that old maxim of economics which says that bad money always drives good money out of circulation, applies equally well to the banking business, in that bad bankers, in boom times, likewise drive good bankers out of business. The commercial banking system suffered greatly from this weakness in the old days of wildcat banking. Now it is the turn of the investment bankers. A reform could probably be best

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accomplished by self-regulatory action by the strongest and soundest houses in the business through the medium of an association whose membership would be required to meet certain very strict qualifications. The State authorities could aid by putting real teeth in the Blue Sky laws under which new security offerings must qualify. The alternative is a system of State or Federal charters and regulation.

V

An obvious question for the layman to ask is why so many business leaders, and even some bankers were deluded into believing that the inflation of the 1920's was genuine and durable. One reason is that values which were really fictitious were made to look real at the time by a tremendous spurt in corporate earning power. Closer analysis of this gain in earnings, however, would have shown that it was occasioned by an excessive demand for consumption goods caused by the fact that the public was spending as income what in reality was capital appreciation. Business expanded to supply this demand and the resulting increase in corporation profits seemed to justify the current inflated values. The thing, in brief, looked real. Many business men were fearful of inflation in 1927 and 1928, but by 1929 most of them had been drugged by the false rise in corporation profits into believing that all was well.

This failure to differentiate between true income and capital appreciation is one of the basic and recurring weaknesses of our economic system. Ironically enough, the fatal confusion between the two is fostered by the government itself, which taxes capital appreciation as income. If the man who made a $100,000 speculative profit considered his income to have been increased thereby only $5,000 annually—that is, by the amount that this sum, conservatively invested, would produce—much of our present business instability would be eliminated.

But even if he be satisfied that there were plausible reasons why the financial leaders of the nation did not detect the degree of inflation that existed in 1929, the average man is still entitled to ask why, after the deflation had started, forecasts as to its extent and duration were not more accurate. From an economic standpoint this is a question of little moment, for it is obvious that, after inflation has reached its peak and deflation starts, *someone must then take the losses,* regardless of the general quality of the public advice available. From that point on, every man trades against every other, to see which of them is going to suffer the depreciation. Of what practical avail would it have been, except as it affected the distribution of total losses, if all the bankers, on the day following the first market break of 1929, had accurately predicted the course of the market during the next two and one-half years? As a matter of fact, a really accurate prediction, if acted upon by the public, would have led to an overnight collapse of our entire economic machinery.

But the fact remains that business and financial leaders of the country did not forecast the dimensions of the Depression, and the primary reason for their failure lay in the fact that the interplay of economic forces had grown so intricate in the preceding decade that it was virtually beyond human power to do so. Because of the amazing increase in the complexity of the economic structure there was no precedent for the conditions then existing. Our system of economy, like our system of government, while efficient in its primary stages, has been developed recently in so

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complex a fashion that it is now caught fast in its own meshes. Basically, it is still entirely workable, but it is badly in need of simplification.

To make matters worse, as the economic machine grew more and more complex, there also developed a strong trend toward specialization, as a result of which everyone was engrossed in the intricacies of one small task. There was an appalling lack of broad theoretical thinking, except by a few academicians whose views were usually scoffed at by so-called practical men. There was not enough brain-power focussed on the broad interrelation of economic factors. Each specialist looked at his own piece of the whole, and, finding it in reasonably good condition, felt certain that there was no great disaster ahead.

Business and the government are now besieged from all sides by proponents of various cure-alls designed to assure a prompt and miraculous recovery from our present ills, and the bankers are abused for what is called a lack of financial leadership. The truth is that there *is* no panacea. The penalty of the long orgy of speculation must be paid in full before a sound base is provided to build for recovery. The best that can be done is to ease the decline. The great chance for progress hereafter lies in the correction of unsound practices that have been disclosed, and in the creation of new methods intended to prevent any repetition of the inflation.

The greatest need of all is a more effective system of credit control that will place credit exclusively in the hands of those best qualified to administer it. There is also a crying need for a more intensive study of the general subject of credit and its uses, and, as a corollary to this, for the encouragement of broad economic thinking, rather than over-specialization. Uneconomic trade barriers should be removed, and, if possible, some method devised to prevent the present destructive competition of new capital. The current system of pawnshop banking, based upon the market value of collateral pledged, should be superseded by a system in which moral risk is a more important consideration. Dead wood should be cut out of corporate financial structures in order to simplify their financial set-ups. Investment banking should abandon its merchandising tactics in favor of a more professional attitude, and should exercise greater self-regulation. A uniform corporate accounting practice should be developed, and accountants who audit a corporation's books should be retained by the stockholders rather than by the management whose conduct of the business they are investigating.

In these and other needed reforms the banker should, and undoubtedly will, play an important part.

But, standing between the lender and the borrower, he is always in a difficult position, trying to protect the former while at the same time satisfying the latter. If he lends freely, he is damned for his inflationary tactics and careless use of the public's money. If, on the contrary, he does not loosen the credit reins, he is criticized for his failure to provide credit for the legitimate needs of business. Usually, he must swim against the general tide, a practice which is hardly conducive to popularity at any time.

By subjecting the banker to dispassionate analysis, however, it becomes evident that he is not at all the vicious conspirator he is now generally thought to be. Except in isolated cases, which are characteristic of all businesses, there is no evidence of his dishonesty. He sold his merchandise or services in the best of faith and bought for himself the same thing that he sold to the public. His record, particularly in the com-

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mercial banking field, is very much better than is generally acknowledged, and infinitely better than the record of most of the business men who are now criticizing him. As for the investment banker, he was operating in a relatively new field, and was lulled into false security by the existence of equities so wide that their destruction seemed beyond conception, even in the event of severe deflation.

The weaknesses which have become apparent in the last three years are more the result of flaws still existing in a slowly developing system than of willful mismanagement or dereliction by individuals operating under that system. In the main, the American banker has done his best. For his unwitting errors or excesses he has been punished severely by the virtual ruination of his business. The number of people who have convinced themselves that they correctly visioned approaching catastrophe in 1929 is an amazing commentary on the prevalence of intellectual dishonesty in mankind. Distrust all such persons unless they can produce an affidavit showing that in 1929 they predicted that within three years Steel would fall from 261 to 25, and that the commodity price level would drop 42% in the same period.

Bankers are at least honest about their shortcomings, and are making no false claims concerning their infallibility. Their attitude was illustrated by a remark lately made by a famous international banker to a friend who called to see him in his office on a day when all the markets were making new lows. Alarmed at the banker's demeanor, the visitor asked if he were ill. The banker replied: "No, I am not ill. I am simply suffering from the humiliation of being a human being."

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FALSE NEWS FROM GERMANY

BY S. MILES BOUTON

IN 1919 a group of alleged statesmen, filled with hatred and greed, tore Europe to pieces. They reawakened racial antagonisms which were in a fair way to die out. They erected thousands of miles of new boundaries, each with its high tariff walls. They disrupted economic units and condemned millions of people to poverty and distress. They laid the foundations for new wars. They made inevitable the devastating world-crisis of the last two years.

A few brave men, refusing to follow the mob, raised a warning voice. They were denounced as pro-German. The Americans among them were subjected to various oppressions by the government at Washington—inquisitions into their doings, pressure on their employers to discharge them, refusal of passports, etc. Honest opinion was muzzled. An orthodoxy conformity was demanded of all.

Such direct pressure is no longer employed by the guardians of the only true truth, and only a few unteachables would venture today to defend the Treaty of Versailles and the other treaties that Balkanized Europe, but orthodox reporting is still expected from American newspaper correspondents in Europe, and especially from those in Germany, Austria and Hungary. The result is most glaringly apparent in the case of Germany. The developments there, ever since the revolution of 1918, have been so inevitable that any intelligent, well-informed and objective observer could foresee their course, yet there has hardly been a single important happening, especially since the end of 1923, when the currency was stabilized, that has not astonished and surprised the American public. Lecturing in Berlin on Shakespeare two or three years ago, the late Frank Harris walked to the speaker's desk and began his lecture in a booming bass:

"You don't know anything at all about Shakespeare."

An echo inescapably suggests itself when one reads most of the reports, special articles and comments on Germany and the German situation in the American daily and periodical press. Orthodox, and in part ignorant, reporting has created for Americans a picture of a Germany which does not exist—a picture built up of a combination of wishes, fears and prejudices.

Responsibility for this state of affairs is divided. One factor is, of course, the wide psychological gulf that separates America and Germany, and, indeed, America and Europe in general. I find in a Paris newspaper an advertisement which illustrates this strikingly. In it a "spiritual painter" informs his French audience:

"All the ladies find my kisses exquisite because I smoke —— cigarettes."

The average American's reaction to this can be easily imagined. Yet there is probably no Frenchman or Frenchwoman who would not be astonished to learn what that reaction is. What is thus true of America and France applies in even

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greater degree to America and Germany. Let whoever doubts it make a comparative study of the penal code of any American State and of Germany. In the latter he will find himself in a world which he simply cannot understand. Crimes regarded with horror and severely punished in America are often only misdemeanors in Germany, and the reverse is also true.

The chief reason for the distorted picture which America has of Germany, however, is that already suggested: the obligation resting on most of the American correspondents in Berlin to make their reports conform to American prejudices, coupled with the dubious nature of their news sources. And, of course, plain ignorance occasionally enters into the situation, too. The average American editor continues to hold firmly to the belief that "any good reporter" is qualified to become a competent foreign correspondent. But it is a delusion.

A stereotyped fashion of reporting about Germany came into existence many decades ago. (About France, too, for that matter.) Americans who at home were met at every turn by abrupt warning signs: Keep Off the Grass, or Keep Out, frequently with the addition, This Means You, wrote derisively about Germany's *verboten* signs. The army parade march, the famous goose step, came in for ridicule, although it was really no more ridiculous than the English army's knees up, which reminds one of a carriage horse in action.

Americans complied at home with prohibitions of all healthful amusements and sports on Sundays, paid fines for smoking or even for possessing cigarettes in some of the more Christian States, submitted in many more States to Prohibition, and, in general, endured such interference with and regulation of their private lives and conduct as would be tolerated by no people in Europe. But when they came to Germany and found that their arrival and departure had to be registered with the police, it struck them as intolerable: it meant that the Germans had no conception of freedom. They never learned that life in Germany was free to an extent not even dreamed of in America.

Football and boxing kill more persons in America every year than have died in Germany in a century as the result of student duels, but a custom varying so greatly from anything known in the United States was *ipso facto* immoral and to be condemned. There were soldiers everywhere, and most Americans had never seen a soldier. They knew nothing about Germany's history or geographical and political situation, and hence saw no reason for soldiery. The list could be greatly extended.

Then came the war, with its whipping up of passions, and things that had formerly been regarded only as objects for ridicule became over night evidences of everything damnable. Germany, whose Kaiser possessed less power than the President of the United States, was pictured as an absolute monarchy, our Tsaristic Russian ally being conveniently forgotten.

The revolution followed. It brought a republican form of government and overthrew the Kaiser. Since all the institutions of royal Germany had been damned utterly, it was but natural that every change should be hailed as for the better. Especially did the setting up of a republican state appeal to Americans, who have never comprehended the deep wisdom that lies in Pope's couplet:

> O'er forms of government let fools contest:
> Whate'er is best administered is best.

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II

This general attitude of mind, thus created by pre-war and wartime reporting, has altered but little, except that there are probably many Americans who now refuse to believe in the Belgian atrocity stories. Most people in any country like to be told what they want to believe, and this is especially true of Americans, whose critical faculty, in itself little developed, is further weakened by the universal opposition to independent thought and utterance at home.

Every successful editor must know what his readers want to hear. The correspondent whom he sends abroad also knows it. He has "the American point of view," and he knows that if he should lose it and begin sending reports that do not correspond with the policy of his paper, he would be recalled. Publicly every American correspondent abroad will protest vigorously that he is a free agent, that he is at liberty—is, indeed, expected—to tell the whole truth about everything, but in his heart he knows better. He will assert warmly that his editor does not tell him how to shape his reports. This may be and generally is true, but a newspaper man who has to be told what his paper's policy is never gets higher than police court reporter.

A certain correspondent does not have to be told that his paper likes him to refer regularly to Adolf Hitler as "the house painter," but that it would not be wise to speak of the late President Ebert as "the harness maker" or of the Socialist ex-Minister Severing as "the locksmith." There are few correspondents who would not imperil their jobs by reporting anything favorable to the Old Gang, that is, the men who ruled the German Empire. The Prussian Junkers must be assailed and depreciated at every opportunity, although not one correspondent in a hundred knows any more about them than a cow knows about the Holy Sabbath. No chance to display royalty or the old nobility in an evil light must be overlooked.

But it is not by any means unheard of for a correspondent to be told precisely how and what to report. In 1917 the Socialists of several warring countries met in Stockholm to try to find a way to stop the war. The owner of a great New York newspaper cabled his correspondent:

"Send 300 words Stockholm conference fiasco."

This was in the first stage of the conference, when it was not at all sure that something could not be accomplished. But the correspondent's hands were tied. No honest report was wanted.

In 1919 a very competent reporter was sent by an important newspaper in the Middle West to study conditions in Hungary. He sent in the first two articles of a contemplated series. In the midst of his work he received this cablegram from his editor:

"Do not send further articles along line those sent. They do not correspond with Midwest opinion."

I have mentioned the obligation to discredit the Old Gang whenever possible. This obligation extends also to all institutions of the old Empire. One sees its fruits everywhere, but in especially venomous form in an American weekly of vast circulation which was still publishing hate articles in the Fall of 1919, and is still poisoning the wells of reconciliation and international understanding. "Such a thing as free speech was practically unknown" in the Empire, it assured its readers a year or two ago, but this situation had happily been altered by the republican masters of the state!

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Otto Braun, former printer, and lately deposed as the Socialist Prime Minister of Prussia, caused more prosecutions for "insult" to his august person during his eleven years in office than were instituted by the last Kaiser in all the thirty years of his reign. Albert Grzesinski, Socialist, at one time Prussian Minister of the Interior, a former metal worker, resorts to the courts to have Lieut.-Col. Duesterberg punished for declaring that he (Grzesinski) deserves the Legion of Honor for dissolving the *Stahlhelm* in Westphalia, and that it is to be hoped that he gets it so that one can distinguish him from a headwaiter. For this terrible insult the reckless offender is fined 500 marks.

Not since the days of Metternich has Germany experienced such a ruthless suppression of free speech and of the freedom of the press as in the last year of Chancellor Brüning's rule. And the "law for the protection of the Republic" actually decrees imprisonment for not less than three months for "whoever publicly or in a gathering insults the constitutionally established republican state form of the Reich or of a State." Moreover, this law is frequently invoked.

The Dawes Plan, acclaimed as the work of experts, broke down utterly within four years. There was no well-informed objective observer on the ground who did not know that it would and must break down: that it had no claim to be regarded as a serious economic plan, but was a fantastic political hodgepodge. There were American correspondents who knew this, but none dared to say so.

Then came the Young Plan, another "expert" concoction. And again every intelligent observer on the ground knew that it was stillborn, even worse and more hopeless than the Dawes Plan. But nearly every correspondent also knew that it would be suicidal for him to say so.

The American government's official reporting has been quite as bad, and even more damaging in its results. The Hoover moratorium covered the well long after the child had fallen in. If the President and his advisers had had even a dim comprehension of the situation in Germany and Europe generally, it would have come two or three years earlier. Leading American bankers, regarded with almost religious awe, lent billions of dollars to Germany after it was obvious to any intelligent student of the situation that they were throwing good money after bad, and making the final reckoning only the more disastrous.

There was probably not a single neutral economist of standing in all Europe who was not astounded at the official report rendered in 1929 by S. Parker Gilbert as Agent-General for Reparations. It was not merely that it was a fantastically and baselessly optimistic document on its face. More serious was the fact that it omitted altogether factors whose inclusion would have reduced it to absurdity—and would incidentally have made the American public more cautious about subscribing to the German loans or buying the German securities which the American bankers were then offering them.

Quite as ignorant and misleading has been the vast bulk of political reporting from the very beginning. It began in 1919 with attempts to discredit the republican government. But with the assurance that this government was as hostile to the Old Gang as were all Americans, the tone quickly changed. In 1925 American readers were assured that Hindenburg's candidacy for President was an insolent joke. While his election was not predictable with certainty, predictions that he had no

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chance at all of being elected—and such predictions were made by every correspondent, with but one or two exceptions—stamped the men making them as ignorant of German history and psychology and of the whole political situation.

Most striking of all has been the manner in which the American public has been misinformed for years about the growth of the National Socialist movement and about the character of Adolf Hitler, its leader. Every month for years American readers have been told that this movement had reached its highest point and begun to ebb. Every gain by the Hitlerites was followed by comforting assurances that now the last reservoir of their votes had been exhausted. Hitler's followers include Nobel Prize winners, noted scientists in every field, jurists, writers, captains of industry, noblemen, and laborers, but American readers—or their editors—have insisted on being told that the National Socialist party is composed only of the ragtag and bobtail of the country.

Astounding heights of absurdity have been reached in complying with the obligation to report in this vein. One great American newspaper, whose Berlin service goes also to other papers, told its readers before last Spring's presidential election in Germany that it was feared that Hitler was preparing, *if elected*, to seize power *by force*. Later the same correspondent assured his readers that documents seized in a police raid on the party's headquarters "demonstrate that Hitler was preparing, *if not elected*, to seize all power immediately throughout the Reich."

The political trend toward the Right, that is, away from the Marxists and their bourgeois bedfellows of the Center, has been as plain as a pikestaff for years, despite temporary setbacks, but American readers would not have it so. Hence their audible gasp of astonishment when President von Hindenburg called on Herr von Papen to form a Cabinet, and that Cabinet was formed of patriotic men of high standing, every one of whom probably believes that a republican form of government means Germany's enduring powerlessness and poverty—as it does. Yet the only thing that could have astonished an adequately informed public was that the change did not come much sooner.

III

The average American editor apparently sets little or no value on special knowledge. In conversation some years ago with the general manager of a great news agency, I expressed astonishment at the fact that so many men were sent abroad who knew nothing either of the language or of the history of the country about which they had to report. He was openly scornful.

"I'm not hiring linguists or historians," he said. "All I want is good reporters who can tell what they see."

The owner of a chain of papers complained some time ago that foreign correspondence is not "interesting" enough. One wonders whether his ideal is found in reports like the following, which was printed on the front page of one of his papers:

> Berlin, April 2 (AP).—Vast implications for Germany's future have been detected in the change in Adolf Hitler's hair-cut. On the eve of the presidential election the Fascist leader took to parting his hair on the left instead of the right, so that the mass of locks fell on the right side of his forehead. The implication is that Hitler will hereafter emphasize the rightist or nationalistic tenets of his National-Socialist programme to the exclusion of the leftist or Socialist.

A noted American writer complained some years ago that there were no great

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American journalists to compare with certain English and French journalists named by him. He might as well have complained that there were no factories which manufacture combs for frogs. There are no great American journalists because there is no demand for them. Indeed, the very name is taboo, for it appears to carry a high-brow implication. What has been so well termed "the mucker pose" must be maintained. One is "a newspaper man." Nor may one speak of one's "profession." One is engaged "in the newspaper game."

Highly significant of the manner in which material interests have influenced American correspondence from Germany is the fact that all reports still exalt the Socialists. That this was the case in the first few years after the war is understandable, for it was this party that not only struck the weapons from the hands of the German Army and thus ended the war in favor of the Allied and Associated governments, but that also overthrew the monarchy and all the German princes.

But these would-be masters of Germany are disciples of Karl Marx, internationalists, despisers of patriotism, pacifists, defeatists, opponents of all churches and religions—men, moreover, who make no secret of their conviction that the United States is the chief bulwark of reaction and predatory capitalism in the world and should be the main object of attack. Their openly avowed aim is the overthrowing of the German government and the replacing of it with a Socialistic republic, with that red flag as its banner to display which openly is a crime in many American States. They are the spiritual fathers of Bolshevism, and the partitions between the two parties are very thin. America, centering its attack at home on a handful of Communists and forgetting the Socialists, is acting with precisely the same lack of intelligence as would be displayed by a physician who should center attention on the tertiary stage of a disease and leave the primary stage to take care of itself.

It is not unlikely that with the gradual dying out of the war-psychosis, America would eventually have learned the truth about this party. But the most powerful factor in the world intervened to prevent that realization. The great financiers soon realized that a Germany dominated or at least strongly influenced by internationalists would be a happy hunting ground for them, whereas a Germany dominated by patriots would be much more difficult to exploit.

The theory of Germany's sole guilt for the war was losing ground steadily. Help was needed from Germans willing to admit that the crimes of Imperial Germany were so vast that any tribute exacted from the country would be only a just punishment. Such men were and are the German Socialists. Thus the foundation was created in the United States for the propagation of the myth that, while the American Socialists are evil fellows, their German brethren are the finest representatives of their country.

I turn in conclusion to the original source from which comes not only the bulk of all news from Germany, but also of all interpretations of that news for export. For two reasons it lies politically far leftward. Socialists and Democrats are not only always ready but also eager to furnish news and comments depicting everything and everybody in the old Empire as precisely as vicious, despotic and backward as American readers enjoy being told they were. Naturally, the American correspondents go to the sources where they can get the most salable wares. The members of the Old Gang on the other hand, men who held high place in the Empire and

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were unable or unwilling to change their views between sunrise and sunset on November 18, 1918, have little access to foreign correspondents, and would not know what to do if they had it.

The average American, moreover, deny it though he may, is uneasy in the presence of members of the old nobility or aristocracy, just as he is troubled by feelings of inferiority when talking to Americans in high place, especially millionaires. After the provisions of the Dawes Plan had been agreed on, Owen D. Young received the American correspondents at the Hotel Adlon in Berlin. On the way thither I incautiously told the chief of an American news agency that I had a number of questions to put to Mr. Young which, I believed, he would find somewhat embarrassing. The man addressed looked at me with a horrified expression, as if I had proposed to walk down the middle aisle of a church with my hat on and spit in the baptismal font.

"You?" he said scornfully. "You think you can ask Mr. Young any question that will embarrass him?"

One could almost see moral gooseflesh on this orthodox man. There were American correspondents in Berlin at the time who had forgotten more about Germany than Mr. Young and his "experts" will ever know, but it is not difficult to imagine what would have happened to any one of them who ventured even to intimate a fear that these much touted gentlemen might have overlooked important factors of the situation.

Almost all articles written about Germany by Germans for American newspapers and magazines come from internationalists and pacifists. It is necessary in this connection to interject a few words about the Jews. Such anti-Semitism as exists in America is plainly due in the main to envy of a gifted and industrious race, and the same feeling lies at the base of such anti-Jewish sentiment as exists among the masses in Germany, in so far as these are Socialists or Communists. But the anti-Semitism of the upper classes is due at least in part to the fact that Marxist internationalism is mainly of Jewish origin and finds its chief exponents and proponents among that race. The editorial staffs, writers and owners of the entire Socialist and Communist press, and of the Democratic press in Prussia, are almost 100% Jewish, internationally minded and pacifistic.

It is precisely such men who furnish the overwhelming bulk of all the German writers and lecturers who report about and interpret their country for America. On the tenth anniversary of the German Republic a prominent American weekly published ten articles by German writers. Seven of the ten, or 70% were Jews—for a country with a Jewish population of little more than one per cent.! Among them was a man who boasts that he avoided military service by deceiving the army surgeons, who calls France "the cradle of civilization," and who spends most of his time in Paris. And of the three Gentiles, one was a former army officer who, sent back from the front during the war as useless, turned pacifist and goes about the country preaching resistance to military service even in case of invasion!

No American correspondent, however competent and diligent, can correct unaided the false picture which America has, not only of Germany, but of all the other European countries as well. There are many capable men representing American papers abroad, but only in the rarest cases do they possess a written contract. The others, the great majority, are defenseless, for America, in shameful contrast with most civilized countries, has no Press Law to protect them. They can be discharged

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over night and left to get home as best they can. It probably took one New York newspaper owner years to get over the shock he suffered when, trying thus summarily to discharge one of his London correspondents, he discovered that the man, an Englishman hired in London, was protected by the English law, and six months' salary had to be paid him in lieu of notice.

In the last analysis it rests with American readers to say what kind of reporting and interpreting they shall receive. If they want stories about royal didoes and Hitler's new hair-cut, and political and economic reports that cause a glow of pleasure to persons with bonds to sell, they can have them. But they can also have unbiased, intelligent reports about things of real moment if they want them. A survey of "reader interest" conducted some months ago by the Drake University School of Journalism disclosed that only about 10% of all newspaper readers are interested in foreign news. It is safe to assume that these ten of every hundred readers are the best educated and most influential citizens of their communities, men who play a decisive part in shaping America's relations with foreign countries. It is impossible to believe that they would not welcome a foreign service which would not leave them astounded at every new turn of affairs.

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AMERICANA

ALABAMA

HANDBILL distributed in the fair city of Birmingham:

DR. J. C. GLOVER
CHIROPRACTOR
Phone 6-3038
3007 Bessemer Blvd. Central Park
NOTICE

I have returned from Oklahoma City. I have took a Post gradute corse.
All my new as well as old pacients are envited to come in and see the new work

CALIFORNIA

MYSTERIOUS notice in the transcendental Los Angeles *Times*:

AMBROSE BIERCE, your call received, communicate quick. Box J-168. *Times.*

GENETIC note from the Brawley *News*:

Addis Kelly, who is well known in this section, returned the first of the week, after an absence of six months. Kelly is the propagator of the hog that has the extra ribs and produces four extra pork chops to the hog. Kelly says he is still propagating on his experiment and believes that in the course of time he will produce a hog that will have from four to six extra ribs on each side.

Another formidable invader of the preserves of Sister Aimée:

HEAR IT!

Nothing like it ever given anywhere before, except the famous three-hour sermon of Paul Kanamori of Japan, in which he covered the entire Christian Religion in three hours.

RICHARDS' GREAT THREE-HOUR SERMON

Covers every phase of the Sabbath Question. Who made the Christian Sabbath? Is Sunday in the Bible? Who changed the Sabbath from Saturday to Sunday? Did First Day observance come from the Mithra Cave-Worshipers? What is the Seal of God in the forehead? Who gets the Mark of the Beast? Much more!

From 7:15 to 10:15—You Won't Go to Sleep!
Come and Go as You Please!
Something Different!
SUNDAY, 7:15 P.M.
ALL SEATS FREE
OLYMPIC TABERNACLE
4800 S. Hoover Street, Los Angeles

ECCLESIASTICAL notice from Hollywood:

Depositors of the defunct Guaranty Building & Loan Association yesterday announced a special prayer meeting to seek reimbursement for losses occasioned by the Bessemyer defalcations. The meeting will be held at the South Hollywood Presbyterian Church, Normandie and Santa Monica boulevard, tomorrow night at 7:30 o'clock.

CONNECTICUT

EXTRACT from "the Political Creed of the public schools of Waterbury, to be memorized by the pupils and chanted in unison by classes, or by the whole school, whenever the principal or teacher thinks it advisable to do so":

I believe in the City of Waterbury, because its government, its leading citizens, are doing all they can to make it a desirable place in which to live. I believe in it because of the mutual respect and good-will among all races, classes and conditions of citizens.

Here law and order reign. Here are work, amusement, education for all. Here, when all the world is trouble, are peace, harmony, and neighborly fellow-feeling among all citizens. I believe that from Athens down to the present no city that existed was more desirous than the city of

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Waterbury to make its citizens prosperous, enlightened, and progressive.

I believe in the system of schools flourishing in Waterbury, and I am deeply thankful to the generous and forward-looking citizens of this city for giving to me and to every other pupil here a chance to lay the foundation of the deepest and most liberal culture. These schools, if I have the ability and will do my share of the work, will give me a chance to know the best things thought and said in the world in all ages, provided I keep going upward and onward educationally. And, if the hour of peril ever comes to my city, my State, or my country, I believe that in return for what I am receiving in the schools of Waterbury I am bound in conscience to sacrifice all I have—even my life—so that I may help to defend and preserve American institutions for coming generations, and keep for ages to come that stability of government of the people, for the people, by the people, which has prevailed in the grand old Commonwealth of Connecticut from the beginning of its existence.

GEORGIA

THE trade risks of statecraft in the grand old town of Thomasville, as reported by the Associated Press:

The old Thomas county custom of ducking successful political candidates has cost J. Fred Singletary, clerk of court, a broken rib. Winners in county contests are tossed, fully clothed, into a pool on the courthouse lawn. Singletary, renominated without opposition, got his fracture in a scuffle that preceded his ducking.

KANSAS

ASSOCIATED PRESS dispatch from the rising town of Hiawatha:

Standing on the stage with 234 graduates, Pansy, a 27-year-old pony, was awarded an eighth-grade certificate at Brown county commencement exercises here today. W. E. Randolph, county superintendent of schools, presented the certificate in recognition of the twenty-two years of service of the pony in transporting pupils to the Padonia grade school.

KENTUCKY

PLEDGE exacted from all male students entering Sue Bennett Memorial College, the jewel of the town of London:

I hereby pledge myself on my honor not to play pool or billiards and not to enter any pool or billiard hall or parlor while I am a student in Sue Bennett College. Furthermore, I hereby agree that to do either or both is just cause for expulsion from the said institution, and I will abide by such decision if I am found guilty of violation of this pledge.

Signed:

.....Student.

FROM a Christian reader of the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*:

To The Commercial Appeal:

Our churches are getting hard up and people are making their contribution to the preachers' salary smaller. I think the people should be taxed to keep up the churches and pay the preachers more than they have been getting.

They couldn't evade this like they do their contributions.

Also, the tax should be raised to enable us to have a larger force to keep the country dry.

People could do without a lot of things and give the money spent on them to the church.

No need of these swimming pools. It is shameless of both sexes to mingle as near nude as they are.

Keep away from soda fountains. It is only a place for boys and girls to pick up chance acquaintances.

The preachers warn us of the evils of the dance hall—keep out of them.

Stay away from the movies; there is nothing educational in them; you are entertained, that's all.

Use the auto for business only; don't spend any money on gas for joy riding. Wear inexpensive clothes.

Do your own cooking and washing and stay at home instead of gadding around spending your money.

Give this to the church instead of squandering it, and see how much better you feel.

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I'm for introducing a bill to levy a tax on our country to build finer churches and pay our preachers more and to enforce Prohibition better. I saw a man selling malt in a grocery yesterday, two cans for the price of one. I have never heard of any use for it yet but to make home brew.

If all these moonshiners and bootleggers were sent to the penitentiary for twenty-five years or more it would end their rivalries. With a heart full of love and charity unto all.

MRS. A. C. REEVES.

Fulton, Ky.

MISSOURI

STOICISM of a sturdy Anglo-Saxon of the rising town of Agency, as reported by the Associated Press:

Jim Gidden's toe—the one next to the great toe on the right foot—had been giving him thunder, so the eighty-eight-year-old man decided on a drastic measure. Placing his bare foot on a board at his home, Jim drove nails between each toe to hold them apart. Then, with the blade of a putty knife poised on the first joint of the offending toe, Jim smacked down hard on the knife with a hammer. He preserved the severed toe in salt water.

MONTANA

FROM a list of candidates for public office published in the eminent Butte *Standard*:

COUNTY ATTORNEY

T. F. (Kack) O'Connell, (Dem.)
Roy (Hook) Leahy, (Dem.)

CLERK AND RECORDER

John (Butch) Mihelich, (Dem.)
Albert (Birdie) Aho, (Dem.)

TREASURER

Alvin (Bunny) Shea, (Dem.)

CLERK OF COURT

Francis P. (Red Neck) Kelly, (Dem.)
James Q. (Slats) Sullivan, (Dem.)

ASSESSOR

John F. (Shon) O'Neill, (Dem.)

LEGISLATIVE REPRESENTATIVE

Dan W. (Skeena) Sullivan, (Dem.)
Ray (Maggie) Maguire, (Dem.)
John T. (Sherig) Sullivan, (Dem.)
Ed (Nig) O'Keefe, (Dem.)

CONSTABLE

Thomas (Tidy) Mulcahy, (Dem.)
James F. (Butch) Lester, incumbent, (Dem.)
Frank (Couchey) Coughlin, (Dem.)
Maurice (Harp) Lynch, (Dem.)
John P. (Firebug) Murphy, (Dem.)
Joe (Fat) Markovich, (Dem.)
William (Red) Ellis, (Rep.)
F. M. (Streeter) Street, (Rep.)
William Herbert (Darkness) Reynolds, (Rep.)
Andy (Fat) Maffei, (Dem.)

NEBRASKA

REASSURING public notice in the *Weekly Advertiser* of Red Cloud:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

The Crooked Creek Club wish to announce to the fathers who bring their wives and children to the picnic on Sunday, honoring Father's and Children's Day, that they need not worry, for their families will be perfectly safe, as there will be an extra police force on duty that day.

BY ORDER OF THE COMMITTEE.

PENNSYLVANIA

FOOTNOTE to the late Noble Experiment from the Associated Press correspondent at Lancaster:

Two hundred thousand gallons of beer went down the sewer today after a squadron of State police raided the Columbia Brewery at Columbia, near here. The troopers took two hours to pour the beer from the vats into the city's sewers. By that time, 200 townsmen equipped with tumblers, mugs and pails gathered at the mouth of the sewer and drank the free-flowing liquid, after which they started dousing one another with the beer.

FROM the celebrated *Public Ledger* of Philadelphia:

A dogwood tree is to be planted this afternoon in a hole scratched by eight of the dogs given shelter at the Francisvale Home for Smaller Animals, Upper Gulph and Arden roads, Radnor, as a memorial to George Washington.

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WHY WE DO NOT BEHAVE LIKE HUMAN BEINGS

BY RALPH ADAMS CRAM

THE ancient doctrine of progressive evolution, which became dominant during the last half of the Nineteenth Century, was, next to the religious and philosophical dogmas of Dr. Calvin and the political and social doctrines of M. Rousseau, the most calamitous happening of the last millennium. In union with Protestantism and democracy, and apparently justified in its works by the amazing technological civilization fostered by coal, iron, steam and electricity, it is responsible for the present estate of society, from which there is no escape, it would seem, except through comprehensive calamity.

I state my thesis thus bluntly in order to get it over with. Its justification as well as its implications I shall now expound as best I can.

Born and bred in the briar-patch of this same progressive evolution, by the time I was of age I had read all of Spencer's "Synthetic Philosophy" as well as the greater part of the writings of Darwin, Tyndall and Huxley, though, fortunately, with a strong admixture of Ruskin, Emerson, Matthew Arnold and Carlyle, the latter group acting as a counter-agent that became operative and dominant after the passage of years.

Now, the point I wish to make is that the entire scheme of progressive evolution was based on what was then a very partial and limited knowledge of geological, biological and anthropological facts and also on a particularly faulty deductive process, whereby the nature of man, his period of existence in time and space, his relationship to other forms of life, his inherent potency and his ultimate destiny were gravely misinterpreted, with the result that for the last century he has been possessed by delusions of grandeur, which have made it impossible for him justly to estimate his own acts, to acquire a right standard of values, or consciously to provide against the issue of his own follies and vagrom courses.

According to the ancient doctrines, now showing so thin and threadbare, man was the crown of an immemorial sequence of inevitable and even mechanical developments from lower to higher, accomplished by myriads of small upward steps from primeval slime through one vertebrate to another: through lemur and anthropoid ape to *Homo sapiens*, Paleolithic and Neolithic Man, to the Babylonian, Egyptian, Greek and Roman and their successors, ever in an ascending line, even to the glorious product of the Victorian era. As there had always been a constant, though intermittent, upward progress to this delectable event, so, logically, this must continue indefinitely with an ever-extending horizon of ever-increasing glory and honor.

The prospect was alluring, and it is no

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wonder that it was accepted with avidity. Coming in the midst of a bewildering epoch of discovery, invention and material aggrandizement, almost, though by no means quite, equal to that which occurred between 3500 and 3000 B.C., it gave a cachet of sublimity to events then transpiring, and fixed the assurance that, as it was then most erroneously assumed, the Greeks were greater than the Egyptians, the Romans than the Greeks, and the Renaissance than Hellenism. (They naïvely slurred over the intervening thousand years of Christian civilization as an anomalous retrogression made amends for by the Sixteenth Century recovery.) Therefore, and inevitably, the new era of Protestantism, democracy and industrialism must be better than the Renaissance, with God knew what of glory in the proximate future, if only all those things going strong were pushed to the limit, and the old and out-worn things relentlessly cast aside.

As I say, then, this erroneous attitude posited an entirely wrong scheme of evolution. If man was driven irresistibly along an upward course, then as Protestantism must have been better than Catholicism, so an agnostic rationalism must be better still, because it came later in time. Democracy must be better than monarchy, feudalism or aristocracy, for all men having been created free and equal (the word *created* was abandoned for the more evolutionary word *born*), there were no longer degrees of capacity, and, the human race now being emancipated, the plain man was equal to, if not better than, the great few of past ages. The intellectual, spiritual and æsthetic fields offered some difficulties. Greece was assumed to have surpassed Egypt—of which then little was known, and that quite misunderstood—, but Rome was disturbing and Mediævalism calamitously retrograde. However, the Renaissance made certain amends, and after all the difficulty was got rid of by the simple expedient of disregarding these intangible values as of slight or secondary importance, which they necessarily must have been, since they bore no visible relationship to current material values, which, again being latest in time, must, of course, be of higher importance.

II

During the first decade of the present century these ideas were in the ascendent. It was the great climacteric of our era of modernism, which actually began, not about 1775 with the first mechanical discoveries and technological inventions, but with the emergence of the three R's at the turn of the Fifteenth Century: Renaissance, Reformation and Revolution. By some mysterious law of terrestrial life, the rhythm of history beats in great throbs of five centuries. You may trace this back in time as far as Menes and the Old Kingdom of Egypt. Each era describes a curve, varying in its trajectory but inevitable in its rise, culmination and fall, to be followed by another, the line of which is rising hiddenly while the precedent curve is declining to its end and ultimate disappearance. As the trajectory of our own epoch rose as hissingly as a rocket about the year 1500 to its apogee about 1900, so its fall begins again as a rocket falls, and the first overt showing of this change of direction was the Great War.

Since then, and markedly since the Armistice, there has been a very striking transformation in the attitude of thinking men toward their own times. Where once was an irrational and over-riding confidence in the destiny of man and the methods and devices by which it was ultimately to be achieved, there is now a growing

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doubt as to the validity of pretty much everything. The Industrial Age has fallen into chaos. The machine has become a Frankenstein monster; nationalism a menace of further and final war. Both domestic and foreign politics come close to being a riot of incapacity, while crime increases and becomes ever more widespread and intimate, the domestic and social organisms more perilously poised on the rim of dissolution. The intellectual life, compared even to the last half of the Nineteenth Century, is arid and sterile, while art has achieved its nemesis in the movies, jazz, modernist architecture, the comic strip and the subway magazines. As for religion of the Protestant sort, it is fairly well represented by the unedifying gymnastics of the Methodist and Baptist brethren.

One good sign is that physical science has lost the cocksureness of fifty years ago and no longer thinks it knows all about everything or even very much about anything except the more obvious phenomena. Most encouraging of all, however, is the fact that at last a scattered few are beginning to reconsider our standard of values, to analyze institutions and achievements, and, above all, to draw comparisons between men, rediscovering the great figures of our historic past of six thousand years, evaluating them anew, rating their times in terms of their own quality, and placing against them for contrast what we today have to offer.

It is a salutary proceeding that has issue in manifold revelations, while its implications are singularly valuable in the light they throw on the dissolving dream of progressive evolution. As we go back in time we find during this same period (which, but for the baffling Crô-Magnon episode, is all we know of man as man) no weakening of character and power due to a greater nearness to barbarism, but actually an increase. And the same is true of cultures. There is nothing in certain eras in Egypt, Crete and archaic Greece inferior to more recent civilizations; indeed, as I have said before, the inventions, discoveries and accomplishments of man during the five centuries subsequent to the year 3500 B.C. cast quite into the shade our own achievements since the year 1500 A.D. From Im-Hotep, the Leonardo da Vinci of five thousand years ago, and from Kephren, Rameses III and Akhnaton, those great Pharaohs, there has been an unbroken and endless list of great men shining in great cultures, that we cannot match today nor could have for some centuries.

Judged by the character, capacity and achievements of outstanding individuals (and there is no other way of estimating the quality of any culture) man, five thousand years ago, stood on as high a level as he has at any time since. Judged by the character, capacity and achievements of the remainder of mankind, whether the undifferentiated mass or those of its component parts that through anomalous opportunity have found themselves in high places, the standard of today is no whit higher than that which obtained in the Middle Kingdom of Egypt, Periclean Athens, the Byzantium of Justinian or the Europe of St. Louis.

The situation would seem to be something like this: Disregarding for the moment the Magdalenian culture, we find such thousands of years as elapsed between the last Ice Age and 4000 B.C. practically barren, not only of any obvious signs of human evolution, but also of valid vestiges of anything that can rightly be called human. Certain mammals of unpleasant habits, indifferently covered with hair and apparently walking about as erect as some of the larger apes, dwelt untidily in caves

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and fashioned, as their only mechanical device, arrowheads out of flint. They were less ingenious than birds or beavers or bees. They were by no means as attractive or as highly developed as the deer or the eagle, and they were most clumsily and ineffectively adapted to environment. They were, in a word, an exceedingly nasty tribe and they made no progress whatever, so far as their artifacts or interments show, for that space of ten or fifteen thousand years which geologists tell us lasted from the extinction of the Crô-Magnons down to the opening of the Neolithic Age.

I contend that these unhandsome and inferior creatures were not men at all, and that if man existed before, as he undoubtedly had if the Magdalenian culture was really an event of some twenty thousand years ago, then man is the product of recurrent intervals of creative vigor in the *élan vital*, episodes of brief duration with long periods between when man, as man, is non-existent. In a word, then, our own human era had its beginnings in the Neolithic era, say eight or ten thousand years ago, and after a period of accumulating energy, suddenly burst into complete achievement within a space of a very few hundred years, no more, perhaps, than has elapsed in our own case since the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. And before that, as far back as the last occupancy of the caves of Altamira, there simply was nothing human, but just a repulsive type of animal, very inferior to pretty much all the rest of creation.

In my youth, the leading parlor amusement was the search for the missing link, *i.e.*, the intermediate stage between man and the anthropoid ape. The frenzied search still goes on with the discovery now and then of a very incomplete skull or, better still, a minute moiety thereof that can be ingeniously extended, according to the taste of the restorer, into the semblance of a proof. It is not necessary to place implicit confidence in these ingenious inventions. One remembers too well the hilarious episode (a year or two ago) when one tooth was discovered somewhere in the wide open spaces of the West, and was officially pronounced by one or more of the most eminent anthropologists to be the long-sought intermediate stage. Shortly thereafter it developed that the precious tooth came from the jaw of a common or barnyard pig, to the confusion of the savants but not to their discouragement, for the pathetic search still goes on.

Recently, however, the pursuit of the missing cultural link has become as ardent and, if progressive evolution is not to go into the discard, as desperate as that for the skeletal connection. Thus far the search is equally vain. In Egypt, Mesopotamia, Chaldea, Crete, excavations and discoveries reveal evidences of the highest culture, that goes back in its completeness —and a completeness that in no essential particular falls short of our own—to the solid wall of about 3500 B.C. Back of that there is nothing, and between the New Stone Age and the culture of the Egyptian Old Kingdom or of Ur of the Chaldees, there are no intermediate stages of moment as there are none between the former and the post-glacial infra-humans that preceded them.

It would seem, then, that after all Dr. de Vries is probably right when he claims that the process of evolution and the development of new species is not after the Darwinian fashion, always from lower to higher and by the constant accretion of minute differences, but by what he calls the catastrophic process: the periodical and unaccountable appearance, in the midst of many type forms, of one that is entirely new. In some cases this new thing repro-

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duces itself true to form, and indefinitely; in others, there is an ultimate reversion to type.

One more point in this assembling of raw material and I will proceed to my deduction, which may, or may not, answer the question as to why we do not behave like human beings.

In a special cable dispatch recently transmitted from England, Sir James Jeans and Sir Arthur Eddington, physicists of unquestioned authority, join in the opinion that recent astronomical discoveries indicate the strong probability that the old time-scale must be scrapped and that, whereas not so long ago the age of the universe was counted in probable billions or even trillions of years, now it must be reduced to hundreds of thousands, or at the most, to millions of years. This is a startling statement and its implications are obvious and significant. Such a reduction in scale, if proportional, would give the earth but a brief day of life, the animal kingdom one still more restricted in time, and man himself—well, shall we say, and with due allowance for that older civilization or culture the last vestiges of which are afforded by the Magdalenian survival of which the provenance may have been Atlantis—not millions, but some tens of thousands of years?

III

And now what has the bearing of all this tenuous speculation (mine, not that of our distinguished scientists) to do with the question I have posited? *Why* do we not behave like human beings? For by and large we certainly do not. Regard dispassionately the history of what we call civilization. So far as we know, which is not far, it was not too bad in Egypt, Mesopotamia, Crete, but as history becomes clearer so does the evidence of a pretty invincible beastliness. It is a farrago of cruelty, slaughter and injustice. I have no intention of rehearsing old records; Tamerlane and Genghis Khan and the gangs they led may rest in their unquiet graves.

But come down to what are, comparatively, our own times and call to mind the barbarian invasions of Italy, of Northern France and of England; the wars of religion with the slaughters of Catholics and Protestants; the Inquisition with its *auto da fé*; the Thirty Years War and the Hundred Years War; the witchcraft insanity; the beastliness of the Peasants' War in Germany and of the French Revolution; the horrors of the so-called Reformation in England and on the Continent; the African slave trade; England's opium war; the debauching of the Negro tribes; the Spanish record in Mexico, Central and South America with the blasting of Maya and Inca and Aztec civilization; the piracy and brigandage of the Seventeenth Century; our own treatment of the Indians; the gross evils accomplished in the South Seas by traders, adventurers and evangelists; the ruthless barbarity of the new industrialism in England from 1780 on for fifty years; the Russian Revolution; gas and mechanized warfare; and the blind selfishness of advancing technological and capitalist civilization.

These are only a few salient headings in one category of human activity, a few amongst the many that continue without pause or break for some three thousand years. I might match and rival this record were I to dilate on the follies and miscarriages of justice and the evidences of invincible ignorance and superstition that follow man in what was once termed his evolutionary progress. But this is unnecessary. We have but to regard our present estate when, at the summit of our Dar-

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winian advance, natural selection, the survival of the fittest and the development of species have resulted in a condition where, with all the resources of a century and a half of unparalleled scientific and mechanical development, we confront a situation so irrational and apparently hopeless of solution that there is not a scientist, a politician, an industrialist, a financier, a philosopher or a parson who has the faintest idea how we got that way or how we are to get out of it.

Yes, but there is another side to the question. However repulsive and degrading the general condition of any period in the past, there never has been a time when out of the darkness did not flame into light bright figures of men and women, who in character and capacity were a glory to the human race. Nor were these only those whose names are recorded and whose fame is immortal. We know from the evidences that there were more whose identity is not determined, men and women lost in the great mass of the underlying mob, who in purity and honor and charity were co-equal with the great figures of history. Between them and the basic mass there was a difference greater than that which separates, shall we say, the obscene mob of the November Revolution in Russia and the anthropoid apes. They fall into two absolutely different categories, the which is precisely the point I wish to make.

We do not behave like human beings because most of us do not fall within that classification as we have determined it for ourselves, since we do not measure up to standard. And thus:

With our invincible—and most honorable but perilous—optimism, we gauge humanity by the best it has to show. From the bloody riot of cruelty, greed and lust we cull the bright figures of real men and women. Pharaoh Akhnaton, King David, Pericles and Plato, Buddha and Confucius and Laotze, Seneca and Marcus Aurelius and Virgil, Abderahman of Cordoba, Charlemagne and Roland; St. Benedict, St. Francis, St. Louis; Godfrey de Bouillon, Saladin, Richard Coeur de Lion; Dante, Leonardo, St. Thomas Aquinas, Ste. Jeanne d'Arc, Sta. Theresa, Frederic II, Otto the Great, St. Ferdinand of Spain, Chaucer and Shakespeare, Strafford and Montrose and Mary of Scotland, Washington, Adams and Lee. These are but a few key names; fill out the splendid list for yourselves. By them we unconsciously establish our standard of human beings.

Now, to class with them and the unrecorded multitude of their compeers, the savage and ignorant mob beneath, or its leaders and mouthpieces, is both unjust and unscientific. What kinship is there between St. Francis and John Calvin, the Earl of Strafford and Thomas Cromwell, Robert Lee and Trotsky, Edison and Capone? None except their human form. They of the great list behave like our ideal of the human being; they of the ignominious substratum do not, because they are not. In other words, the just line of demarcation should be drawn, not between Neolithic Man and the anthropoid ape, but between the glorified and triumphant human being and the Neolithic mass which was, is now and ever shall be.

What I mean is this, and it may be expressed by a parable. Some years ago I was on the island of Hawaii and in the great crater of Kilauea on the edge of the flaming pit of Halemaumau. For once the pit was level full of molten lava that at one end of this pit, at the iron edge of old lava, rose swiftly from the lowest depths, then slid silently, a viscous field of lambent cherry color, along the length of the great pit, to plunge then and disappear as si-

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lently, only to return and rise again, when all was to happen once more. Indeterminate, homogeneous, it was an undifferentiated flood, except for one thing. As it slid silkily onward it fountained incessantly. That is to say, from all over its surface leaped high in the air slim jets of golden lava, that caught the sun and opened into delicate fireworks of falling jewels, beautiful beyond imagination.

Such I conceive to be the pattern of human life. Millennium after millennium this endless flood of basic raw material sweeps on. It is the everlasting Neolithic Man, the same that it was 10,000 B.C. It is the matrix of the human being, the stuff of which he is made. It arises from the unknown and it disappears in the unknown, to return again and again of itself. And always it fountains in fine personalities, eminent and of historic record, or obscure yet of equal nobility, and these are the human beings on whose personality, character and achievements we establish our standard.

IV

The basic mass, the raw material out of which great and fine personalities are made, is the same today that it was before King Zoser of Egypt and the first architect, Im-Hotep, set the first pyramid stones that marked the beginning of our era of human culture. Neolithic it was and is, and there has been no essential change in ten thousand years, for it is no finished product, but raw material and, because of its potential, of absolute value. We do not realize this, for it is not obvious to the eye, since all that greatness has achieved in that period is as free for the use of contemporary Neolithic Man as it is for those who have emerged into the full stature of humanity.

Free and compulsory education, democratic government and universal suffrage, and the unlimited opportunities of industrial civilization have clothed him with the deceptive garments of equality, but underneath he is forever the same. It is not until we are confronted in our own time with a thing like the original Bolshevik reign of terror; the futility of popular government, not only national, but as we see it close at home in the sort of men that we choose to govern us in our cities, our State legislatures, and Congress; the bluntness of intellect and lack of vision in big business and finance; or when we consider the monkeyshines of popular evangelists, comic strips, dance- and bicycle- and Bible-reading marathons, that we are awakened to a realization of the fact that there is something wrong with our categories.

Those who live in these things that they have made are *not* behaving like the human beings we have chosen for ourselves out of history as determinants of that entity, and this for the reason that they are still men of the Neolithic Age that no camouflage of civilization can change.

Perhaps we have set our standard too high. Perhaps we should, in accordance with the alleged principles of Jefferson, count the mob-man as the standard human being; but since the gulf that separates him from the ideal we have made for ourselves is too vast to be bridged by any social, political or biological formula, this would force us back on the Nietzschean doctrine of the Superman which, personally, I reject. It seems to me much more fitting to accept our proved ideal as the true type of human being, counting all else as the potent material of creation.

I cannot blind myself to the fact that if what I have said is taken seriously, it will probably seem revolting, if not grotesque

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and even impious. I do not mean it to be any of these things, nor does it seem so to me. Put into few words, and as inoffensively as possible, all I mean is that the process of creation is continuous. That as the "first man" was said to have been created out of the dust of the earth, so this creation goes on today as it ever has. As this same "dust of the earth" may have been Neolithic or more probably Paleolithic sub-man, so today the formative material is of identical nature and potency —but it is still, as then, the unformed, unquickened, primitive or Neolithic matter. Within its own particular sphere it is invaluable, indispensable, but we treat it unfairly when, through our vaporous theorizing, we are led to pitchfork it into an alien sphere, where it cannot function properly, and where it is untrue to itself, and by its sheer weight of numbers and deficiency of certain salutary inhibitions, is bound to negative the constructive power of the men of light and leading, while reducing the normal average to the point of ultimate disaster.

And now, in these last days we stand aghast at the portent of our own *Götterdämmerung*. The high gods we had revered and before whom we had made sacrifice of so much of the best we had, show thin and impotent, or vanish in the flame of disaster. Political and social democracy, with their plausible devices and panaceas; popular sovereignty, the Protestant religion of the masses; the technological triumphs that were to emancipate labor and redeem the world; all the multiple manifestations of a free and democratic society fail of their predicted issue, and we find ourselves lapped in confusion and numb with disappointment and chagrin.

I suggest that the cause of comprehensive failure and the bar to recovery is the persistence of the everlasting Neolithic Man and his assumption of universal control.

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STRONGHOLD OF THE SUN

BY MARIAN STORM

OTHER ruins have heirs. Troy, Carthage even, left living stories; Egypt rises from the tomb almost as in life. But no such Autumn melancholy lies upon Machu Picchu. Its end was real, secret and complete. These roofless walls in the high Andes of Peru have bequeathed us no folktale nor revealing relic. Dark and mute, solemn, inaccessible and alone, Machu Picchu keeps its regal sorrow to itself.

Sunlight failed as I followed the climbing trail, and one of those impetuous thunderstorms that are forever crackling over the Andes spun scarlet tangles in the sky above the clouds. Machu Picchu, the "ancient height", is today the name of the last stop on a bold young railroad, the Ferrocarril del Cuzco a Santa Ana *en explotación*, that takes its adventurous way from Cuzco, City of the Sun, down into the rich, unpeopled Urubamba, where the Incan Empire was born. Only a year or two ago you had to travel three and a half shelterless days on muleback to get to Machu Picchu, and if, as Dr. Hiram Bingham believes, it was to this last refuge that the Virgins of the Sun took flight when the Spaniards turned upon their Cuzco convent, they must have been borne in litters or traversed that long road of the Inca afoot. It is not easy going in a train, even.

Forbidding mountains wall in Cuzco, deep in its valley, and to hurdle them that little, heavily loaded, twice-a-week train must use the tricks of an alpinist. It pants upward as far as it can, and then runs right back again, almost as far, for only by interminable switchbacks and zigzags can it gain any headway in its assault upon the heights. But at length the engine peers over the last ridge, finds a milling crowd of Indians waiting on the plateau at Huarocondo, and stops for a bite.

None of civilization's grateful restraints hampers either passengers or the venders who wait with food. Unprotected on the rain-sodden ground lie piles of cheeses, large rounds of bread, hunks of fruit paste, peaches, limes and hot meat. Mud is splashed over them, dogs brush against them, babies pick at them, customers test them with black fingernails, but my companions buy happily and eat. A Cuzco matron in a satin coat trimmed with soiled white fur, her hair waved and her cheeks rouged, leans from the window and seizes a whole hind-quarter of goat, steaming and greasy. Her husband approves the purchase and a long bargain is concluded. He takes out his knife, and leaning across the aisle they together devour the carcass, tearing it adroitly with fingers and teeth.

Most of the traveling Peruvian couples have three or four small children, all in up-to-date European dress, and these children, with apparent impunity, at station after rain-soaked station, feed with gusto upon great joints and chunks of food stained with mud and pawed by

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animals. Like the Indians of the region, they are entirely innocent of embarrassment or disgust—and of regard for the rights of another traveler. The first-class coach, quite as much as the second, is stuffed with the bursting bales, sheaves, bags and baskets that make up their appalling luggage, so that a helpless uninitiate cannot see, breathe or move.

Ollantaytambo: more lambs'-quarters waiting in the rain, more huge glasses of *chicha* made from masticated maize. Tancca: which means in Quechua "the place where you push"—and we are at last picking a cautious way through that lush wilderness, the Urubamba. Everyone grew quiet, now, watching. Were we going to make it?

The river was in flood. I have never seen such terrible water. Boiling with the heaviest rains in seven years, it seemed to advance in processions of geysers of liquid mud. Clouds of brown spray exploded when it met an old rock in its bed. Above the chugging train we could hear the roar of the thousands of stones it was battering along, under the surface. Weeks ago it had wrecked parts of the track, and still, in places, eddies spurted up and licked the rails. Sometimes the downward speed of the water was so great that it would fairly rush back against itself. I saw a tree lifted right up a roily steep and shot toward the mælstrom below.

Though the torrent was so thick with mud that it looked like ground in motion, the many streams that plunged down the mountainside to join it gleamed with an exquisite whiteness. They descended like narrow snowfalls, some born among the snows, instantly to lose their purity at the Urubamba's touch. Within an inch of the union one could drink of them.

At little adobe stations saddled mules were waiting for the rare passenger, and twisted red faggots were stacked ready for our engine to burn. Since this is the sole way to go down the valley, both Indians and livestock use the track, and we would meet families pressed into some hollow in the embankment to let us pass, or a *serrano* blindfolding his mule with his red *poncho*. We came upon wild-looking domestic parties proceeding single file ahead of the train—parents with the eternal packs upon their backs, children, dogs, burros, loaded mules, often a cow or pig—and we had to slow down till all could career in terror through the tunnel ahead.

Again and again we advanced against forbidding heights that seemed to have no opening till the searching engine discovered a small hole driven through sheer rock. Enormous boulders hung indecisively balanced above us. The river came up and ate eagerly at the railbed. Exhaling a peculiar chemical smell such as the Styx might give forth, it made for the Amazon, bearing along what potent mixture of odorous minerals?

The engine stopped for fresh faggots and pushed on with care through murky spray, under the threatening overhangs. Beautiful entering rills still fell in thin white courses from the heights, to join their small talk to the booming of the flood. Hewing a trail down this gorge toward the savage *montaña*, a thousand or more years ago, the Quechua builders must have met the manifold defiance of forest, beast and enemy, as well as of torrent and mountain.

Bursting from a cavern midway of a crag a longer cataract came. Daring birds flew low through the brown dust of water. Sprays of magenta orchids, two feet tall, rose from shaded limbs, and a wild orange tree stood sunlit, bent with fruit. On the further steeps appeared little patches of incredible cultivation, and cows made

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their way as sure-footed as goats where one would think that they could only go coasting. Here man and beast seem to have retained the agility of pre-Spanish agriculture. A patch of squashes were ripening at Cedrobamba as they had ripened before the Megalithic Empire arose by Titicaca, even before the Nazca provisioned their dead with dried squash for another world. Indians held up for sale monstrous melons, each slung in a net for convenient carrying.

Of all the people in Peru who talk of going to Machu Picchu very few have ever gone. One must learn, in poking about South America, never to take advice, never to ask old-timers for information, but always to heed inner apprehensions rather than innocent hopes. For there is no way of telling whether any given description is true for today or last year or twenty years ago, or whether it is merely what the narrator has heard and complacently believes. "Oh, you must get up there by all means—a wonderful experience—don't let it escape you. No, no real difficulties. You'll find everything you need right there!" One must be especially wary of data provided by old gold prospectors, by cosmopolitan nomadic miners, engineers and salesmen, by retired rubber hunters, and above all by somebody who speaks English whether you want him to or not and who will answer any question, always encouragingly. You remember that almost everything happened some time ago, that if changes have taken place it's nobody's fault, and that if you rave it will tickle the Indians.

Now and then a scientist says something. "Our lodging for the night was enough to daunt even a hardened explorer", wrote one about the place to which I was bound. By the time I arrived, less than two years later, there was no longer any lodging for the night. Yet innumerable cheery officials had described a "good, clean little hotel, just kept for the people who go to visit the ruins." There never existed any such hotel.

The rearing, gloomy escarpments that opposed themselves to the engine's passage gave no sign of relenting, yet there was ingress and we went through.

II

We came, for our sins, to Machu Picchu, the pueblo now known by the name of "the most fascinating ruin in the New World." Here may have been both the birthplace of the first Inca and the retreat of the last Inca's consecrated sun worshippers. Today it is an accumulation of excrement. Huge sows went to sleep under the train the minute it had stopped, and starved dogs came prowling. Goats, hens, sheep and cows wandered over the tracks and in and out of the hovels on either side. These were just a clutter of huts in the mud, made of poles and roofed with unthatched straw or bits of zinc. Filth lay so thick that one could not avoid walking in it. The rains had distributed sewage everywhere while the saving sun was absent. Staggering odors challenged the newcomer. For background, the endless dark and lofty mountains, the clouds, the leaping river that shook the town.

I got down cautiously, carrying my silly bag and my sheepskin-lined coat under which I expected to sleep. By God's grace I had brought three bottles of water, but no food, for I was counting on the "clean, well-kept little hotel." Small boys fell upon the stranger and tore everything from my grasp. They would drag me at once to the ruins. "*Vamos al* hotel first", I insisted. They giggled. A man came down an obscene slope.

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"I have two beds which I often rent to strangers", he admitted, "but now they are already taken."

"Well, I must sleep somewhere tonight!"

"Who knows?"

"Perhaps one could stay up at the ruins?"

"It is very good there, and the Indian woman has beer and bread."

"But I need to eat before we start the climb. I have taken nothing since six this morning."

"There is milk."

I was fighting nausea from the reek of effluvia all about, but the loathsome proximity of humanity, always more apparent than that of animals' dens, was more offensive.

"I don't want milk—boiled eggs," I said.

"No hay," he answered amiably.

"Then show me a place where I can safely leave my things and we will set out."

"No hay."

"But where is the Hotel del Ferrocarril where everybody sleeps?"

"No hay."

"It must be here. It is especially for those who come to see the ruins."

"Few come."

"Well, where do they sleep?"

"In my two beds—when they are empty."

"But I know there is a Hotel del Ferrocarril. Prominent persons in Cuzco and in Arequipa told me it was here."

"No existe."

"It did exist—what has become of it?"

"Who knows? Perhaps it failed."

"When?"

"Let us say, two years ago. They used to hang a blanket between the beds, if there were ladies. While we talk it grows too late to reach the ruins before dark."

"But we can't carry all these things up the mountains! I wish to leave them here in some safe place."

"The *chicos* will carry them."

"For fifty *centavos* each."

"For a *sol*."

"For seventy-five *centavos*, and I want only one *chico*."

I grasped an urchin: "I choose you." Geraldo, the elect, stuck out his tongue at his pawing comrades. He felt of my bag. "Water bottles!" he yelled in rapture.

"I have to go along to carry the big coat," said the lord of the two beds. I regarded his sweating arms and bosom. "I can easily carry the coat myself," I said idiotically.

The instant we quitted that baleful pueblo my heart rose, pressing toward the untroubled mountains. Sombre heights ascended all about us, crossed sometimes by bald strips of rock. Rounding a great black headland tore the Urubamba, bellowing. Graciously the sun emerged.

The road began well—one day it would be the bed of the railroad that is to extend to Santa Ana—, but it traversed two long tunnels carved out of stone so porous that water flowing down from the mountains poured through upon our heads like rain, while an odorous swamp lay invisible underfoot. "Yonder is the bridge of Machu Picchu", indicated Geraldo.

"We haven't got to cross that, of course," I said. I like to look at pictures of these old Incan bridges, not to use them.

"Pues si", he affirmed.

Swung over the hurtling Urubamba swayed two cables with slim round logs laid across them. The water was so high that muddy spray flew over this bridge and brown crests leaped up through the openings. One felt that at any moment it might leave the Urubamba for the Amazon. A third cable, supposed to proffer

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handhold, dipped to ankle height in the middle, and nevertheless I clung to it, to my purse, my hat and coat. We entered the dank rain forest, teeming with green life, and began the ascent. The trees were so tall that they shut out the sun.

Over rocks, logs and moss a zigzag upward path has been cleared, and this the rainy season had discovered with glee. Little rills used these paths themselves—why bother to make others? The trail was a series of waterfalls up which we trudged. "Geraldo", I screamed, "do not put that bag down!" I was carrying, in the manner of an English queen, my indispensable umbrella (for where could I leave it?), and I reflected with an exhausted grin that nothing could be funnier than to toil up the tropical Andes bearing a New York Winter coat, a velvet hat, a silk umbrella, a smart handbag and a bottle of water. One does not do that sort of thing: we Americans do things the right way: we go prepared: we do not make spectacles of ourselves when roughing it. Only, we can never tell. I took off my jacket and flung it over my shoulder, on top of the coat. "Geraldo", I exclaimed, "go on ahead." I then took off part of my underwear. I held this roll in my left hand like a torch. It began to rain again, and over the molesting brush I raised the umbrella, for the sake of the coat. The steep way taxed breath and heart, walking up those waterfalls.

"Hold your nose now", advised Geraldo. "We are getting near the cow." She was big and black and had been dead a long time, and as she lay across the narrow trail there seemed no way of getting over her. One cannot leap, especially straight up, when holding an umbrella, a hat and coat, a bottle of water and a roll of underwear. But we made it. "You will keep that bottle when you have finished the water?" said Geraldo. He had never taken his eyes off it. "Naturally not." He hugged himself.

Such flowers! Gold-red campanulas, saffron blooms of sorrel, bushes of zinnias and blithe yellow daisies, and ever and again canary ladies' slippers, geraniums and drooping rosy begonias leaned out toward us. We were zigzagging along the upper heights at last, having left the deep virgin wood far below. I saw a pointed front of stones above us—Machu Picchu!

III

What royal, militant or devoted trains had gone in other centuries up this secret way imagination could not tell me, nor why they sought it, nor what pressure of dread or polity could drive a people to rear perfect walls upon a height so fearfully repellent and remote! The years of labor, by hand alone! Actually to be here, now, at Machu Picchu, and to find the mysterious grandeur of antiquity all cumbered with the nuisances of this minute! I resolved to stay up there all night, even wet and hungry.

The Indian caretaker had seen us long ago, and I drove my legs on to where she waited, smiling pleasantly in Quechua. She and her man had roofed over with straw one of the chambers of the temple, palace, fort or citadel, whatever it may be.

"Ask her if she could give me food if I sleep up here and climb down early in the morning," I instructed Geraldo.

She led me in and showed me some bread on the damp earth floor.

"And she has *chicha*", added Geraldo. I tried to look reassured.

"But they don't make that beer the way they used to, any more—it's just from corn now—they don't chew and chew it and spit it out to ferment?"

"She says, but *yes*. Hers is made in the

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old way, the best way. The maize has been properly masticated."

"Quick then—through the ruins and down the mountain this night."

We clambered on from terrace to terrace, into round room, square room, long room, through tower and court, peering over the dizzy bastions of the lookout on the summit, stumbling down broken ceremonial stairs. I ran devout fingers over smooth, enduring walls, but fancy still paused baffled. They were superbly made; they did not speak.

The ruins of Machu Picchu preside over a conclave of precipices gathered to stare far down into the ravine where the Urubamba in yellow cataracts falls toward the selva. There was the road, too, I knew, and camiones bounced over it during the daylight hours on their way to the encampment of engineers at Santa Rosa or to the distant sugar finca of Doña Carmen of Cuzco. But there is nothing on these mountains. Stray animals wander up. A wood-gatherer fills his pack. A white stream courses from a peak. Nothing else. The Quechua woman had gone back to her private ruin. Already the valley was filling up with darkness.

"If we are going to get past the cow while we can see her we shall have to hurry", said Geraldo.

"Dear Lord!" I remembered, "that cow!"

I unpacked the second water bottle and he observed it with passion.

"You will soon drink that up."

"*Ojalá* that I were not so thirsty and could still save it!"

"And then this bottle, too, you will give me?"

"Geraldo, what earthly use to me would be an old empty bottle?"

He answered quietly, "But to me it is worth a great deal. A bottle is very valuable," and I felt ashamed. I decided to pay him double—this ragged mite to whom one empty bottle meant so much.

A sudden violent repugnance to going down the mountains in the dusk came over me when he said, "You know it is much harder going down than up in the rainy season—especially with shoes on. The paths get slippery and in the low forest the rocks are all slimy and thorns reach out for your eyes. Why don't you sleep up here?"

"But where could I?" I didn't know what to do.

"This is the *sala* where people sleep."

It was an accommodation like a corncrib with exquisitely made stone walls. Apparently a deep cellar or excavation lay beneath, for small sticks in a loose crisscross were the only floor, and upon them had been thrown some cornstalks. A good enough bed in dry weather, if goats and donkeys had not used it first.

"Tonight it is going to rain", smiled Geraldo as I looked at the roof. In that bad straw thatch there were great gaps. I didn't know what to do.

"Are you going to drink the rest of the water now?" he urged.

"Anything for peace! Now go away, and I will give you another *sol* if you are back up here by six o'clock with a few bananas."

"Probably there are no bananas. When are you going to drink your last bottle of water?"

"Next week. Good night."

He glided down the muddy paths into the darkness like a snake.

Stars began to appear, warmly golden and very close. It was a splendid Winter sky that canopied Machu Picchu's forsaken peaks. At this hour, perhaps, those Virgins of the Sun who attended also the service of the Moon, his sister-wife, and of the star Venus, began their rites—perhaps

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in this granite chamber they robed or prayed. Despite the calm, red lightning flickered in the east.

I loosened my damp shoes and took a consoling taste of water. Twelve hours before light could come back! Were animals wont to occupy this sanctified retreat every night or only sometimes, and just what kind of animals, and how soon would they be likely to appear? I am afraid of ghosts. Why not bump up to the watch-tower in the starlight and keep vigil there, waiting for the advent of My Lord the Sun? That was the thing to do. But I felt a terrible inertia; I had grown miserably cold. I disposed myself upon the cleaner cornstalks, spread my faithful coat and raised the umbrella. Three swallows of water and then no more till daylight.

What wanderer ever chanced upon a richer psychic opportunity? *Verklärte Nacht!* Solitary by night on Machu Picchu, starved to the verge of mysticism, why could I see no rites, no *revenants*, why did nothing occult whisper what this place had been? I could still hear Dr. Bingham, the genius of the clearing:

"Undoubtedly, in its last state, the citadel was the carefully guarded treasure house where the worship of the sun, so violently overthrown in Cuzco, was restored, and where there found refuge those consecrated women whose lives had from earliest infancy been devoted to sun worship and who had been sufficiently fortunate to escape" the Conquistadores. This, then, was the stronghold sought out again when the invader came. "Here, concealed in a cañon of remarkable grandeur, protected by nature and by the hand of man, the Virgins of the Sun gradually passed away and left no descendants willing to explain the significance of the ruins which crown the beetling precipices."

I heard, too, Dr. P. A. Means. "A magnificent border-citadel," erected to command the narrow cañon of the Urubamba, through which sylvan savages might come up toward the highlands. And I could faintly catch, far more insistent, the mumble of some older time speaking, blurred and provocative. "There are two different styles in buildings and walls, probably separated by several centuries. The late Inca structures are built on top of ancient terraces. In the more ancient part we find problematical stone objects whose use does not appear to have been known to the Incas."

No presence so modern as that of Quechua aristocracy was in my chamber, but heavy mists of the impenetrable past—the forced belief in life's illogical frustration—peoples rising on the bones of peoples and perishing for nothing—labor lost—utter waste—inexplicable collapse—ruin, genius spent, extinction. How could it matter any more that here a temple had been so painfully reared, some time before Christ? How much human aspiration and achievement were here already futile before the Incas' era, gone to make a mere "problem"? The sun, on his way from China, was scarcely concerned because no virgins would be waiting to acclaim him from the peaks. I am afraid of such ghosts . . . stranglers.

IV

Yet I did drowse a little, till through the unrestful numbness pierced a summons from Hell. A burro had arrived and, either distressed by reveries like my own or communing with a lower burro, uttered his ravaging call. I was shaking so I could hardly consult my watch. It was only half past nine. No place to go. Nothing could be worse than to meet in darkness the filth and odors of the pueblo of Machu Picchu.

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I had to stay up here in the Andes till two hours before train time in the morning—*had to*. But near midnight, hounded by the thing in the old stones, falling and slipping every few steps, soaked by the brooks that used the trail and by wet foliage, covered with rock slime and mud, I was tumbling down the steeps by treacherous starlight. I knew I could tell when I should be near the cow, but how to get over her without matches? It was unholy.

In the thick forest, now, I had to sit down and slide for fear of breaking my neck, and anyway the backs of my knees would not work any more. I was all raw. Then I remembered the bridge still to be crossed—and perhaps the river was even higher. Its roar sounded louder than before. I began to cry out loud, utterly beaten by Machu Picchu. The bridge swung a little, once I was out on it, and hurtling an inch beneath my feet, in deathly haste, the water wet the logs. I held to the slack cable, praying not to be taken. On the other side I sat down on the soaked ground by the road. It was a delight to do so. Here a human creature was safe from Machu Picchu, from the black rain forest and the frightful river. It was shocking to feel the flood that roared so far away still shaking the ground. But to rest, now, for hours and hours—what else so luscious? Animals can simply suspend their lives, can hibernate or æstivate. That was what I would do till morning, when everything would be sane and natural again, and then tomorrow night, back at that dazzling, that never before appreciated, absolutely sybaritic hotel in Cuzco, there would be the enchantments of food and water and a bed!

From the darkness over the torrent a great green firefly drifted very slowly. It hovered for an instant before my face and went glowing, with pauses, toward the Urubamba. I closed my eyes, and heard the water's thunder and felt the ground shaking. Opening them unwillingly I saw that the green messenger had come back. It waited and then started loiteringly for the river, flew a little way above the awful water, and tremulously returned. It was beckoning, leading. "Here is the vortex—Come!"

"It will take me into that", I thought. I was all dizzy. With a savage effort I turned away my head and at length got up from the ground.

Not to look at the green glow took all my strength. I inched away from it, and heard faint singing. Though this was a drunken peon, benighted on his homeward way and probably full of clear alcohol, he seemed as innocent and welcome as Spring sunshine, after the upper Andes, the despair of Machu Picchu, and the winged sin. I actually hailed him. He had a pack on his back from which the faggots were falling unheeded, one by one. Even in starlight he looked very wild; his ragged breeches stopped far above bare knees, his *poncho* was sodden, and that strange *serrano* cap with the long blunt ear-flaps was pulled tightly over his narrow head. There is no joy in pure alcohol, and he was not jolly, yet he was not mean. "*Que le pasó, señora?* Where do you come from? Does your husband permit that you divert yourself with *paseos* in such places as this?"

"No, but I wish to buy a dry blanket on which to sit for the rest of the night. You get me a dry blanket and I will pay you and give it back besides."

"You must come into the *población*."

"In the morning."

"At once. It is not Christian to stay out here at night. There are *espantos*."

"But I can't walk any more."

"You will be bitten by the *tiac*, staying out, and then when you are covered with ulcers you will not be cured."

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"The *tiac*?"

"An evil gnat."

"Its bites leave sores, and one can't heal them?"

"*Pues,* some rich people do. They go to Lima and there the doctors use a salve. But many of us—no, we are not cured."

"These sores hurt you?"

"They are just like syphilis, you know."

"Oh—of course. Well, I wish I could find some shelter."

"*Pues*", he muttered, and departed with an irregular gait, as if he had a plan of his own. But at least I was now situated on a good rock, and I disposed myself gratefully. After a time, however, appeared an eerie cavalcade. My unsteady knight strode out of the tunnel holding a tall, lighted candle which he shielded from the air. Its flame revealed a matted black beard and bare chest, for his *poncho* was wrapped around the neck of a high, gaunt white horse which followed him.

"Since you cannot walk I have brought you transportation. Of course at this hour there was no way to *conseguir* any *montura,* nor even a blanket and halter, but if you once get on this horse he will go right back to the pueblo with you." He saw my desperate look. "*Tome usted valor!*" he shouted.

It was just what I needed. "Take valor!" I embraced the sharp nag and hauled myself aboard.

There were lights in the pueblo. The Chief of Station, poor man, had been roused out by the bad news of another crazy *gringa,* loose on the road to the ruins. He was waiting with a lantern. Over his black, abundant mop was tied a lady's pale green silk hairnet. Already a comforting pallor was gaining in the east, and I felt an inspiration.

"You could not, of course, permit me to sit in the train till it goes in the morning?"

"*Cómo no?* But there has been found for you a bed."

"Forgive me. You see I can go no farther. I should be much contented, sitting in the train."

I meant it. But just at daybreak, when the secret heights looked blackest, a tapping on the window scared me again.

"Will you give me the empty water bottle yet?" Geraldo called stealthily, for if the boys ever suspected how rich he had become. . . . The river seemed to be quieting a little, and would let us get back to Cuzco all right. I winked at something profane, down by the bridge of Machu Picchu.

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TANKS

BY ARLINGTON B. CONWAY

AMERICANS own and operate more machines of all kinds, from drag-line excavators to cigarette-lighters, than any other nation, and are conspicuously first in their enthusiasm for automobiles. It is strange that so eminently machine-minded a people should not also lead in the mechanization of military forces. But for evidence that the United States Army does not follow the national bent in this particular it is only necessary to refer to any of the American service journals. In the last few years practically every issue of every one of them has had one or more articles about the new warfare of machines on land, but for the most part these articles have merely described the equipment or experiments of some other Power, usually Great Britain.

Recently the question of military mechanization has been brought to the fore at the Geneva Disarmament Conference by the proposal of the American delegate that tanks, in common with other arms supposed to be specially adapted to offensive tactics, should be abolished by international agreement. Thus it may be timely to consider briefly the history of the tank, its present characteristics, the possibilities of its future development, and its probable influence on the art and practice of war.

The ideas behind it are of the simplest. Chariots were ancient in the days of Pharaoh. That a sufficient thickness of steel would stop a bullet was perfectly obvious many years ago. Caterpillar tractors which could traverse rough ground had been in existence since early in the century, and had been experimented with by armies. But in the Winter of 1914, when the soldiers in Northern France were wallowing and dying in the mud, and their leaders sought an offensive technique which could overcome the tremendous defensive power of machine-guns and barbed wire, there were only two or three men, among all the warring nations, who synthesized these simple ideas into the notion of an armored cross-country vehicle, driven by an internal combustion motor, and armed for offensive action.

The man who most clearly pictured such a machine, and how it might be used in the fighting, was Major-General E. D. Swinton, of the British Royal Engineers. This officer was what the British Army calls a writin' feller: he used to produce excellent short stories on war and scientific themes, under the pseudonym of Ole Luk-Oie. By October, 1914, he had evolved his concept of the machine which was to be born as the tank, and had placed his views before those in authority. They were brought to the notice of Winston Churchill, who seized on the idea avidly. It was due to the driving power of this statesman that tanks were produced for the British Army by the middle of 1916: this is one of the few of his activities that have escaped general criticism.

To General Swinton also is due credit for the name tank. In December, 1915,

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when the construction of the first models was fairly well advanced, it occurred to him that it would be advisable to invent a name for the machines, so that they could be referred to in correspondence without giving the secret away. Up to then they had been called landships, or caterpillar machine-gun destroyers. As the armored hulls suggested large boilers, he thought of calling them tanks. The name was so convenient that it has stuck to them ever since, and has passed into most foreign languages. The French, when they produced their first tanks in 1917, called them *chars d' assaut*, or, since they were at first organized as a branch of the artillery, *artillerie lourde d'assaut*. The Germans, with their famous talent for terse nomenclature, christened them *Panzerkraftwagen*. But in both the French and German Armies the soldiers found the short English word handier than the official designation, and even appeals to their philological patriotism did not stop them using it.

II

How the tanks performed in the years 1916 to 1918 may be ascertained from scores of histories. It is necessary, indeed, to read a good many books in order to get a true idea of their value, for ever since hostilities ceased bitter disputes have been raging between those who would extend the tank principle, and carry the mechanization of armies to the extreme, and others who believe that, while the tank may have been of use in the special circumstances of the Great War, yet in normal warfare (whatever that is) the established arms, cavalry, artillery and especially infantry, will be able to achieve victory. These controversialists, who are very prolific in their writings, manage to give two quite different pictures of what the tank did on the battlefields of France.

The pro-tank party affirm that when tanks were available in sufficient numbers, and when tactics suitable to their character were used, great victories were achieved at small cost. The big days for the tank were November 20, 1917, at Cambrai; July 18, 1918, on the West of the Soissons salient, and August 8, 1918, before Amiens. In all of these battles the German lines were broken through on a wide front, and a deep penetration was effected; many of the enemy were killed and large numbers of prisoners were taken with trifling casualties to the attackers. The results of these battles are contrasted with such blood-baths as Artois, 1915, Verdun and the Somme, 1916, and Ypres, 1917, when the attacking infantry struggled through mud for months to achieve, at a tenfold greater cost in casualties, the same advance that was made in a day in the tank battles.

But those who are skeptical as to the value of the tank point out that it failed to produce victory on many occasions. They draw attention to the fact that after the first day of every tank battle, practically all the tanks were out of action, either by reason of enemy shell-fire or mechanical troubles, and that the advance either came to a stop, or that, as at Cambrai, there was a counter-attack made by an enemy without tanks which regained most of the ground lost. They say that in the final stages of the great allied offensive there were very few tanks, and yet increasingly decisive victories were won. They show that demoralization had affected the fighting value of the Germans when in 1918 the tanks broke through the ill-organized trenches which were the high-water mark of the enemy advance, and express the opinion that a steadfast

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infantry, armed with a reasonably good anti-tank weapon, would have smashed all the tank attacks, as attacks by infantry and artillery were in fact smashed. Furthermore, they point out that the Germans won great and almost decisive battles in the Spring of 1918, practically without the aid of tanks.

But when all is said and done, there are very few soldiers who actually got near the front from 1914 to 1918 who do not believe that it would be an excellent thing for their army to have as many and as powerful tanks as possible, in war time. In peace, they may dispute the precise degree of offensive power which should be ascribed to the machine, and may argue bitterly about how tank troops should be organized, and what tactics they should use, but I have yet to meet an infantryman who would willingly dispense with the aid of tanks in an attack, or who would care to sustain an attack by tanks, himself being unsupported by armored fighting vehicles. No one argued in 1919 that the Germans might be allowed to have tanks, since they were not of much use in "normal" warfare. And the French General Staff does not seem inclined to let them have any now, if it can be helped.

Since 1918, the tank has been greatly improved in many ways. An advance has been made comparable to the advance in the design of ordinary automobiles in the first fifteen years of the century.

Everyone has seen photographs or moving pictures of war tanks, so I shall not waste space in describing them, but a table giving the chief characteristics of the best types of tanks used in the Great War, and those of the present-day tanks should be enlightening. I give it at the top of the next page.

The important characteristics of the tank are its armor, and its capacity to pass obstacles such as trenches, parapets and shell-holes. In general, it may be said that the armor of the war-time tanks varied from under half an inch to a little over an inch in thickness, and that most of it would resist penetration by armor-piercing bullets of the ordinary rifle and machine-gun calibre (.300 inch, or thereabouts). Some tank armor would turn the smaller artillery shells (except at close ranges), if the projectile struck glancingly. The armor on tanks of the present day varies from about a quarter of an inch on the very light tanks to several inches on some experimental super-heavy machines. The light tanks are intended to be proof against ordinary rifle and machine-gun bullets, and apparently it is the intention to make the very heavy ones proof against ordinary field-gun shells. Between these two extremes the usual object aimed at is to have the tank proof against .300 calibre fire with any sort of ammunition.

III

The Great War tank was designed to break through the powerful field defences which stretched across France. Therefore it had to be capable of crossing wide trenches. This capacity was only attainable by making the tank long. The British Mark V, 32.5 feet long, could cross a fourteen-foot trench: trenches in the Hindenburg Line were often as wide as this and the earlier types of tank had to carry special devices, such as huge rolls of brushwood, in order to get over them.

Trench-crossing capacity is now considered to be a less important feature in the design of the tanks which are intended for mobile warfare. However, the standard British medium tank can still cross a gap of six feet.

The table of tank characteristics that I

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Type	Weight, in tons	Maximum Speed[1]	Circuit of Action	Crew	Armament: Guns	Armament: Machine-guns
War-Time Tanks						
British Mark V	30	4.6 mph	25 miles	8	2 (or)	4
British Medium Mark A	14	8.3 mph	40 miles	3		4
French Renault	6	6 mph	30 miles	2	1 (or)	1
Present-Day Tanks						
Vickers Light	6.7	20 mph	200 miles	3		2
Vickers Medium	16	25 mph	150 miles	5	1	5
Renault NC.	8	12 mph	75 miles	2	1 (or)	1
U. S. A. Light[2]	8½	18 mph	100 miles	2	1	1
Christie (U. S.)[2]	15	30 mph	150 miles?	?	?	?

give herewith makes it clear that a great advance in the mobility of the tank has been accomplished. Not only has the speed at which it can manoeuver been tripled, but the distance it can cover without refill has been multiplied by four or five. The war tanks had a short mechanical life: it was the exception for one of them to run twenty-five miles or fight an action, and not need extensive repairs afterward. These mechanical troubles are being eliminated, but even now the machine is not reliable, as one would assess reliability in an agricultural tractor. The crew generally have to effect numerous running repairs on long marches, and mobile workshops must always be in close attendance.

But even with this drawback, and others, the modern tank is a very powerful instrument of war. It can cover in fifteen or twenty hours the distance which an infantry division will march in a week. In action, it is invulnerable to the fire of ordinary infantry weapons, and due to its speed, is a very difficult target for field artillery. Anyone with an atom of imagination will perceive that it is destined to influence profoundly the tactics and organization of armies—probably as much as the introduction of steam and armor influenced navies.

Nevertheless, there is acrimonious controversy on the steps that should presently be taken to make use of the powers of the tank. The position of the Modernist party, whose high-priest is Maj.-Gen. J. F. C. Fuller of the British Army, is that missile weapons, protected by armor and transported on a motor-driven carriage have vastly greater effect than weapons of the same sort, carried by men or horses, and operated by men who have no armor to protect them. It is pointed out with insistence that while infantry as at present armed is very strong on the defensive against other infantry, it can do nothing on the offensive against even a few machine-guns, and yet infantry, according to the standard tactical theory, is the arm which must close with the enemy and confirm victory.

The Modernist conclusion is that, as the armored fighting vehicle can take the offensive, gives an advantage in mobility, and facilitates surprise (*i.e.*, makes it

[1] Across fairly even country.

[2] Data on these tanks are from experimental models: the crew and armament of the Christie tank have not yet been decided upon.

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possible to apply three of the most important principles of war), therefore tanks should be acknowledged as the decisive arm, and there should be as many of them as possible, the infantry being relegated to the auxiliary rôle of garrisoning fortresses and fighting in mountainous and forest regions where tanks cannot easily operate.

The contention of the military Fundamentalists is that the tank is still an auxiliary to the other arms, and particularly to the infantry, as it indeed was on its inception. They point out that a tank operating by itself has certain disabilities. For example, it can be stopped by mountains, swamps and woods which infantry can traverse; it cannot force a river line unaided by other arms; and tank forces, in their present stage of development, cannot well provide for their own security by outposts when at rest, or by reconnoitring detachments when on the move.

The views of Maj.-Gen. S. O. Fuqua, Chief of Infantry of the United States Army, as given in a service journal, exemplify the conservative position. He writes:

> Let me say to those who see the infantry no longer our basic force on the battlefield of the future, that it is now our basic arm, that the very weapons and methods—motorization, chemical agencies, automatic and machine weapons, and armed truck vehicles—that some claim will replace infantry, will be used by infantry to perform missions of gaining and holding ground. Other arms may reinforce, but they will not replace the infantry.

Now, it is easy to say that the attitude of senior officers towards mechanization is due to blind traditionalism and inability to reason out the effect of new armament. But it must be borne in mind that these high-ranking officers are charged with the duty of producing the most efficient fighting force possible with the means placed at their disposal. Even if it were agreed in the highest circles of the War Department that the American Army should be based on tanks, it would take several years to effect the conversion, and during the change-over it is probable that the army would be so disorganized that it could scarcely be used in an emergency.

Tanks are extremely expensive: an average medium type machine costs about $40,000, and to provide an army which would be approximately equivalent to the United States Army of today, several thousand of them would be required. The enormous expense of outfitting the land forces with a machine which might be obsolete five years later is enough to make anyone pause. At any rate, to find money for the equipment, there would need to be great economies elsewhere: some army activities would have to be drastically curtailed, and a great many soldiers would lose their jobs, for a mechanized army substitutes machines for men. One man fires a tank machine-gun; about six form a team for the same gun in the infantry.

Furthermore, the responsible officers are faced with the fact that the tank, while proven a useful adjunct to the other arms in position warfare, is practically untried in the open field. No army has been completely mechanized. If the American Army as at present constituted should go to war and be defeated, the responsible officers could say "We did our best with the money and men which Congress would give us, in accordance with sound standard military principles adopted in all countries." But if they created a tank army, and it went to war and was a flat failure, their heads would be forfeit.

There are thus risks to be faced in changing an army from a man-power to a machine-power basis, beside an incalcu-

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lable inertia—both in professional conservatism and public indifference—to be overcome. The change can only be gradual. Wooden walls and sails remained in navies long after steel hulls and steam had been introduced. Meanwhile, generals who have to review the position of the army cannot afford to say, whatever they may think, that the present-day army is not an effective fighting machine. If the infantry were told authoritatively that it was obsolescent, its morale would certainly be shattered.

In spite, however, of what may be said by way of excuse, the high-ranking military leader who encourages troops to believe that they can win battles by the tactics which the text-books of 1914 recommended, and who does not use every endeavor to provide his army with the means of waging war which will afford a hope of avoiding the appalling and useless slaughter of the battles of 1915 to 1917, deserves—I pause, to think of a suitably drastic punishment, but on reflection, decide that it is useless to devise one, as the guilty general will probably die in bed before the fatal war begins.

IV

Toward the end of 1930, an experimental mechanized force was formed at Fort Eustis, Virginia, to investigate, by field trials and manoeuvres, some of the theories current concerning the organization and tactics of a force with the armored fighting vehicle as its basis. It was furthermore to test practically and assess the worth of such modern tanks and auxiliary motor vehicles as the United States Army had acquired. The force was composed of a headquarters, an armored car troop, an anti-aircraft detachment, a company of twenty-two tanks, a motorized machine-gun company, a motorized field battery, an engineer company, an ordnance company, and a quartermaster repair unit.

The experiment does not appear to have been a great success. The reason for this is not far to seek: the material was extraordinarily heterogeneous—odds and ends of experimental vehicles designed for purposes quite other than coöperation with an independent force of fast-moving tanks. And where were the modern and powerful tanks that are the *sine qua non* for such a force? There weren't any: instead there were half a dozen experimental machines of different kinds, some as good in many ways as the modern foreign machines, but all of them unsatisfactory in some particular, and the remainder old wartime Renaults—with some minor improvements, it is true, but quite incapable of carrying out the tank rôle in an independent mechanized force. The results of the exercises were summed up, somewhat acridly, by one officer as the realization that worn-out equipment was worn out, and that bricks cannot be made conveniently without straw.

The mechanized force had a short existence, for in May, 1931, it was decided that it would be reorganized as a reinforced cavalry regiment, and that experiment would continue to see how mechanical equipment could aid the cavalry in carrying out its historic mission. The latest policy laid down by the Chief of Staff is that the infantry and cavalry will be charged with the duty of developing such armored fighting vehicles as will best enable them to carry out their tasks in war. For many reasons it is to be desired that the existing arms should evolve into mechanized troops, rather than that a different organization should be created *ab initio*. However, the skeptical may wonder if the placing of mechanization in the

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hands of infantrymen and cavalrymen is not somewhat analogous to entrusting the development of the steam shovel to the pick and wheelbarrow gang, or the development of the motor-truck to mule-skinners.

In designing a tank, there must be a compromise between speed and thickness of armor, between obstacle-crossing capacity and inconspicuousness, between lightness and stability as a gun-platform, and between many other opposed factors. Debate has been endless as to the qualities which the ideal tank should have. As a matter of fact, the ideal tank is a meaningless phrase: what is wanted is a tank that will overcome the type of resistance which the probable enemy will offer. If two nations go to war, and one of them possesses tanks which are better armored, more heavily gunned, faster and more maneuverable than those of the other nation, the army of the nation that is inferior in tanks will be driven into fortifications, mountains and swamps as surely as the German Navy was forced off the open seas in 1914, or else it will meet the fate that befell the Russian Navy at the hands of the Japanese. Therefore the soldiers of every nation will be anxious to build bigger and better tanks.

Here we have an armament race in embryo, and the pacifists and the politicians who are apprehensive of heavy demands on the national purse are right to be alarmed. Furthermore, they are right when they say that the tank is a means of warfare particularly adapted to the offensive. Many soldiers will go farther, and say it is the only means by which the offensive in land warfare can succeed. But granting that, is it feasible, as has been proposed at Geneva, to abolish the tank?

What is the definition of a tank? It is a motor-propelled vehicle, capable of crossing ordinary terrain, protected by armor, and carrying guns or machine-guns. Suppose tanks, as so defined, are forbidden to armies. Will it be possible to prohibit the development of *ersatz* tanks, camouflaged as agricultural tractors, or as commercial vehicles for crossing the Sahara Desert or the barrens of Northern Canada? Also, armies can scarcely be denied ordinary forms of I. C. motor transportation: they all nowadays have various vehicles for hauling guns and supplies, and at a pinch these could be converted into tanks of a sort. If the Disarmament Conference does finally agree to prohibit the armored fighting vehicle, the stage will be set for innumerable comedies on the following lines:

SCENE—*The Grand Maneuvres of Bulgo-Slavia in 1936. A foreign military attaché is being shown round by a Bulgo-Slavian staff officer.*

A group of twelve large caterpillar-tracked vehicles suddenly appears from behind a wood, crosses several fields at about fifteen miles an hour, and comes to a halt in a little valley near the two officers.

MILITARY ATTACHÉ: Ah! Here is something which I have not seen before. Do you object . . . ?

STAFF OFFICER: Oh, those! They are our new-pattern travelling field-kitchens. I don't suppose they would really interest you much.

MILITARY ATTACHÉ: I am intensely interested in all that pertains to the comfort of the troops.

STAFF OFFICER: (*uneasily*) In that case, I shall be delighted. . . .

(*They approach the machines, and the military attaché examines them narrowly.*)

MILITARY ATTACHÉ: I confess I don't see the fire-place or boilers.

STAFF OFFICER: No, they have not yet been installed. The machines have only lately been delivered by Schneiders, and the cooking apparatus, which will be made in this country, is unfortunately not ready yet. Nevertheless, we thought it well to give the vehicles a field test.

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MILITARY ATTACHÉ: Of course. The motor seems remarkably powerful—a hundred and fifty horsepower, I should say, at a guess.

STAFF OFFICER: Ah! Our atrocious roads! A surplus of power is needed to negotiate them.

MILITARY ATTACHÉ: Is there any intention of armoring these machines? Against air bombing, say? These brackets seem well designed for the purpose.

STAFF OFFICER: Oh, no. You will remember that armor on mechanical vehicles is forbidden by the Geneva Treaty. I imagine the brackets are intended to take canvas flies to shelter the cooks.

MILITARY ATTACHÉ: Ha, ha! You will forgive me, but I had the ridiculous notion that with a gun or two and armor these cookers would make excellent tanks!

STAFF OFFICER: Ha, ha! You are a droll fellow. Tanks, indeed! But your interest in our poor equipment is, I fear, only flattery. Now, I have heard that your army possesses cross-country ammunition carriers of the most remarkable character. . . .

(*At this moment, a command is given, and with a roar of engines and a grinding of gears, the mechanical cookers disappear over the brow of a hill. The two officers are left pulling their moustaches.*)

Does this dialogue indicate a fear that the good faith of nations and the honor of soldiers is not to be trusted? One must not be too cynical, but it does not seem unlikely that patriots thinking of the nation's safety might allow themselves some latitude in the definition of a tank. Remember, we have recently seen a first-class Power blandly protesting (out of deference to the Kellogg Pact) that a war was not a war.

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THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Law

PATENTS FOR NEW PLANTS

By Robert Cook

The granting of patents to protect the ingenuity of inventors, and to reward them for their unique and invaluable contributions to society is recognized as being so important that it has a place in the Constitution, which empowers Congress "to promote the progress of science and useful arts by securing for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries".

Until a few months ago Congress granted patent protection only for inventions in the fields of physics, chemistry, and design. A class that had made very great contributions to our happiness and welfare never received recognition, in spite of the constitutional assurance to inventors in "the useful arts". These inventors dealt with living things, and the products of their skill were the more beautiful and useful varieties of cultivated plants that now grace our gardens and farms. Many of these plant breeders by their genius transformed whole regions into thriving communities, but their reward was generally poverty and neglect. Fortunes have been made from new plant varieties, but with no way to control the propagation of the new forms which have been the product of their skill, those fortunes have but rarely gone to the originators.

Thus there can be little question of the justice of the amendment to the Patent Act which was adopted in 1930, extending patent protection to any person who "has invented or discovered and asexually reproduced any distinct and new variety of plant, other than a tuber-propagated plant". By the limitation of the law to asexually propagated forms, plant breeders working with seed-propagated species do not come within its present scope. But there are so many details to be worked out in administering the new law that it is perhaps just as well to embrace only a portion of the field at first. After this is working smoothly there will be time enough to extend protection to all kinds of new plants, and—who knows?—to domestic animals as well.

It is certain that such extensions of the law will not be made for some time. With the issuance of the first plant patent on August 18, 1931, its administration got under way. That this administration will prove a simple matter is unlikely when we recall that plants are different from anything heretofore patentable, and different in a number of ways. Perhaps the most striking difference lies in their great variability. A lever is always a lever, a cam is always a cam, and even a complex chemical compound stays the same in molecular structure. But not so with plants. Change the conditions and the plant changes. The Washington navel orange, which is the basis of the California orange industry, is practically worthless in Florida. The conditions are different, and the plants are different too; and other varieties have to be used.

Thus a verbal patent description, and even accurate colored illustrations are not

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likely to prove altogether satisfactory in describing new plant varieties. It is more than likely that the Patent Office will have to go back to the discarded model, in the form of the type plant, if the new law is to be saved from being unenforcible on account of the difficulty of describing intangible varietal differences. While plants may change from climate to climate, and from year to year, two of the same variety, raised side by side, or budded on the same stock, can be readily recognized by the experienced eye as the same, or their difference established by those "skilled in the art" of plant breeding.

New varieties of plants arise in two ways—by sporting, also called bud mutation, and by hybridization and selection. Bud mutations are entirely fortuitous. As the result of a mutation a part of a plant, or even an entire plant, suddenly changes in one or more characteristics, and the changed part continues to develop in this modified form. Buds or scions taken from the mutating part generally perpetuate the new form, and a new variety thus arises. Plant patent No. 1 is an instance of bud mutation. A plant of the well known Van Fleet rose, which was otherwise indistinguishable from its fellows, suddenly changed its flowering habits and produced an abundance of flowers throughout the Summer. The only way in which human ingenuity contributed to the production of the new variety was in reproducing the new form by budding. Nature did the rest.

The other way in which new varieties are originated has in it more of the hand of man. Plants of two varieties, or of two species, are crossed artificially by placing the pollen from the flowers of one on the stigmas of emasculated flowers of the other. The resulting seedling plants usually represent a uniform type, different from either of the parents. These first generation plants may, or may not, be valuable. When a second hybrid generation is produced by intercrossing them, or by self fertilization (in cases where this is possible), a greatly increased variability is the result.

In this second generation each plant may be different from its fellows, and such an amazing range of variation is commonly presented that real genius is required to pick out the few plants that have economic promise and to discard the multitude that are worthless. Burbank's famous bonfires of plants were these useless hybrids. Thousands, even millions of distinct combinations are possible in the progeny of a single cross, and to raise all of them to maturity would be impracticable. The art of the plant breeder lies not alone in making the crosses, but in his skill in picking out the desirable plants —desirable in themselves, or as parents for future crosses.

The fact that new forms of plants arise in these two distinct ways raises an interesting question in patent law. The courts have consistently held that a patent represents the physical embodiment of an idea. In the absence of this novel and revolutionary idea no invention is considered to have taken place. The plant hybridizer who, by making crosses and selecting the resulting hybrids for qualities he desires, or by finding among his hybrid plants new forms of which he had no definite concept in advance, displays a very different faculty from the gardener who finds a mutation and propagates it. For centuries plantsmen have been propagating desirable forms they chanced to encounter; to do this is simply to do what any horticulturalist "skilled in the art" (to use the technical patent term) would do.

Now, it has been held repeatedly by the

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courts that no invention has been made when a person takes steps obvious to any person "skilled in the art". Will they revise their views to conform to the newly revised statute? It is probably desirable that discoverers of bud mutations should be rewarded by patent rights for their pains in finding and propagating the new forms, but the courts are very much guided by earlier decisions, and sometimes show an almost Procrustean genius in fitting instance and precedent. Thus the revolutionary innovation represented in the new law depends somewhat for its success on the courts' realizing that it raises questions which no precedents, based on mechanical patents, can be considered to fit.

There is also another very important difference between patents for plants and patents for "embodied ideas". The theory of a patent is that the inventor, in return for monopoly rights on his invention for a limited time, gives to society detailed directions as to its construction. Every patent specification contains directions by which it is assumed that a person "skilled in the art" can make a replica of the original invention. But in the case of plant patents it is doubtful whether even the originator himself could produce an exact replica of his new variety. Thus he does not really "disclose his invention", for he gives society something that cannot be exactly replaced or duplicated.

Another possible stumbling block to court acceptance of the whole law is the repeatedly maintained principle that products of nature are not patentable. Just what constitutes a product of nature is not altogether clear. Thousands of patents have been granted for chemical compounds involving the natural properties and affinities inherent in the elements, and therefore, we might assume, "natural". A great number of patents have been granted, and held valid, on processes for heat-treating metals and alloys, and also on the heat-treated products. Nevertheless, recent decisions have held that the invention of ductile uranium could not be patented because "uranium is a product of nature, and applicant is not entitled to a patent thereon nor upon any of its inherent natural qualities." This in spite of the fact that ductile tungsten is not known to occur in nature!

Just where plants will be conceived to fit into the picture is hard to guess. New forms arising by mutation may be quite plausibly held to be products of nature. But new forms arising through hybridization and selection are analogous to new forms of matter combined from natural elements by the chemist, which have been freely granted patent protection. New forms produced by genetic analysis, and deliberate segregation and recombination of definite genes and chromosomes, are even more the products of human skill and ingenuity. Such varieties have already been made, and more will appear in the future.

Recently it has been found that heritable changes in great abundance can be induced in living things by treatment with *x*-rays and other short-wave radiation. Sterility and instability also induced by the rays often prevent the sexual reproduction of promising variations. But it is possible to perpetuate such novel plants by asexual methods, and this fact offers the possibility of using induced mutations in plant improvement. The process is entirely random at present, and the experimenter simply has to treat large quantities of material and take what comes that appears to offer promise. Whether improved varieties produced in this way would represent invention, even if the propagation of naturally occurring variations were not so considered, is another possible source of controversy.

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Court decisions, which in the long run are what will determine how the law will be construed, are based on precedent, where precedents can be found in earlier decisions. Some of the principles established in patent litigation seem to fit fairly well various phases of the patenting of plants, but the courts will have to exercise a good deal of imagination and ingenuity in other parts of the field. Indeed, when we consider the unique peculiarities of plants we must see that very few of these earlier decisions, based as they are on inanimate matter, really cover adequately the new situation. The utility of the law in fostering plant improvement will depend largely on a realization of this fact by the courts, and on their willingness to recognize the fundamental differences that exist, and that are so important to a successful administration of the law.

The Supreme Court has held that "it does not detract from its [the invention's] merit that it is the result of experiment and not the result of the instant and perfect product of inventive power". Among all the decisions that *seem* to fit, this one is most encouraging for those chronic potterers and experimenters, the inventors of new varieties of plants.

The material they habitually deal with is living; it is much more complicated than even the most highly intricate mechanical contrivance, or than any product of the chemical laboratory. Our gardens and fields today are tributes to these devoted workers with living things. These men have wrought magic benefits to society and only too often poverty and disillusionment have been their reward. If the courts keep this fact in mind in dealing with these benefactors to whom belated justice is at last being done, there is little doubt that the new legislation will encourage more rapid progress and be of great benefit to society.

Surgery

THE NEW SURGICAL TREATMENT OF TUBERCULOSIS OF THE LUNGS

By John M. Gibson

Prior to the introduction of surgery in the treatment of pulmonary tuberculosis, tuberculosis workers concentrated their efforts very largely upon early diagnosis. While it is true that a certain number of advanced cases recovered as a result of the routine medical treatment then employed, the percentage of such recoveries was so small that little hope was held out to the far advanced patient or his family. Only the early case had a real chance.

An examination of the post-sanatorium histories of almost any group of tuberculosis sufferers shows that this pessimism regarding the outlook for advanced cases was amply justified. A report by Dr. P. P. McCain, superintendent of the North Carolina Sanatorium, which has been unusually successful in keeping up with its former patients, revealed that, of those classified upon admission as incipient cases, only 6% had died, as compared with 41% of the moderately advanced and 72% of the far advanced cases. Dr. A. M. Forster, physician-in-chief of Cragmor Sanatorium at Colorado Springs, wrote in his institution's official publication, *Ninety-eight Six,* that "it has been the experience of the sanatorium that five years following discharge 60% of all patients who had tubercle bacilli in their sputum are dead."

Physicians have long been familiar with the advantage of obtaining localized rest

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in the healing of diseased or injured parts of the body. For years it has been the practice to put a broken arm or leg in a splint or plaster cast to promote recovery. Tuberculosis of the bones and joints is treated in similar fashion. Tuberculous laryngitis, formerly regarded with grave misgivings, now yields a large percentage of complete recoveries as a result of forbidding patients to use their voices at all or, at most, permitting them to speak only in a whisper. The development of the new collapse therapy now enables physicians to give the benefit of this principle of localized rest to innumerable cases of tuberculosis of the lungs.

Although there has hardly been sufficient time for the effects of chest surgery to be seen in the tuberculosis death-rate, it is evident that it is already responsible for saving thousands of lives, and for the restoration to relative activity and usefulness of large numbers of men and women who otherwise would have continued indefinitely as helpless invalids. It has changed the outlook of the far advanced patient from one of hopeless waiting for the inevitable end to one of assurance that his case, however serious, can no longer be regarded as utterly hopeless. As only about 12 or 15% of the cases admitted at the average sanatorium are classed as minimal, the successful results of chest surgery thus offer new hope to an overwhelming majority of tuberculosis sufferers.

A lung which is diseased with tuberculosis is inflamed or engorged with blood, which absorbs toxins from the diseased area and disseminates them throughout the system. When cavities are present, this dissemination of toxins, and also of living tubercle bacilli, is especially likely to occur. Compressing such lungs with air not only brings the walls of the cavities into contact, but also reduces the amount of inflammation and so prevents the absorption of toxins.

The lung is compressed by injecting air, not into the lung itself, but into the pleural space, the narrow closed area lying between the lungs and ribs, or chest wall. This space is lined by a thin membrane known as the pleura, one layer of which (the visceral) is attached to the outer surface of the lung and the other layer (the parietal) to the inner surface of the chest wall. The air pressure in this space is negative, and this negative pressure helps under normal conditions to maintain the expansion of the lung.

Compression of a diseased lung is accomplished by inserting a small hollow needle through the outer, or parietal, layer of the pleura, and connecting it through a rubber tube with an apparatus containing filtered air, so arranged that both the amount and the pressure of the air can be regulated. Formerly nitrogen was generally used, but now air is almost universally employed, for it is everywhere obtainable, costs nothing, requires a less complex apparatus for its administration, and is absorbed no more rapidly than nitrogen. The collapse is maintained by the repeated administration of air to replace that which has been absorbed. The procedure is extremely simple and practically painless, a local anæsthetic, usually novocaine, being employed. It requires only a few minutes.

Although this artificial pneumothorax, as it is called, was first suggested in 1821, when James Carson conducted experiments on animals, and brought to practicality in 1893, when the Italian specialist, Forlannini, published a paper describing work on human beings, its general use is quite recent. It was only a few years ago, indeed, that tuberculosis sanatoria began to install pneumothorax machines. But today, in almost any well-equipped institu-

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tion, from one-sixth to one-third of the adult patients are air cases. The city of Chicago recently began a city-wide anti-tuberculosis campaign, one of the chief features of which is the administration of artificial pneumothorax in patients' homes by the use of portable machines, each capable of giving twenty-five treatments a day.

Until comparatively recent years only about 10% of all cases of pulmonary tuberculosis were considered suitable for this form of treatment, but, as I have said, many institutions now give it to 33% or more of their patients. It was formerly thought that any degree of involvement in the good lung made the procedure inadvisable, but experience has shown that artificial pneumothorax may be successfully administered even when both lungs are involved. Naturally, however, unilateral involvement is still regarded as a favorable factor for successful pneumothorax treatment.

Cases of cavity hemorrhage, or those with rapidly advancing disease, are especially well suited to it. Almost every American sanatorium now includes among its ex-patients, enjoying good health, a number who would probably have bled to death had this procedure not been resorted to.

Several conditions may render the administration of artificial pneumothorax impossible or inadvisable, the most frequent and most serious of which is the presence of adhesions. Occasionally, and especially when the patient has suffered from pleurisy, the two layers of the pleura adhere to each other. This prevents them from being separated and the lung compressed. But formation of fluid in the chest, once regarded with grave fears, is not considered a serious danger at present, and in fact occurs in from 50 to 60% of all pneumothorax cases. When not properly absorbed, the fluid is easily drawn out by means of a special needle.

Medical opinion differs as to the length of time artificial pneumothorax should be administered, the usual period being from two to five years. The treatment is continued until it is reasonably certain that the lung has had time to heal. Little can be known directly of the condition of a completely compressed lung. In most cases it is impossible to resume treatment after the lung has completely re-expanded, as adhesions then form. But the re-expansion usually occurs slowly, and *x*-ray pictures are made at frequent intervals and carefully studied. If these pictures show that proper healing has not taken place, air is again introduced into the pleural space and the lung again collapsed before adhesions form.

If all cases of tuberculosis were suited to artificial pneumothorax it would hardly be necessary to consider any other form of treatment, as it has been successful in practically all cases suited to it. But other forms of chest surgery, notably phrenicectomy and thoracoplasty, have demonstrated their value in the treatment of cases beyond its aid.

Of the two, phrenicectomy is much the less serious. It is usually resorted to when adhesions or other causes prevent the employment of artificial pneumothorax, and is also beginning to be used in conjunction with it whenever pneumothorax brings about only a partial collapse. It is also used as a preliminary to the more complicated thoracoplasty.

It consists of making an incision in the patient's neck and cutting out a section of the phrenic nerve, which is the main nerve supplying the diaphragm (the large dome-shaped muscle most responsible for the mechanism of breathing), causing it to become paralyzed and rise to a considerably

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higher position than is normal in the chest. The healing process is hastened by the resulting compression of the lung, regardless of the presence of adhesions.

As it brings about and maintains a collapse without the necessity of refills, as in the case of pneumothorax, the physician must exercise every care to be sure that the other, or good, lung is capable of carrying the burden of respiration. A modified form of phrenic exaeresis is sometimes performed when a doubt exists. This consists of merely crushing or blocking the phrenic nerve, instead of removing it, thus causing only a temporary paralysis of the diaphragm. This gives an opportunity to observe what the good lung will do before obtaining a permanent collapse by removal of the nerve.

Until a few years ago tuberculosis experts were skeptical regarding the value of phrenic exaeresis, but it is now employed at most well-conducted sanatoria. At Saranac Lake 650 cases were reported in a recently published report, which revealed that 64% had been definitely benefited.

For those relatively few cases unsuited to the two collapse procedures already described there remains a third type of chest surgery, called thoracoplasty. It involves a major operation, and is regarded as a final hope after the other two have failed to bring about improvement.

In this procedure the desired collapse is obtained by causing the ribs on the diseased side to fall in, the collapse usually being complete. The operation, carrying until recently a high mortality rate, is performed in two or three stages, spaced about two weeks apart. An incision is made along the margin of the spine on the affected side, the muscles are pulled aside, and sections of each of the ribs, from one to six inches in length, are removed. This leaves the ribs attached only to the sternum, or breastbone, in front, where they consist of only a cartilage, which is pliable and allows the framework of the chest to fall in and compress the lung.

When properly performed, this operation results in no deformity, and there are no scars observable when the patient is dressed. Not infrequently a patient is on exercise a few months after undergoing it.

Dr. William Francis Honan, director of thoracic surgery at the Metropolitan and Seaview Hospitals in New York City, recently estimated that 40% of the patients treated by thoracoplasty had obtained complete cures, while another 20% had obtained arrest, permitting them to return to work and live approximately normal lives by avoiding overwork. His estimate was that only about 10% of the cases treated failed to benefit. The mortality rate, he said, had been reduced from 30% to 6%.

Similarly encouraging results are reported by Dr. Norman M. Dingham in an article on thoracoplasty in the *Consultant*. After pointing out that in most instances thoracoplasty patients failed to respond to other forms of treatment, he says:

> Even with such poor material, 37% of the surgically treated cases of all countries have been actually cured and another 24% decidedly improved. There is an abundance of accurate evidence, increasing daily, to the effect that thoracoplasty has entered the realm of safe and sane surgery, whose results and minimum dangers, under the proper precautions, fully justify its use.

Success in treating his own patients is described by Dr. R. L. Ehrlich, chief resident physician at Robert Koch Hospital, whose article in a recent issue of that institution's official publication, the *Koch Messenger*, says that approximately 60% were either cured or definitely benefited

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as a result of thoracoplasty. Dr. Ehrlich adds:

> These figures occur in spite of the fact that the patients usually selected have had a far advanced tuberculosis—they are those in whom all other procedures have been tried and failed. We believe that as we become more surgically minded toward pulmonary tuberculosis earlier cases will be chosen, with a corresponding improvement in the results obtained.

Still another form of chest surgery, used as an aid in the administration of artificial pneumothorax, consists of the cutting of adhesions by a method known as internal apicolysis. A small instrument similar in principle to the periscope is passed between the ribs and a careful inspection made of the adhesions. Through a second opening the surgeon inserts a hollow tube, through which a high tension electric knife is passed. This cuts the adhesions as close to the chest wall as possible, the operation being controlled by the surgeon watching the area through the visual instrument. The advantages of using the electric knife are two-fold: it does a neater job, and the electric current coagulates as well as cuts, and bleeding is thus controlled.

When Robert Koch discovered the tubercle bacillus in 1882, scientists predicted the conquest of tuberculosis within a decade. Experience has shown that these predictions were much too optimistic. However, with continued emphasis upon early diagnosis and the more general acceptance of chest surgery in the treatment of advanced cases, many tuberculosis workers have expressed the confident belief that pulmonary tuberculosis will soon become a relatively minor factor in the nation's health. Indeed John A. Kingsbury, chairman of the tuberculosis committee of the New York State Health Commission, has predicted that this happy condition will occur by 1950.

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EPITAPH

[*For the bust of a brewer set high in the wall of his brewery*]

BY JAMES RORTY

What shall we say, who pass you by
Sober and joyless, decadent and dry?—
Except that it was very well
You died before this ruin befell.
How shall we praise the decent, manly pride
That lifted high above the city's tide
The Brewer's image to the gaze of all,
And sculped him, frowning in the brewery wall?
Nor saint of old, nor martyr's sober grace
Could shame the candor of this pensive face.
Then pause, my friend—let fall th' reflective tear,
And mourn the ravished innocence of beer.

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IF WE MUST HAVE A REVOLUTION—

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

When revolutions have cost more than they came to, as has sometimes happened, it has been for one or more of three reasons. First, they were not directed against the right object; second, they were not run by the right people; third, they did not stop when they were through.

The French revolution of 1789 went on all three of these rocks, and in the long run the French people never made a dollar out of it; on the contrary, they lost money. The revolutionists' resentment against the monarchy was understandable enough, but the King and his court were really not the right object to go after. At best, clearing them out was only clearing out a political absolutism; it did not affect the principle of economic absolutism, which merely raised up another set of exploiters to carry on similar depredations. The early revolutionists might well have asked themselves, as long as economic exploitation is allowed to go on, what is the difference whether one set of people or another sits up on top, whether they are born on top or climb there, whether they bear one kind of title or another kind, or no title at all? In fixing their minds on only the political aspects of revolution, they were pursuing no substance, but a shadow.

They were the wrong kind of men for the job. I am not referring to those who came on with the second stage of the revolution, in 1789 and after, such as Danton, Desmoulins, Robespierre, Hébert, Saint-Just, and their various associates and hangers-on. We can see plainly now that in its first stage, the stage of incubation, beginning, say, in 1786, those who directed its development were not the men to take on such a task. They were doctrinaire republicans, who regarded a purely political revolution as an end in itself, rather than as a means to an end; and hence they were unwilling to compromise, even when compromise meant keeping the movement on the rails.

They had the benefit, too, of first-class advice from no less experienced a person than Thomas Jefferson, who was the American Minister to France at that time. He saw that overpressing the republican theory was sure to bring on an interregnum of violence and disorder, which in turn would lead straight to a military despotism. Hence he begged them to stop when they were through; "to secure what the government was now ready to yield, and trust to future occasions for what might still be wanting." He even drew up a draft of what he thought would be all that the revolutionists could safely demand, and "urged most strenuously an immediate compromise."

This was strong good sense. The government became thoroughly scared; its concessions were very handsome; "the King was now become a passive machine in the hands of the National Assembly." This was near-enough republicanism for the moment. In America, a new country

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without traditions, one might indeed risk a more daring experiment with republican doctrine; but France was not America. The right move now would be to constitutionalize the monarchy and leave the King at the head of it, "with power so large as to enable him to do all the good of his station, and so limited as to restrain him from its abuse." More might be demanded later, probably; but nothing should jeopardize an orderly continuity. "In this way," Mr. Jefferson said, "no void would have been created, courting the usurpation of a military adventurer."

But the void was created, and the military adventurer was promptly on hand to fill it. If Lafayette and his friends had taken Mr. Jefferson's advice in the first instance, the really sound economic reforms projected earlier by Turgôt could have been realized, the revolution would have made money hand over fist and paid the French people big dividends, Napoleon would probably have rounded off a career as a first-class artillery-officer, and Europe would have been spared its most dreadful scourge. But they were men of action, and like most men of action, they made the mistake of undervaluing thought —or the more calamitous mistake of supposing that they themselves could supply all the thought that was necessary. If they had let men of the type of Turgôt, Thomas Jefferson, Quesnay, du Pont and Gournay do most of the thinking, and contented themselves with doing the acting, they might have read their title clear as revolutionists of the very first order.

Moreover, what Mr. Jefferson called "the melancholy sequel of their well-meant perseverance" terrified and alienated potential friends abroad, such as Edmund Burke, for example; thus giving all the reactionary forces in Europe a noble pretext for organizing in behalf of the *status quo*. The consequence was a wholesale confiscation of European public opinion by means of a League of Nations, promoted by the Russian Emperor Alexander under a highly pious formula, and called the Holy Alliance. Lafayette and his friends did not see that they were playing straight into the hand of the opposition, and bringing the revolutionary principle into world-wide disrepute; although Mr. Jefferson warned them with all his power that if they let the movement go into its second stage—the stage of violence and disorder—"it would afford a fatal example for the atrocious conspiracy of Kings against their people; would generate their unholy and homicide alliance to make common cause among themselves, and to crush by the power of the whole the efforts of any part to moderate their abuses and oppressions."

So indeed it turned out; and if we debit the revolution with no more than the two items of Napoleon and the Holy Alliance, no doubt can remain that it was one of the very few bad investments that the French people ever made.

II

Nevertheless, with the Declaration of Independence in full view, an American can hardly hold the revolutionary principle in disrepute. As a republican, furthermore, he is obliged to admit that a free play of the revolutionary spirit serves two highly useful purposes. It tends to keep the ear of the government open to its master's voice, and also to focus popular attention on what the government is doing.

Under the Eighteenth Century political theory of popular sovereignty, which is the theory under which we live, there seems no way to get out of making these admissions. In fact, republicans should of

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all men be the first to hold the revolutionary principle in high respect, because in a republic the people have to clean up after themselves, there being no one to do it for them. Also, on account of what Walt Whitman called "the never-ending audacity of elected persons," and on account of certain other apparently indelible streaks in human nature, the fabric of a republican society has to be watched every minute to keep it in condition; there is no way to make it permanently vermin-proof. The republican sovereign must sit with feline patience by the rat-hole of bureaucratic usurpation, tyranny and extortion, or his premises will be overrun in no time and his substance eaten out. Hence, however far mismanagement heretofore may have put the revolutionary principle and spirit into disrepute, the American republican seems bound to regard them as sound and valuable, and to be all in favor of learning how to manage them properly.

Mr. Jefferson understood this clearly, and was very explicit about it, using language that for one reason or another we no longer hear from public officials, least of all from any one so highly placed as an Ambassador, a Secretary of State or a President, when speaking on a formal occasion like a college commencement. Shays's Rebellion had broken out in New England shortly after Yale College had given Mr. Jefferson an honorary degree. In acknowledging the honor, the great libertarian went a little out of his way to observe that "if the happiness of the mass of the people can be secured at the expense of a little tempest now and then, or even of a little blood, it will be a precious purchase. *Malo libertatem periculosam quam quietem servitutem.*" At the same time in a letter to Mrs. John Adams, he uttered sentiments that must have made that forthright Federalist lady open her eyes: "I like a little rebellion now and then. . . . The spirit of resistance to government is so valuable on certain occasions that I wish it to be always kept alive. It will often be exercised when wrong, but better so than not to be exercised at all."

III

Looking back at our own revolution of 1776, we may suspect that while it was no doubt incidentally necessary to rebel against the British throne, the real thing to rebel against was the British philosophy of society; the *Zeitgeist* seems now to be suggesting, or on the very point of suggesting, that this was indeed the case.

The British philosophy was that of land-owners and mill-owners; its governing principle was that whatever is good for land-owners and mill-owners is good for society. This principle shaped British politics and economics. Instead of rebelling against the British philosophy, our revolutionists took it over practically whole, and built our politics and economics on the principle that whatever is good for industrialists, speculators and bankers is good for society. Alexander Hamilton's classic Reports are a faithful digest of this principle; and they are the foundation of our national economics and by consequence, of our politics.

The *Zeitgeist*, I repeat, appears to be moving the question whether this principle is sound. Rival principles are contesting its validity and demanding attention in a rather importunate way. Moreover, after a century and a half of unchallenged ascendency, and under conditions as favorable as if they had been made to order, it seems never to have worked well, and to be working worse than ever as time goes on; and of late, the more thoughtful among its supporters, even, are acknowl-

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edging more or less ruefully that this is so. It has issued in a communal life that seems, really, to satisfy nobody; a life which has economic defects just now so apparent that nothing need be said about them, while its cultural and social defects are such that the lover of civilization can contemplate them only with horror.

The *Zeitgeist* seems also to be moving the question whether the political system based on this principle is capable, or by any kind of mere tinkering can be made capable, of keeping inside the margin of diminishing returns. Our system is still the old-original Eighteenth Century model designed at Philadelphia in 1787; it has never been structurally reconditioned, and is now, I believe, the oldest in the Western world. Since it was set up, the systems of England, Germany, France, Russia, have all been structurally reconditioned, thoroughly revolutionized; and it is interesting and significant that of the new systems which have been formed since our time, as in Belgium, Italy and the Succession States, not one has been formed on our model. Is, then, our system, under however honest and competent direction, any longer structurally capable of standing up to the roadwork required of it at the present time?

I am not proposing to discuss these questions, but merely to call attention to their nature. The important thing to notice is that they are revolutionary questions, not meliorist questions. The moment one raises them, one passes out of the domain of meliorist thought and enters the domain of revolutionary thought. Meliorist thought never concerns itself with the basic governing principle of a society; revolutionary thought does. Meliorist thought does not strike through to the architectonics of a political system and review them; revolutionary thought does. The two categories are distinct. When people are thinking about Prohibition, for instance, they are thinking in meliorist terms; the question is special, and its logic reaches but a little way. But when they think about local self-government, they are thinking in revolutionary terms; the question is general, fundamental, and its logic reaches far. When they think about the percentages of the income-tax, they are not in the revolutionary order of thought; but when they begin to think about the principle of economic absolutism formulated in the Sixteenth Amendment, they are.

In the first instance, then, just *what* is being thought is not so noteworthy as the *order* of thought. The first thing is to discern clearly which domain of thought it is that the *Zeitgeist* is opening for occupation; because revolutions are bred by one thing only, the contagion of fundamental thinking. Contrary to popular belief, hunger and wretchedness do not breed them; they may breed disorder and rioting, more or less serious, but never a revolution. As well as one can put periods to it, the French Revolution began its period of gestation about 1770; it ran into its first stage, or period of incubation, say, in 1786. Starvation and despair had little to do with it in either period; these had been much more acute at other times.

The *Zeitgeist* simply directed a volume of thought upon the fundamental principle that whatever is good for a monarchy and nobility is good for society, and the contagion of this thought spread. The work of the physiocrats and encyclopædists spread it further; it reached the salons of Paris and infected their habitués; news of the American experiment spread it still further, until it infected the nobility itself. Men's minds became accustomed to working in this order of thought, their ears and

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tongues got themselves used to it by a process of unconscious accommodation; and finally, by consequence, revolution followed.

In Burke's last words on the French Revolution, written just before his death, he says that if any great change is impending, "the minds of men *will be fitted to it.*" It is in this *fitting*, not in hunger, misery, discontent, turbulence, that the symptom and index of revolution is invariably found; and just this process of unconscious accommodation, this *fitting*, seems to be going on now. The strong repugnance that as late as three years ago was displayed everywhere against revolutionary thought has given place to the beginnings of a rather tolerant familiarity, or even of a nibbling interest. Fundamental questions concerning public affairs are no longer inadmissible; they are discussed with freedom in quarters where but yesterday they could not have been mentioned. On the day I write this, the most conservative paper in New York prints a long letter from a correspondent who makes several proposals that are all purely in the revolutionary category. Three years ago, it would hardly have countenanced the most tepid meliorism; and this advance may fairly be taken, I think, as a straw in the wind of this process of accommodation.

Questions that I refer to as fundamental are, for example, such as these: Why maintain forty-nine major law-making bodies, all exercising the taxing power, with the central body's requisitions running into the billions? Why maintain a bureaucratic establishment so swollen that one person out of every ten is employed to help govern the other nine? Why maintain so many distinct jurisdictions over the same geographical area—sometimes as many as seven—and yet submit to a centralization so excessive, so unmanageable and so unresponsive as to over-justify Mr. Jefferson's grim prediction that "if we must wait for Washington to tell us when to sow and when to reap, we shall soon want bread"?

Is our device of checks and balances any longer worth its keep? Why should not tenure of office be determined by the will of the people instead of by the number of times the earth moves around the sun? Why tolerate an irresponsible executive body, especially one that is extra-constitutional? Why cling to a party system so out of date as to make inevitable the nation-wide organization of wastage, corruption and misfeasance on an unprecedented scale, and also to make inevitable the flagitious understandings, connivances and correspondences that prevail between the political organization at the top of society and the quasi-political organization, quite as highly integrated, at the bottom?

Accommodation of the public mind to questions of this type is the work of the *Zeitgeist*, just as is its accommodation to the primary question whether our principle that what is good for industrialists, speculators and bankers must be good for society, is a sound and workable one. Now, unless we agree with the German philosopher that the only thing we learn from history is that history teaches us nothing, we must be aware that the attempt to check or abort this process of accommodation is a vain enterprise. Resisting the *Zeitgeist* is no job for the police, for the political shuffler who has an ax to grind, still less for the meliorist or the public-relations counsel; it is no kind of thing to turn over to Mr. Bernays or Mr. Ivy Lee. But though the progress of revolutionary thought can not be stayed, it can be managed; it can be so managed, if taken in time, that its coalescence will

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show a clear profit. A revolution is like a human being; to get a good one, you must begin with its antecedents.

The American republican, committed to the revolutionary principle by his charter, and committed by his republicanism to an approval of the revolutionary spirit, pretty well owes it to his historical position to get a good revolution if he can. Besides, a good one is in every way desirable; who wants a beastly row that interrupts business and brings all sorts of intolerable inconvenience with it, merely for the sake of making way for some disreputable adventurer on horseback? Well, a good one may be had; everything depends on its being engineered by the right people in the right way. Who, then, are the right people, and what is the right way?

IV

If the French of 1786 had asked me to choose the likeliest candidates for this sort of job, I would have nominated the King and a hand-picked assortment out of the nobility. Today, in the United States, I see no likelier lot to hit on than the fifty-seven or fifty-nine (I forget the exact number) whom Mr. James W. Gerard designated some months ago as the rulers of America.

This may seem like the proverbial cure for a dog's bite, but really, what set of men is more eligible? I should expect very little from a revolution promoted by doctrinaires, by doctrinaire Socialists, Communists, anarchists or what not, doctrinaire sociologists or engineers, because they are not in a position to think disinterestedly even if they are able to do so and wish to do so; they are like the doctrinaire republicans of 1786 in this respect. One great recommendation for the King and nobility would have been that they were in such a position; they had already got all there was to get out of the existing social theory and the system built upon it, just as our fifty-seven have done, and beyond these, they had no specific intellectual commitments, they did not have to live up to any label. No more would I wish to see the job turned over to my own kind of people, for we are not men of action, and men of action are what is needed; we would merely make a mess of it. Least of all do the liberal meliorists seem eligible, for reasons too obvious to need mention; and who else is there?

In 1786 the King and his entourage were still the most influential people in France. Even later, even through 1789, they still commanded a great popular prestige and moments of great popular affection. Such loyalties, being in great part institutional, have a long hang-over. The prestige of our fifty-seven, like theirs, is somewhat weather-beaten, but it still exists; these men are still held representative of a long-established social principle, and their judgment on public affairs still commands an attention much enhanced by their representative quality. Mr. Rockefeller's views on Prohibition, for instance, went much farther on this account than otherwise they would have gone.

The republicans thought Louis XVI was too debilitated by class-interest (using this term in the large sense, to include the sum of his intimate surroundings) to be capable of thinking or acting disinterestedly, even though he was in a position to do so. Possibly they were right, but one can not be quite sure. It is just this uncertainty that gives zest to speculation on what might have happened if Lafayette and his friends had talked over the philosophy of events with the King, brought in Condorcet, Malesherbes, Montmorin and others who had a really philosophical view of the way

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things were going, and finally put it to him that by far the best way out would be for the monarchy to organize its own revolution, to precipitate all the revolutionary thought in France around the throne itself, and work out a revolutionary procedure in a really enlightened way. I say again, one can by no means be sure; yet from what is known of him, it is more than possible that the King would have found it an interesting proposal. Not many monarchs have had the chance at an adventure like that, and he might easily have welcomed it.

So might our fifty-seven. One may not quite say off-hand that they are incapable of disinterestedness, or that they would look down their noses at the fame which would come to them from the unique achievement of having disinterestedly floor-managed a successful and profitable revolution. Mr. Rockefeller lately made a very fine and striking return upon his own mind in respect of a relatively minor matter of public policy; his letter disavowing Prohibition in the face of all his personal traditions, prepossessions, habits and expectations, is a model of disinterestedness —has any one outside the fifty-seven ever done better? Well, then, I for one am by no means sure that Mr. Rockefeller, or that the whole fifty-seven, would not entertain a major matter in the same spirit. It must be remembered that they have never had the chance at that kind of public service before; the *Zeitgeist* has never before made them the offer of it.

An English banker once told me an interesting story of the late Duke of Devonshire. A fundamental change in public policy was impending, really revolutionary, which would make hay of the Duke's interests. My friend was in favor of it, though it bore hardly on his interests too. The Duke sent for him to explain it on its financial and fiscal side, saying simply that it was his duty to understand it thoroughly, and that if he then decided that it was for the public good, he would be for it. My friend said he was immensely impressed by the detachment with which the old man patiently delved into the proposal, taking up one aspect of it after another and reducing them to their elementary terms, going to the bottom of every collateral question; all from the social point of view, never from his own. When the Duke had pumped my friend dry, he called in other specialists to discuss the matter on its political side, then others on its commercial and industrial side; and so on. I am not sure that our fifty-seven are incapable of proceeding in this careful, objective and responsible way, now that the *Zeitgeist* offers them the chance.

The best part of three years lay between the Autumn of 1786 and the Spring of 1789, and that was time enough for a pretty thorough reconsideration of the principle upon which French institutions were based, and for a radical reshaping of the institutions themselves. Probably our fifty-seven have more time than that; but the sooner such matters are taken in hand, the better. The logical starting-place is with our root-principle that what is good for industrialists, speculators and bankers is good for society; to see clearly and proclaim plainly what has been wrong with it from the beginning, and why. Then to study the principles now competing with it, such as the principle that what is good for the proletariat is good for society; the principle held by the successors of the physiocrats, that no special privilege to any class is good for society; and so on to the end of the list. The aim should be to get a complete intellectual presentation of all these, by the same method that the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Rockefeller used;

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that is, by the assembling of information and critical opinion from every qualified source, chosen impartially; in order to know what their points of advantage and disadvantage are, and whether they have anything that can be profitably taken over and built into the fabric of a new principle.

Having arrived at a new principle, the next thing to be considered is the economic and political mechanism best adapted to its expression; on the understanding that whatever structural changes and demolitions are indicated, even the most radical, shall be accepted without hesitation and advocated without reserve. If the Constitution is to be dropped in the waste-basket as summarily and high-handedly, even illegally, as the Articles of Confederation were dropped there by the Philadelphia Convention, let it be so accepted, and let it be so said. If the new principle indicates an economic system based on State capitalism, or on the confiscation of rent, or on double-teaming labor and capital under State control—whatever it indicates, let it be proclaimed in the full tone of disinterested conviction that pervades Mr. Rockefeller's letter on Prohibition.

This inquiry, too, should be carried on by the same method. Plato, in the *Theætetus*, revives the old jest about the philosopher's helplessness in a crisis of action. There have always been so many more men of action than philosophers, and the men of action have always been so much further to the fore in a public way, that this jest has been standard in all ages. But Plato goes on to observe that in a crisis of thought the man of action is quite as helpless. When he finds himself suddenly lifted from his familiar earth "into the upper air," and obliged to "get away from his stock phrases, and consider social organization and the nature of human happiness and unhappiness, and the means whereby the one can be attained and the other avoided," he does not know what to do or say. Giddy, and seeing nothing but space around him, he is frightened and confused, and stuttering out mere irrelevancies, "he is laughed at, not by Thracian servant-girls like those who laughed at Thales," but by everyone bred in the intellectual doctrine of freedom.

The thing, then, is a coöperation between the philosopher and the man of action, based on a clear and respectful mutual knowledge of what each is fit for and can do. A revolution represents a crisis of thought running up to a crisis of action; hence while men of action, like our fifty-seven, are its natural leaders, the philosopher is indispensible in helping the man of action get what Plato calls "an eye for the situation." Possibly we shall see these two complementary forces joined. Perhaps Twentieth Century America may distinguish itself by devising a brand-new and really effective revolutionary procedure, by hitting just the right combination, never before employed, of sound philosophy and disinterested action.

Nothing but this is needed to focus revolutionary thought, now loose and inchoate, and direct it on the way to complete success. Our meliorist and liberal friends have lately been raising loud cries for "leadership," as is their way when they can not think of anything else to do; and as a rule they can think of very little else, so this demand is often heard. Well, here is the chance, which the *Zeitgeist* seems to be shaking under our noses, of a truly republican order of leadership, recommending itself, not by methods already pretty thoroughly discredited, but by putting into play a well-coördinated combination of philosophy and action.

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BIOGRAPHY OF A PROPHET

BY GEORGE MILBURN

An aunt of mine, who had literary leanings and kept among her souvenirs a letter written to her by Ella Wheeler Wilcox with violet ink, once gave me a piece of advice about this craft. "My boy," she said, "every person's life, no matter how insignificant it may appear on the surface, is worth a book." Her precept later passed around among other writers, and, more important, the publishers took it up, and it got to be all the rage for a while. As for myself, I never did hold to it very strongly, and the older I get the more dubious about it I grow. Maybe I'm wrong, but it seems to me that one life is hardly ever worth a book. Still I am convinced that even in the dullest life there is usually some bright episode to be uncovered, lopped out, and set into an interesting tale.

Now there was Goldstein. There are people, I suppose, who would insist that his life is just as much worth writing a book about as Paul Gauguin's or Ambrose Bierce's, but I doubt it. I was young when I knew him and I may have missed a good deal, but I feel that I was fortunate in knowing him at that time and no other, because I witnessed his crisis. A year or so later no one would have suspected that anything had ever happened to ruffle the mediocrity of his existence.

The first time I ever laid eyes on Goldstein was in the eight o'clock section of English 51 when I was a sophomore at the State university. I saw him sitting there in the front row the first day I came in, a swart man with black hair merging into baldness and mild brown eyes behind rimless spectacles. He was dressed neatly in a gray business suit, a stocky, middle-aged man, looking bewildered and out of place in the class-room. I remember wondering momentarily about him.

One morning, a few weeks later, the professor selected my essay on "How the Salmon Spawns" to read before the class. I felt that it was really an improvement on the article I had found in the encyclopedia, and I was proud to have him read out my name as the author.

When we were leaving at the end of the hour Goldstein waited by the door and clutched my arm. He introduced himself to me and explained hurriedly that he was trying to learn how to write, because he had some ideas that he wanted to put before the world. He said that he wasn't getting along as well as he had expected to, and that he was eager to talk with someone who could give him a few pointers.

"Do you have this next hour off?" he said. "Maybe we could go somewheres and have a cold drink together." Then he added hastily, "This will be on me, see? I'm paying for it."

"Sure," I said, somewhat flattered, "Let's go over to the Varsity Shoppe and get a coke. I've got a nine o'clock, but its geology under Bumgarner, and I like to have an excuse to cut it."

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By the time our cokes were served I realized that Goldstein did not want any advice from me about expository writing, but that he did want me to listen while he talked about himself. He wanted to tell me what had happened to his life, his drab, commonplace life that had always been so smooth and well-ordered, and that he himself, looking soberly back on it now, was shocked to find broken and hopelessly jumbled.

I felt the vague embarrassment that a youth often feels with an older man who wants to meet him on his own level. There is always a question as to whether the boy should be forward and thus come up to the older man in age, or whether he should refrain from letting it out that he also knows a thing or two and thus give the other an opportunity to talk down and be instructive according to the experience that goes with his years. This indecision never failed to disturb me.

I was confused, and at the moment he was prefacing his story over the empty glasses, I bit down on my pipe stem and it cracked. He stopped talking suddenly with a blank look in his soft, moist eyes. His mouth stayed open and all the expression went out of his sweat-shiny face.

"What was that?" he said after a moment.

"Only the mouthpiece on my pipe," I said. "I bit down on it too hard and it cracked. It was almost worn through, anyway."

I grinned at him stupidly, and he craned across the table, his narrowed eyes intent on my mouth.

"Boy!" he said, speaking with confidence for the first time, "That's a fine set of teeth you got there. Good strong teeth. But you should ought to take better care of them. What kind of toothpaste do you use?"

II

Dr. Goldstein told me repeatedly how he happened to become a prophet, but he was as much mystified about *why* as anyone. His revelation did not extend that far. He would attempt to explain it and he would end in a maze of half-finished sentences, completely baffled.

He had been a "painless" dentist in Houston, Texas, and after twenty-four years in the profession he had built up a very profitable practice. He had a good many Jewish patients, although he welcomed all creeds and races, excepting the black. He kept his suite of offices on the second floor of a small, somewhat run-down office building which he owned himself, because, as he explained to me, many of the patients he was after would have been intimidated by fast elevators and sumptuous fixtures. His equipment, however, was the best that money could buy. He spoke enough Spanish to get along with the Mexicans who came to him.

Every afternoon, as punctually at five o'clock as possible, he left the office and went around to an auto park, where he got into his Chrysler sedan and drove out to his seven-roomed Dutch Colonial house in one of the earlier real estate additions. His wife had a canary in an ornate brass cage and six gold fish in a glass urn on an imitation marble pedestal, and she kept the overstuffed purple velour parlor furniture covered with awning-striped linen slipovers the year 'round. They had three children, the oldest of which was fourteen. Up until the time of his trouble, he told me, he had never spoken a harsh word to his wife, although she had been cross with him perhaps five or six times in the twenty years that they had been married.

They went to the reformed synagogue

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and belonged to a Jewish community club. He voted the Democratic ticket straight and was a 32° Mason. There were not many things that he was opposed to, but he was opposed to Zionism, just as he was opposed to Communism and the Ku Klux Klan, because it struck him as being un-American.

His opposition to the movement at the beginning, however, was very mild. Dr. Goldstein was a mild-mannered man. Years of ministering to human pain had made him so, a person of soothing voice and consoling countenance. No one had ever suspected the spark that glowed in the good dentist, and no one could have predicted the proportions of the flame to which it was presently fanned.

He permitted his wife to coax him into going with her one night to hear the speech of a man just returned from Palestine. All of their friends and relatives were going, and Dr. Goldstein accompanied his wife docilely enough. But in the course of the speech on Zionism some very pointed questions occurred to him.

"I don't know why it was," he told me, his bland face twisted with puzzlement, "but these questions just kept bothering my mind. I never had made much study of the Zionist proposition; wasn't especially interested. But I knew just as well as I knew anything that I was going to speak out in meeting that night. I never had done anything like that before, always found it a good business to keep my mouth shut, but it seemed to me that I never could rest easy until I had gotten some kind of an answer to these questions that popped into my mind that night."

So as soon as discussion was called for at the end of the speech the mild dentist rose to his feet and, rather apologetically, put his questions. He didn't pretend to be an expert on Zionism. But what about the Arabs in Palestine? How did they feel about the Jews moving back? What about the area and productivity of Palestine as compared with the number of Jews in the world? How about the British? Couldn't you count on the British having some strings tied to that protectorate somewhere? And the U.S.A.? Weren't American Jews satisfied with the U.S.A.?

The speaker was very sarcastic in his replies and ended by calling Dr. Goldstein a Babbitt. Dr. Goldstein didn't know at that time exactly what a Babbitt was, but he had seen the word and he didn't like it. It made him angry.

"Seems like it just all came over me in a flash," he told me. "I never was much of a man for getting mad about anything, but, believe me, I started in right there, and I got that fellow told. I showed him that I could give just as good as I could take, all right. And I don't know how I happened to, either, because any other time or any other place, likely as not, I would of been scared to death to say anything."

It was on that occasion, then, that Dr. Goldstein tasted the first heady delights of public appearance. He saw all the faces turned toward him, stretching up to get a look at him, and once there was a ripple of laughter at some snappy comeback he had made to the speaker. The following day he was further gratified by having several patients mention the affair to him at the office and by having Rabbi Roth stop him on the street to remonstrate with him.

Those were the little puffs that set off the spark in Dr. Goldstein. He began attending every Zionist meeting that he could get around to, and he got around to almost as many as he could find announced in that part of Texas. At the end of each meeting, just when everyone was

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feeling happy about *Eretz Ysroel*, the Promised Land, and warm and well-disposed toward the rehabilitation of Palestine and proud to have a chance to take part in the wonderful work by making financial contributions, at the crucial instant when the pledge blanks were being passed around, Dr. Goldstein, like the spectre at the wedding feast, would rise up, his nostrils dilated, his lips trembling, a fanatic gleam in his mild, brown eyes, and he would fix the speaker with a rigid, horizontal right arm. Dr. Goldstein had no more perplexing questions now. He had a little speech of his own to make about the realities of the Zionist movement.

He told them that this whole business of getting the Jews to set up a national home in Palestine was just another scurvy trick of British imperialism, no more; that the Jews were being used as catspaws in the Near East; that Palestine was already occupied by the Arabs and that anyway it was a worn-out land; that only a sentimental bum would leave America to go back: altogether a very fiery and disturbing summing-up. And, even though he were cried down before he had said all that he had in mind to say, he always brought his peroration to a close in the same way, most effectively, by shouting an ominous prediction.

"The Arabs will cut your throats!" he would yell hoarsely. "They'll-cut-your-throats!" he would repeat gutturally. His large brown eyes would bulge and he would draw a stubby index finger across his own distended throat two or three times very rapidly, making the while a series of sharp little sibilants by sucking his breath through his teeth. It was a very disheartening and appalling gesture. It never failed to send an apprehensive shiver through the wrought-up audience at the very moment when everyone should have been in beatific contemplation of the march onward to Zion. Everyone would have been feeling most cordial toward the world at large before Dr. Goldstein got up, but by the time he had got in his two cents' worth the place would be in a riot. The chairman of the meeting would often wish (audibly, too) that Dr. Goldstein would draw something across his throat less soft and blunt than his own forefinger.

The dentist continued to haunt and to hound every Zionist meeting that he could reach, and he soon became a familiar figure not only in Houston but in several nearby cities. Pudgy and respectable-looking though he was, and pleasant and suave and with a cheerful word for all though he had been, he grew to be as sinister a man as one could wish for. He became so well-known that the Zionists used to post a couple of strong men at the door just to exclude him when he showed up for the meeting. Usually, however, he devised cunning ways of eluding the guards, and he would be in there for the finish.

While his obsession increased, his dental practice fell off. It was not only that he was neglecting it. His Jewish patients were angry. His Mexican patients were frightened by his dire mutterings while he had them helpless in the chair. Things had come to such a pass that he had let the office girl and the young man who worked in the laboratory go. He spent most of his time at the reception room desk writing letters about Zionism to the newspapers. He had become a pariah by this time. His friends ducked down alleys when they saw him on the street. He had insulted the rabbi. His own relatives shunned him and his wife's relatives berated him.

One night, in a frenzy brought on by

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Mrs. Goldstein's advancing some of the arguments she had heard from her brother, R. D. Froelich, the fur man, he shouted that he would slap her face off, and then proceeded to slap her face so hard that he feared for a moment that he had done it. So Mrs. Goldstein gathered the three children to her and went away to live with the Froelichs. Dr. Goldstein closed up the Dutch Colonial house and slept on the wicker sofa in his outer office, taking his meals at a *kosher* cafeteria down the street.

All this time the obsessed man had been conducting an untiring (to himself, at least) correspondence with the "Letters from the People" departments of various daily newspapers. Sometimes the editors would append short comments, flippant notes and smart-aleck headings that indicated they had not the slightest understanding of, or sympathy with, what Dr. Goldstein was writing about. This distracted him all the more, because no one ever made any mistake about what he meant when he spoke at a Zionist meeting. Nevertheless, he clipped all his published letters carefully and filed them away in his billfold. He still had them when I knew him, yellowed and grey-creased and frayed, and he was fond of bringing them out while he was talking.

The newspapers' indifference to the Zionist menace, however, troubled him more and more. He began to suspect his limitations in the use of written language. It seemed impossible, at length, for him to write what he wanted to say forcefully enough. He could speak in a convincing manner, but when he tried to get his thoughts and warnings down on paper the words he wanted often would not come. Sometimes he would sit for hours thinking of just how he wanted to phrase a single sentence of his message. He noticed, too, that changes were always made in his letters, and he very carefully marked these in on the clippings with a pencil. It got to the place where there would be whole pages left out, and his letters would not be half the length they were when he had sent them out.

He still met his Jewish friends and patients of more prosperous days on the street, but not when they could help it. Even when they could not avoid him altogether, they would not stop to talk with him. So, seeing them a block away, Dr. Goldstein would start making that portentous throat-cutting gesture, and as they hurried past he would let go with his weird hissing noise, just to keep his prophecy fresh in their minds. "They'll cut your throats!" he would exclaim fiendishly to any unwary Jew who got within earshot.

Then the newspapers stopped publishing his letters. Dr. Goldstein hinted that strong influence was brought to bear on the editors, although he was never confident about this. It was inconceivable to him that the editors could have decided that the question was no longer moot. Always he was worried by the misgiving that his own inadequacy might be to blame, that his writing was defective in some way. He did not doubt for an instant that if he could only get his message across in writing it would make page one. It was in his literary composition that he finally lost confidence, not in the potency of his oracle.

One morning in June, 1929, he received notice of an overdraft from his bank. That was when Dr. Goldstein, aged forty-nine years, made a courageous decision. He would learn how to write. He would learn to write so compellingly that every magazine and newspaper in the country would awaken to the menace of Zionism, and

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Jews everywhere would be warned in time.

Dentists have a custom of taking out a gold bridge or a filling and tossing it carelessly into a cuspidor without bothering to call the patient's attention to it. It is one of the profession's legitimate and most lucrative sources of revenue. Dr. Goldstein had an accumulation of this discarded scrap gold on hand. The morning of his great decision he bagged it and sold it. He arranged with his bank for the collection of his office rentals. Then he locked up his own office, put the key in his pocket, and took train for the State university.

There, after making a careful study of the university's Summer school bulletin, he enrolled in the School of Journalism. But the catalogue description of English 51, an expository writing course, fitted his desire so precisely that he entered that class also, determined not to spare himself in improving the quality of his written discourse.

III

The Summer progressed and we got to know each other pretty well. It was a strange relationship. It was not that we were close friends or anything of the sort, yet I must have been closer to him than anyone else at the university. I am sure that he did not confide in any other person there. The professors treated him with the coolness and suspicion that one monomaniac has for another. And the students, lank schoolma'ms working out their masters' degrees and dumb co-eds making up flunked courses, had nothing in common with him.

He would single me out at eating places, and if I were alone he would come over to my table. If I were eating with someone he would wave and pass on to take his meal in solitude. He had a certain shyness about him that I thought paradoxical in one whose very blatancy had brought him there.

Indeed, that was one of the things that puzzled me most about Goldstein. The longer I knew him and the more I talked with him, the incredibility of what he had done increased. Bit by bit I came to understand that no one could have been more firmly settled in his groove than he had been. He had lived in a comfortable home, he was deeply attached to his wife and children, it had been years since money matters had troubled him, his disposition was, if anything, a shade too meek and complacent; and then, in the midst of this vegetable happiness, for no very powerful reason, he had deliberately wrenched himself out of it and had plunged into a new and uncertain life. It was almost enough to convince one that his was a call to soothsaying over which there was no mortal control.

Our conversations, of course, always came around to that one subject. However, he no longer gave the impression of being fanatical about it. Sometimes he spoke feverishly, when he had whipped himself into it, but more often he was simply dogged in his attitude. His original warning ran through his talk in a constant refrain: "So I told them, 'The Arabs 'll cut your throats,' I said," but there was seldom any passion in his voice. It was more often weary and full of vast resignation. I used to look on him as a ruined and beaten man, but later I knew that I had been mistaken. He was simply waiting for the inevitable.

One night in July I went with him after dinner to his room, a squalid hole in a cheap dormitory, barren and forbidding and smelling of lysol. He showed me some of the letters his wife had written to him.

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They were pathetic letters, all questions and puzzled apologies. Her humbleness was abject. She said that she was sorry for everything that she had said, although it was apparent that she was bewildered by what had happened to their life. She told of the difficulties that are unavoidable when one is quartered with one's relatives. She was miserable. There was absolutely no recrimination in what she wrote, and I was touched by her humility.

Goldstein sat on the swayed iron bed with its cracked white enamel and its ragged quilt, his head bowed and clasped in his hands while I read.

I looked up from one of the letters and said to him, "Why don't you forget it and go back and start all over again?"

He flinched as if I had struck him. He turned his mild, sad eyes at me and looked at me for a moment before he answered. "Oh, I couldn't do that!" he exclaimed in a shocked voice.

"Why couldn't you?"

"Oh, I just couldn't! You don't understand. You don't know how it is with the Jews. They all think I'm crazy. If I was to go back now, I never would be respected again. They think that I went out of my head there, but they'll see. They'll see I wasn't lying to them. I couldn't go back there until they did see."

It was along in August before I saw Goldstein again, and the Summer school session was almost over. His attendance in the expository writing class had become more and more irregular, and I had supposed that he had dropped out altogether. I didn't even know that he was still in town.

Then one sweltering evening I came into a small café near the campus where I usually ate dinner and Goldstein hailed me from a side booth. I didn't at all want to hear about the Zionist menace again and his dreadful prophecy. I didn't want to re-read his newspaper clippings and the latest letter he was composing for the press. I was sweaty and tired and I was looking for cooler companionship. But he looked so forlorn there that I sat down opposite him.

While we were waiting for the waiter to bring our orders, a newsboy came by, and Goldstein bought a paper. He always bought a paper and searched through it hurriedly to see whether one of his letters had been published. He turned directly to the "Letters from the Editor" column without looking at the front page. After a few moments he put the paper down with a disappointed grunt.

"What are the headlines?" I asked.

"Let's see," he said, picking up the shuffled wad that the newspaper had become and fingering through it. I saw him look at the front page, holding it over by the shaded wall light. He was silent.

"What does it say?"

"Well," he said quite calmly, "they done it. They finally done it." Then his hands began trembling violently and he repeated again "They done it!" in a voice so loud and quavering that people began sticking their heads out of booths to see what was going on.

"Who done what?" I said.

Goldstein shoved the newspaper, a late peach-colored edition, toward me with a palsied hand. Spread across the top of the front page was a headline:

MANY DEAD IN PALESTINE MASSACRES.

"Jesus!" I said, "This is terrible, isn't it?"

"Terrible? Terrible? What's so terrible? Not so terrible!" he said popping his hands together and chuckling exultantly. It occurred to me that that was the first time I had ever heard him laugh. He

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picked up his hat and started sliding out of the booth.

"What're you going to do?"

"I have to be going," he said.

"Aren't you going to eat dinner?"

"No. I have to find out what time I can get a train out for Houston, Texas."

He walked away. I thought I had seen the last of him but when I glanced up he was back again. He leaned over in the booth and clapped me on the shoulder, smiling broadly.

"They sure enough done it, didn't they, son?" he said jovially. "I guess old Doc Goldstein wasn't so looney, after all. I kept telling them that the Arabs would cut their throats, and, by God, the Arabs sure enough *did* cut their throats! If you're ever in Houston, Texas, son, you be sure and give me a ring. Doctor Milton A. Goldstein. You'll find me in the 'phone book."

He clucked suavely, gripped my hand in a sticky farewell clasp, and was gone.

IV

When I saw Houston for the first time I was a great deal older in experience, if not in years. I was on my way to Galveston. I was with a geologist who had some business to transact in Houston before driving on. I decided to walk around and have a look at the town while I was waiting.

Houston has not distinguished itself from any other American city: a cluster of tall buildings rising up suddenly above the plain for no reason at all. I paused on a street corner a few blocks away from the business canyons, half-determined to go back to the automobile and wait. And then I glanced up and saw the Neon sign on a corner opposite: Dr. Goldstein—Painless Dentist.

It was as exciting as catching a glimpse of a familiar face in a foreign throng. The possibility of there being more than one painless dentist named Goldstein in Houston, Texas, did not occur to me for an instant. I hurried across the street and found the stairway entrance around the corner. Beside the door an electrically-lighted glass case gleamed with its rows of pink-and-white dentures. There was in it, too, a tray, labelled "Poison Distributors", heaped with yellowed canines and root-tufted molars, proud harvest, I felt sure, of Dr. Goldstein's many years in the profession. I turned and mounted the worn, quid-spattered stairs.

Down a shady hall with resounding wooden floors and red streaks of floor sweep along the base-boards, following the brown pointing fists painted on the plaster walls and lettered with Dr. Goldstein's name, I came to the glass-panelled door of his outer office. The office girl, plump and pretty, with a gold-rimmed smile that assured me that she was one of Dr. Goldstein's jobs herself, asked me if I had an appointment when I told her that I should like to see Dr. Goldstein for a few minutes. I told her, a bit impatiently, that I didn't have, but that he'd want to see me anyway.

As soon as he came walking out in his soiled surgeon's gown, I knew that I was meeting a stranger. It was Dr. Goldstein, all right: but Dr. Goldstein the painless dentist and not Dr. Goldstein the indomitable prophet.

He shook hands with me very casually and kept saying in a slow voice, "Well, well, well, what are *you* doing in town? Well, well, well. I see you still have a fine set of teeth on you there." He spoke as if my teeth were a piece of his work.

I sensed that he was ill at ease, and I was about to make some excuse about my just hurrying through Houston and think-

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ing that I would stick my head in and say hello before going on. He gave me a furtive glance and circled my shoulders with his arm.

"Come on in the laboratory," he said. "I want to show you some equipment that's the very last word in dentistry."

He ushered me in and closed the door carefully behind us. There was a fat Mexican woman sitting in the dental chair with a rubber gag across her mouth.

"I didn't want to say much out there," he said, "because Rose Blatt, that's the office girl, is liable to run and tell, and I don't want to stir up anything again. But I didn't want you to get away without talking over old times." We were college chums together again. I glanced toward the Mexican woman. "Oh, she won't make any difference," he said quickly. "She don't *sabe* nothing except Mex anyway."

"Well, how are you getting along?" I said.

"Just fine. First-rate. Collections are slow, but I did better than $500 worth of cash business alone last month. I'm thinking about getting me a new Neon sign."

"That's a good one you have there now. It has a delicate pink color that reminds me of an artificial gum."

"Oh, I know, but I've been thinking about putting up a better one. A bigger one. I'm going to get one that spells out We Give Gas on it."

"Everything came out all right, then?"

"Sure. All's well that ends well. Oh, I had to go easy there for a while. It took time. Time and patience. I just let that other business drop. They were all pretty suspicious for a while, but when they saw that I wasn't going to crow about it, they were ready to agree that I was right in the first place. Then the Depression put a crimp in that Zionist business anyway."

I felt vaguely uneasy with the calm, efficient man there in the soiled white smock, so composed and well-satisfied. Was this what a prophet came home to?

He selected a tiny bit and fitted it into his electric drill. The drill began whirring and he bent over the fat Mexican woman. Then he glanced up at me with a flick of the old light in his eyes and he grinned proudly.

"But I sure told 'em that the Arabs would cut their throats," he said, his voice quivering with delight, "And, by God, the Arabs *did* cut their throats! Eh, didn't they? I sure told them, plenty of time before it happened, didn't I, son!"

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DOWN SOUTH IN GEORGIA

BY CARTER BROOKE JONES

For They Shall Inherit the Earth

THE little country church has not been painted these many years. The cross over it is still askew from a windstorm that passed a long time ago. The graveyard is half lost in weeds. Here and there a tombstone rises drably above the tangle. Age has erased some of the lettering. Across the deep-rutted dirt road last year's cotton still stands, clinging, soggy and gray, to the brown husks of bolls. A rickety farmhouse leans against the hill over which the road disappears. Remnants of a rail fence sag against the field. Nothing has escaped the clutch of poverty . . . not even the fresh grave, decorated pitifully with bright pebbles, particles of colored glass and clover floating in a fruit-jar.

II

The Executioner

The captain of the guard at the prison farm was a stocky man, with a pulpy, reddish face. He looked apoplectic, but he was soft-spoken. A white man and a Negro were to go to the electric chair that Friday.

Which would go first, somebody asked him.

He spat scornfully, tobacco juice clinging to the corners of his mouth.

"Hell! I never yet give a nigger first turn at anything over a white man. I don't figure to start now."

III

Campaign Call

A Lincoln car drew up at the country store. A large, impressive man got out. Two younger men followed him. A Negro chauffeur waited at the wheel. The large man introduced himself to the group of blue-jeaned countrymen loitering about the store. After that he presented his companions.

"You folks may have heard of me," he said, "and I hope you haven't heard anything very bad, because I'm running for Congress. We're holding a meeting up at the county seat tonight, and I'd be mighty glad if you'd all come. I'm going to talk about some things that'll hit every one of you—taxes, for instance . . . Gosh, it seems kind of hot. Let's all have a dope. How about it? Mr. Brown, got some cold dopes in that box? Fine. Step up, fellows."

The storekeeper fished out the bottles of Coca-Cola. A youth hung back.

"What's the matter, son?" demanded the candidate. "Don't you want a drink?"

"I ain't got no vote," the youth explained. "I ain't twenty-one."

The candidate laughed. "Well, son, I didn't think I could buy any votes in this county for a nickel. I thought they'd cost me at least a dime apiece. Here's your dope, my boy."

The countrymen rocked with laughter. Mr. Brown slapped his leg. "Well, if that ain't *sump'n*!"

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IV

Hero in the Dark

He was a funny little old man, bald and toothless. He kept smiling and bowing at the committee. The good ladies of the U. D. C. had come out to the Confederate Soldiers' Home to compile data for a book. Each man's war record was to be sketched briefly: his regiment, the battles in which he fought. It was not a hard task. Only a handful remain to occupy the commodious group of buildings designed for hundreds. The old men—those not chairbound or bedridden—wander around the spacious grounds like restive wraiths.

But this one couldn't remember.

"I fought'en," he struggled, "I fought'en with . . ."

One of the ladies smiled brightly. "General Lee?" she suggested. "Gordon? Hood? Johnston? Wheeler? Forrest? Stonewall Jackson maybe?"

He shook his head. Then a shaft of light fell across his seamed countenance. "I know," he said. "T'was Thomas. Gineral Thomas."

"Oh, it couldn't have been," she argued. "General Thomas was a Yankee."

He turned away, shaking his head.

V

Sabbath

The Council committee was holding a hearing. Mr. A. Aronson appeared with a complaint. He wanted the right to sell groceries on Sunday. Sunday wasn't his Sabbath, he pointed out. Sabbath was the seventh day of the week. At least the Jews had always thought so. He wasn't Baptist *oder* Methodist. His clients were Jews. They wanted to buy on Sunday, not on Saturday. Himself, he closed up from sundown Friday to sundown Saturday. Any good Jew did. He'd sold good kosher meat on Sunday, and they'd come and arrested him. He didn't see why . . .

"Well," said the chairman, leaning back in his chair, "there ain't nothin' we can do about that. The city ordinance says you can't sell no groceries on Sunday, and Sunday's Sunday—that's all you can make of it. We can't go back of the law. Seems like the Old Testament does say restin' on the seventh day, somethin' that way, but the law says Sunday, and Sunday's Sunday, not Saturday. You can't get around that. These here Seventh Day Adventists, they figure the same way you Jews do, that it's Saturday, but the law's the law, and Sunday's Sunday. We gotta enforce the law. Every time we start slackin' up a little, the Evangelical Ministers' Association jumps right down our throats. You all know that."

"Yeah, and that's not all," said an alderman across the table. "The chain stores don't like it. They close Sundays, and they raise hell every time one of these sheen . . . I mean these little stores starts sellin'."

Mr. Aronson went away muttering to himself.

"He'll keep on sellin'," said the chairman, "and nobody can't blame him. Well, they won't bother him again for a long time—not till somebody gets another spasm, and they round up all them kosher joints again."

VI

The Inferior Race

The A. M. E. church is crowded. The section reserved for white patrons is filled. There are some preliminary announcements. Then the artist of the evening ap-

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pears. She is ponderous, not so young. There is no trace of the Nordic about her. She is wholly black. Her features are negroid: simian nose, heavy lips. She lumbers across the platform and seats herself awkwardly at the concert grand. Then she plays Chopin . . . with rippling delicacy, with a fine sense of nuance.

VII

The Bishop

The annual district conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, drew toward a close. The Bishop moved to the front of the platform to read the pastoral appointments for the next year. He was not tall. His bulbous body seemed to rest precariously on his short legs, and his head appeared to have been stuck on as an afterthought.

His face was rather puffy and pale, his hair thin and white. He was old, and infirmities crowded him, but he could still strike an imperious posture, and the delegates, clerical and lay, hung on his words. He was hard to understand: he mumbled.

A young preacher strained forward in his seat. Then he sank back. The Bishop had assigned him to Blackwell! The one place he'd asked not to be sent! The old Bishop was so deaf. He'd misunderstood, thought Blackwell had been the charge preferred. Was it too late to straighten it out? Could he ask the Bishop to change it? The old fellow might fly off the handle: he was apt to at the slightest provocation these days. Then, too, wouldn't it make the Blackwell delegates sore, to ask not to be sent there? Perhaps. Maybe he'd better make the best of it and keep quiet. Still . . .

The Bishop finished the list, then added, raising his voice a little: "Ample notice was given, and no changes will be made now." He sat down.

The young preacher wiped his forehead. His wife hated Blackwell.

VIII

The Glory of Nature

They call it the Lodge, and its exterior, designed in the rough-hewn motif, looks like a Belasco log-cabin of mammoth proportions. Within are all the luxuries of a city hotel. The Lodge is perched on one of the loftiest peaks of the Blue Ridge. The view is magnificent. The evergreen mountains stretch away, tier after tier, as far as you can see. Laurel blooms everywhere. The air is entrancing.

"We're getting the big boys now," confides the manager. "They run up for weekends and longer from Atlanta and Chattanooga and Macon and Augusta and Savannah—even Jacksonville. You see it's a complete change for them. They all like to get up in the mountains and rough it a few days.

"When the Lodge was first built there wasn't much for 'em to do, but there's plenty now. Look at that golf course. One of the sportiest in the South. Imagine playing golf right on top of a range of mountains! Then there's riding, and we get up fox hunts, and there's boating and fishing on the lake we put in over there, and billiards, and we're putting in a bowling alley. Of course, you've got to consider the women. We're having a series of contract tournaments this Summer. And there'll be plenty doing for the debs and sub-debs. The Happy Days jazz band is up here for the Summer. Dancing every night.

"How'd you like the road that winds up here from the highway? Swell, ain't it? Great piece of engineering.

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"It's hard to realize there was nothing at all up here three years ago—nothing but a wilderness."

IX

Speakeasy

The place is on Edgewood avenue in Atlanta. A New Yorker or a Chicagoan or a San Franciscan never would suspect its purpose. There are no chained doors or peepholes; there is no bar. The place is run by Afratlantans, but solely for white clients. It is situated on a fringe of Darktown and looks like any of the little stores that abound in the section. The front contains a couple of tables and a counter where cigarettes and tobacco may be purchased.

But you pass through to the back room, which is an ordinary kitchen. The chances are that you'll find Beulah cooking snap-beans for dinner. She reaches into some mysterious recess and emerges with a bottle of white corn. Generally she has Coca-Cola and orange pop in the ice box, if you care for a chaser. And she puts down a saucer of sliced lemon and pickles further to kill the taste, which even a native Georgian never quite gets used to. You take your drink standing. Drinks are a quarter each and of lusty kick. Two of them will fog for the rest of the day one whose system has not developed immunity to the *boisson du pays*.

X

Court Day

The little county seat is built, typically, in a square around the courthouse, a dingy frame structure. The four surrounding blocks are filled with stores. The corners are taken by filling stations and there is one movie theatre. The square is thick with parked cars. Most of them look as if they were about to fall to pieces. Model T flivvers are numerous. You see a few horses and wagons.

The town is full of countrymen, most of them in overalls, but some wearing store suits. They loll at the entrance to the courthouse, in the grounds around it and in front of the stores. The Negroes are congregated down the street, where a white man is trying to sell them novelties at ten cents each.

The courtroom, on the second floor of the weather-stained building, is crowded, smelly, stuffy. The countrymen stand in back and along the side walls, craning forward, intent on every word of the proceedings. The circuit judge, who holds court here three times a year, calls the first case. It may be a murder trial or it may be a damage suit over a fence line . . . No matter. They'll listen as raptly to one as to the other.

XI

Statistical Observation

Some time ago a Negro was lynched at Darien, on the coast between Savannah and Brunswick. He was charged with killing the Brunswick chief of police. Some men strolled past the National Guard unit sent to Darien to keep order, walked into the jail and shot the accused as he cowered in his cell. The militia then mounted a couple of machine-guns and posted a guard over the jail. The next day three young men of the town chased another Negro named Bryant. They explained afterward that they wanted to "arrest" him for something or other, though he was not wanted in connection with the other case. Bryant kept on running—some-

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how he was frightened—and so they shot him down and killed him in a field near Darien.

The Associated Press had sent a staff man from the Jacksonville bureau, and he was trying to find out what had happened. He heard that a Negro was lying out in a field, and as he approached the spot a deputy sheriff halted him with drawn gun. Who the hell was he and what the goddam hell did he want? The A. P. man identified himself and explained his mission.

The officer caught his arm, took him to the edge of the field and pointed to Bryant's body.

"Well," said the law, "he's a nigger, ain't he?"

"He seems to be," admitted the correspondent.

"Well, he's dead, ain't he?"

"Looks as if he is all right."

"Well, ain't there plenty more niggers in Georgia?"

XII

Lex Loci

In the courthouse at Forsyth, a little town in the central part of the State, there is, or was recently, this printed legend on the wall of a *cabinet d'aisance*:

DO NOT DRINK HERE. THE POLICE ARE WATCHING YOU.

XIII

Theological Discourse

Two traveling men sat over a quart of corn liquor in a hotel room in the wiregrass region. The white fluid was low in the bottle.

"Well, what I claim is, God's back of this slump."

"I don't see how you figure."

"Don't see how I figure? Why, Jesus Christ, man! Don't it say in the Bible that He sent plagues and what-not to Egypt?"

"Who, Jesus Christ?"

"The Lord God Jehovah, you rummy! And why? Because they was oppressing His chosen people, that's way. Why did the Flood come way back there? Because everybody was sunk in sin. Hell's hinges! Can't any one say people ain't just as wicked as they was in those days?"

"Well, I figure it's Wall Street."

"Wall Street! There you go, listenin' to newspaper talk! Didn't Wall Street go along all these years with everybody prosperous—at least most people had jobs? I suppose He couldn't of kept Wall Street in line if He'd been a mind to. Oh, no. Not much. Well, sir, mark my words, He's done this to punish the people for their sins."

"That's a lotta hooey."

"So you say. But worse'n this'll happen if folks don't straighten up, and damn quick. Nobody's got any morals these days. People drink like fish. They don't go to church. What can they expect? Why did Florida have the boom bust right in her face and then get two hurricanes in two years right throwed in?"

"I'll bite—why?"

"Because nobody wasn't doin' nothin' down there, only raisin' hell. Spendin' money right and left, throwin' it away like so much sand; whorin' around; full as ticks every night. They loosed the wrath on theirselves."

"Well, answer me one question: Do you believe in predestination?"

"Sure. What's to be is to be."

"Then you ain't got a leg to stand on with your argument. If it's all predestined to happen, then it won't matter what folks do—it'll happen just the same."

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"You think you've got me treed, but you ain't. If it's predestined for things to happen certain ways, then it's meant for folks to bring 'em on theirselves. But they don't know what's planned and what ain't. So if they'd do otherwise, it would turn out to of been planned different."

"You talk like a squirrel, in circles. If it's intended for me to fall in the Oconee river and get drowned, I'll manage to get myself somewheres near the bank, won't I?"

"Yeah, but if you stay away, then a different fate's been cooked up for you."

"Sure, and in that case I won't fall in no river."

"Natur'lly not."

"Oh, hell, drink up. Kill it, and we'll order some more."

"Now you're *talkin'*."

XIV

Farm Credits

The old Negro farmer took off his battered hat and scratched his head meditatively. He was in the throes of achieving his annual settling up with the country storekeeper, who advanced him what he needed in the way of food, clothing and supplies during the year.

"Then we's all square?" he repeated.

"Yes, J. C., all square," said the white man.

"And I don't owe you nothin'?"

"No."

"And you don't owe me nothin'?"

"Tha's right."

"And yit . . ." J. C. shook his head dubiously. "And yit I still got two bales o' cotton on my hands."

The storekeeper took out his quid and tossed it into the sawdust box.

"Well, goddam it, J. C.! Why'n't you say so before? Now I've got to do some more figurin'."

XV

South Georgia Vista

The gate to the hunting preserve is padlocked, and a big sign snarls at you to keep out. The virgin acres are fenced with barbed wire. It looks, within, like a paradise. The heat of late August dances along the hard-surfaced highway, but beyond the fence you hear a faint, cool sound: the brake-walled stream that explores a tangle as dark and thick as a tropical jungle. The trees are draped with shawls of Spanish moss. A little road, hardly more than a broad path, winds into the forest. Beyond the forest are fields and streams and more woods—acres and acres, somewhere among them the lodge where the owner stays when he comes down from his Northern home for a few weeks every Winter. Now the place is deserted: a cool, tranquil kingdom, given over to birds and soft-stirring animals.

Across the highway, under the fierce sun, a white family picks cotton. Lagging a little behind the man and the woman, two ragged children weave along their rows, reaching dully into the bolls, filling their sacks with listless patience.

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PIPE LINE

BY JACK CONROY

THE trucks roared away from the pipe line company's headquarters before the village had awakened. They swung on to the bridge over the river and a loose steel plate clanged as their wheels struck it. The men leaned over the sides of the trucks and spat sadly into the river. They were thinking of the day ahead; their muscles were stiff and sore, for most of them were not used to this kind of work. A pearly fog shrouded the river and its willow-fledged banks. A bit beyond it the trucks paused here and there, disgorging workers, until they were scattered a mile or so along the ditch. The acetylene welders were the aristocrats of the job, for they were hard to find in this sequestered hinterland. If they came in late after carousing the night before, nothing was said. But if one of the shovel stiffs was tardy, it meant his job.

The welders already had their torches spluttering, welding three lengths of pipe into one long section at the edge of the ditch. Then the welded section was swung into the ditch with a hand crane, and bolted to the next one. There were not many pick and shovel men, for the company was using a ditching machine.

The ditcher hummed along through the level land, its cutters flashing in the sun. It resembled a huge fat spider unreeling a black strand behind it. Two men could handle it nicely, and it piled the dirt neatly on one side. But sometimes it would strike a root as big as a man's leg, and then there was a job for men with axes, picks and shovels. The men, some of whom were poor farmers from nearby, hated the ditcher and rejoiced every time it broke down.

"Machinery has ruined the country," they'd say. "No sale for horses on account of automobiles, no sale for hay, no sale for oats. A stick of dynamite under that go-devil would be the best thing that could happen to it. Then they might put some men to work."

The whole region had been stricken by drought. The stock ponds had been sucked dry by the blazing coppery sun. The mud dried and cracked into squares like a flag-paved court. Most of the farmers thereabout were share-croppers, but there would be nothing to share this year. The cane in their fields was stunted and the sap in it had dried. If we happened to find a green stalk, the juice wasn't sweet. We could see the share-croppers lying listlessly in their yards, gazing out over their blasted fields. Sometimes they appeared beside the ditch—gaunt men, slatternly women carrying babies, and beady-eyed children clinging to their skirts. They had packs of lugubrious, lop-eared hounds. Usually they surveyed the ditching-machine silently for a few moments and then vanished as silently as they came, but occasionally one of the men would hit up the boss for a job.

"Full up!" was the invariable reply, and after the applicant had left the boss would elaborate: "They got their *livin'*. Can't

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beat them out of that, and what else does a man get out of life but a bite to eat and a rag to his back? If I had a farm to work, I wouldn't mess with no goddam job like this."

Once one of the disappointed farmers heard him and wheeled about, snarling bitterly: "A hell of a livin' *I* got! I been eatin' turnip greens without any seasonin' till my belly goes wishy-washy every time I step. By God, mister, I got a fancy livin', believe me!"

Up and down the ditch the superintendent rode on a wiry cayuse, shouting orders, spurring laggards with sarcasm, and arbitrating the many disputes with the farmers over the right of way. The timekeeper checked up the men by the badges on their hats, and issued new badges to the ones who had just started.

After the welded joints had been lowered in the ditch and bolted together, tractors with slips attached filled the ditch, but some shovel men were needed to round up the earth. They couldn't do without men altogether. Ed and I shaped the continuous mound and patted it down with the backs of our shovels. Field mice had worn a labyrinth of paths next to the grass roots, and they ran squeaking as we unearthed them. The men chased after them, batting with shovels. The underground dens were padded with grasses, and often they held pink and shivering baby mice, their eyes bulging like blue warts and red veins pulsing beneath their thin skins.

II

"I'm up a tree," the ditcher man confessed to the boss. "I can't go no fu'ther. They's a gal up the line has jumped a-straddle of me because the line goes right through a graveyard. She's got a gun four yards long, and if anybody wants to buck up agin it, they can, but not me. They's an iron fence around the graveyard, and it'll take a couple good men to horse it away. But far's I'm concerned, it c'n stay put."

"I'll see about that!" snorted the foreman. "She ain't got no right to hold up this here job. We got a right of way across that there place. We got the law on our side."

"Yeh, but she's got the gun," retorted the ditcher man, unconvinced. "That ain't gonna help me none if she blows my guts out."

"Awssh! ptu!" the boss spat disgustedly. "Come with me," he called to Ed and me.

The graveyard was on a small knoll. The girl leaned against the fence and held the shotgun awkwardly but determinedly. She said that her grandmother had told her to keep everybody away till her grandfather came home. The foreman stalked off toward the farmhouse, and the ditcher man sat down to doze. The delay was not troubling him.

"You'll let that gun go off and shoot somebody," hailed Ed, who was quite a kidder.

"Tha's what I aim to do if anybody sets foot in this buryin' ground," rejoined the girl, tossing her hair out of her eyes. But she grounded the shotgun and smiled.

"You wouldn't dast shoot *me*," Ed continued. "Besides, you look like you got too soft a heart."

"Oooh yaw!" she replied.

"I don't suppose you'd have no objections to us just *lookin'* at the graves," Ed pursued. "I think a man ought to spend a little time in a graveyard now an' then. It puts the fear o' God in him."

"Well, I guess just *lookin'* won't hurt none," she conceded meltingly, "but don't start no monkey business."

The dozen graves were surmounted by

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stones bearing elaborate designs and pious sentiments. One of them bore the representation of a hand pointing skyward, and the words "Gone Above." Also, this stanza:

> Remember, friend, as you pass by,
> As you are now, so once was I.
> As I am now, so you must be.
> Prepare for death, and follow me.

"That's Aunt Rhody's grave," volunteered the girl. "She wrote out that verse before she died and made Uncle Hal promise to put it on her tombstone. I don't know whether she made it up out of her own head or not."

"No matter who wrote it, it puts a man to thinkin'," said Ed solemnly, winking at me as the girl turned to prop her shotgun against the stone.

Presently the boss returned with a rheumy-eyed patriarch, leaning heavily on a gnarled cane. He was the girl's grandfather.

"I know I sold the right to go through my land, neighbor," admitted the old man, "but I never 'lowed that you'd cut through the buryin' ground. All of my folks from away back yonder lays a-sleepin' there, and it's hard lines to have their rest disturbed."

He seemed about to burst into tears. The boss started pulling his fingers to make his knuckle joints crack.

"Looky here!" he exploded. "We paid you to go through here and we're goin'. There ain't no grave in the part we cut through, nohow."

"You can't tell jist exactly where the graves is now," the old man persisted. "I moved up to Detroit in '26 to stay with my son Basil, and the dad-blasted tenants let the fence down and their cattle tromped up everything so's you can't tell nothin' about it. I found a lot of tombstones in a pile, and I jist set 'em up in places that *looked* like a grave."

"We got the law on our side," snapped the boss. "Come on, you two, nail a-holt of this fence and pack it out of the way!"

The patriarch had taken possession of the gun, and as we moved forward he raised it and squinted down the barrels. His misty eyes had cleared. We hesitated, and looked at the boss.

"If you wanta git blowed to Kingdom Come, step up," invited the old man. "I'll stand here till Hell freezes over and they build fires on the ice before I let you lay a finger on this fence."

"I'm licked!" the boss acknowledged despairingly. "The super himself has got to settle this fuss. You better knock off for today, boys, while him and me talk this thing over."

Ed and I did not wait for the trucks to take us back to the village. We raced across the fields to the railroad bridge, which made the trip two miles shorter than the highway. When we got to the bridge approach, our hearts were hammering at our ribs and our sweaty shirts were plastered to our backs. There was no footpath across the bridge, and a sign warned pedestrians to keep off. Stepping from one tie to the next necessitated a mincing gait, but skipping a tie stretched the legs a little too far. Ed remembered how a fellow had been caught by a train in the middle of such a bridge and had to hang by his arms underneath the ties till the cars passed. The engine had rained hot cinders on his hair, and he almost forgot and let go to brush them off.

Nevertheless, we paused in the middle of the span to look down the river. The stream had shrunk to a muddy creek and the willows that fringed its normal bank were parching. A stench arose from heaps of dead fish stranded on the sand bars. Farmers drove their cattle for miles to the river, for their wells and springs had

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played out even as their ponds had. Two overalled farmhands on ponies now herded a bunch of cows toward the water. When they smelled the water, the cows bawled and broke into a run. The farmhands drove their charges back across the plain in a cloud of dust.

In the village farmers were gathered in the courthouse square, talking about the drought. There was a statue of an American doughboy going over the top, with menacing rifle and formidable scowl, and on the base were inscribed the names of the county boys who had died in France. *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori* was chiseled above the names. A brass tablet set in a boulder told how the volunteer militia of the village had defended it against guerillas in the Civil War. The low stone wall around the courthouse was polished and greasy from the buttocks of many years' loafers. Horses tied to the hitching-racks shuddered their hides to dislodge flies, and under the wagons hounds scratched fleas and panted, with tongues lolling out. One horse had set its teeth firmly in a post and was drawing in its breath with a queer whistle. Ed said it was a stump sucker and would blow itself up like a balloon.

We entered the solitary beanery. Soon the short order counter was jammed with pipe line huskies. The proprietor was overjoyed, and the two waitresses, enlivened by the rough sallies directed at them, dashed from table to table.

"Roas' beef. Roas' pork. Catfish dinner. Apple, peach, raisin pie!" one of the waitresses recited, sliding two glasses of water along the table and spilling half their contents. As she bent over we could see her heavy breasts flopping beneath her loose dress. Ed called her back time and again, and each time she came willingly enough, though with feigned exasperation.

"Call this coffee?" he complained jovially. "Tastes more like crick water. And I bet you this fish is the one that swallered Jonah."

"You're awful pertickler," she countered saucily. "I bet your wife has to kiss you and tuck you in bed every night."

"Gwan! You know I ain't married," Ed grinned. "It's worry over my money that has turned my hair grey. How do you pass the time in this place? Is they a liberry or a movie!"

"A liberry!" mocked the girl. "They never heard of a liberry in this burg. The Bijou Dream's pretty good, though, tonight. 'A Passion in the Desert.' They say it's keeno."

She lingered expectantly for a while, but Ed did not pursue his advantage.

III

"We told the old coot," said the boss next morning, "that if we run into a grave, we'd stop and figger some other way. But I don't aim t' run into no grave, see? If we should, accidentally, and he ain't about, he can't prove nothing if the ditch is filled. The fillers caught up with us yesterday, and inside of three hours after we pass through the pipe'll be in and the ditch closed."

So we laid the iron fence aside and set down planks on which the ditcher could climb the knoll. Its caterpillar treads bit into the planks, and the shovels tore into the loose, sandy soil—good digging. When the machine got to the cemetery it began bringing up chips of rotten wood and white bits that looked like fragments of bone. The engineer pretended not to see them for a while, but an especially large chunk caused him to shut off the engine.

"We're in a grave, all right, I guess," he said uneasily. "Maybe we should stop. We

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ain't got no right to fool the old man this-away. Besides I ain't anxious to churn up no dead man's bones."

"By the holy jumpin' Jesus," howled the boss, "we gotta get away from this place! Lemme take it through if you're yeller!"

Almost the whole crew had gathered to watch, but neither the old man nor his grand-daughter was on hand. When the ditcher had passed through the graveyard, the end of a coffin protruded from the side of the ditch, six feet down. Silently and hastily we lowered the length of pipe, and several men sprang down to adjust it and bolt the connections. At the crest of the knoll the ditch was ten or twelve feet deep. When any of the men passed the place where the coffin showed, he shied gingerly and hugged the other side of the ditch.

Suddenly a piece of the coffin fell on the pipe with a ghastly thud. This was too much for one of the men. He shrieked and clawed his way up the side. The earth was loose and crumbly, and almost at once the sides buckled and filled the ditch to the top. Some of the men struggled out from where they stood; others ran to the shallower sections. One man was buried to the waist, and we worked frantically digging him free. A panic had seized us.

"Everybody in the clear?" bawled the boss, who had shut off the ditcher and run back when he heard the shouts. "If it's only a few wrenches lost, we'll call it a job."

The timekeeper checked all the men by his book and the badges on their hats, and found everybody accounted for. At that moment the water boy ran up and bellowed:

"There's a man with a fit over here! He's been settin' on a grave, and just now he hopped up and hollered something about somebody bein' covered up. Then he fell over and went to thrashin' around like a chicken with its head cut off." He pointed to the back of the graveyard.

The stricken man, evidently not much more than a boy, writhed on the ground, frothing at the mouth. Guttural sobs shook him.

"An epileptic!" cried Ed. "You better jam a stick between his jaws or he'll gnaw his tongue off!"

"Mos' all these rubes got a cripple or idiot in the family," said the boss, grabbing the water bucket and drenching the prostrate sufferer. "I saw one back in the next county born without legs. Jist rolls on the floor and whines like a pup. Has to wear a didy like a baby."

Soon the epileptic quit struggling. His face had turned dark blue and his breath came in whistling gasps. But his glassy eyes closed, and he seemed to be sleeping peacefully. He lay for an hour or so, then sprang up suddenly and sped across the fields.

Ed and I got lodging at the home of the patriarch whose graveyard had been defiled, but apparently he had heard nothing about the violated grave. His middle-aged son, Basil, was at home from Detroit, but he lived in hope that the automobile industry would presently revive and call him back to the fleshpots of city life. He spent a great deal of time behind the barn, moodily surveying the rusting automobile which had brought him home. The tires were flaccid and cracked by the weather, and enamel was flaking off the Michigan license plate. Chickens roosted in the back seat, whitening the cushions with their droppings, and wallowed luxuriously in the velvety dust beneath the chassis. Basil shooed them away with a stick. The car's weight was sinking it in the soft earth.

"No use o' plumb ruinin' that car," he grumbled. "With some top dressin', new

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tires, and a little tinkerin', she's good fer fifty thousand miles yet. Wisht I had some licenses for the scoundrel. The automobile business's *gotta* pick up *some* day."

The family gathered in the evening beneath the honey locust tree in the yard. The patriarch was fond of recalling how his skill with the fiddle had been acclaimed when he was young. Now youngsters danced to the yapping radio, with its barbaric clamor of traps and saxophones.

"One thing I don't like is this newfangled music," the patriarch said. "This gol-darned boopa-de-doop and vo-de-o-do. If that's music, I'm a Chinyman. Now, something like this. . . ." His doleful voice accompanied the merrily squeaking fiddle:

Buffler gals, aintcha comin' out t'night?
Comin' out t'night? Comin' out t'night?
Purty little gals, aintcha comin' out t'night
Fer t'dance by the light o' the moon?

When the fiddle quieted we could hear katydids shrilling in the honey locust's branches, and a whip-poor-will crying farther afield. A hoot owl's maniacal laughter sounded from the barn lot. The moon raced for ragged black clouds, plunging within them to emerge on the other side and go chasing a flying wisp again. After Basil's silent wife and daughter went into the house, the old man's art assumed a more Rabelaisian flavor. With many mournful quavers and a great deal of adagio scraping, he cackled a ballad:

As I come up to the purty maid's winder;
As I come up to the purty maid's winder;
As I come up to the purty maid's winder;
Sing toor a la loo, sing toor a la bum.
There she lay a-snorin' and sleepin';
There she lay while I come a-creepin'.
Sing toor a la loo, sing toor a la bum.

The remainder of the ballad related how the venturous swain debated aloud with himself as to whether he should advance boldly or retreat. The maiden apparently spoke in her sleep to dissolve his inhibitions. The climax was tragic:

Come a sad day when she fell a-weepin';
And then she recalled that snorin' and sleepin'.
Sing toor a la loo, sing toor a la bum.

IV

On Sunday the shops of the village were closed. Only the churches were open. Ed and I ranged the woods aimlessly, throwing stones at squirrels and chipmunks. Heavy rains had broken the drought, but too late to do the farmers any good. In the woods falling leaves were carpeting the ground. This was a region of drift mines, burrowing horizontally into the hills. The hills were honey-combed with them, but they were all abandoned now. Some of them had caught fire; others were flooded with water. The burning mines had been known to smoulder for months and even years. Their soapstone and culm heaps exuded a phlegmy white liquid.

We were standing before one of the mines, sniffing the acrid scent of coal smoke and casting rocks within, when we heard a weird cry down the shaft and the patter of feet. Thinking we had aroused a wild cat, we started to run; but paused when we saw the epileptic half-wit of the graveyard come blinking out of the dark. His clothing was tattered and his matted hair studded with cinders. One jaw was swollen so badly that his lip lifted in a snarl, exposing inflamed gums.

"You hit me!" he accused, more plaintively than belligerently.

"I didn't aim to, buddy," Ed apologized. "Didn't expect nobody to be in that hole."

"I live there," the half-wit confided. "I live there since they covered my brother Paul up in the ditch. Before it turned so

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cold I slept under the trees, but it's warmer back there. My tooth hurts, but if I heat a rock in the fire and lay my face on it, it feels better. But I wish Paul was here. I have to find something to eat around farmhouses at night, and the dogs chase me. They tear my clothes and bite me."

"Nutty as a coon!" Ed whispered to me. "Ain't you got no place to stay, buddy?" he asked the half-wit.

"I guess I *am* crazy," was the reply. "Once they had me in a big house with bars, and when I had spells and cried they beat me. My head felt funny and I couldn't help it. But Paul got me out. He promised them he'd take care of me. We walk and walk places and he works on roads and jobs like the ditch. When I had bad spells, he hid me in the woods. Yesterday he started working on the pipe line. No, it wasn't yesterday! A long time."

Suddenly his face contorted fiercely and he shouted: "He's in that ditch! I started to tell them, but I had a spell. When I woke up I was afraid and ran away. But I know things sometimes. I went in the night to dig him up, but I happened to think he was dead and it wasn't no use. The dogs from the farmhouse came chasing me, and I ran away again."

"He's goin' off in a fit," muttered Ed, grasping the half-wit's arm. "Steady, buddy! We aim to help you. Take hold of yourself."

The half-wit relapsed into a throaty sobbing, and stood docilely.

"First thing off the bat," pursued Ed, "is to do something for that tooth and shave you. You need grub." He stood pondering. "You wouldn't like to go to town to a dentist?" he ventured cautiously.

The half-wit backed rapidly toward the cave. "No!" he screamed. "If they see me in town, they'll take me back! Let me alone!"

"Okay! Okay!" Ed soothed. "We'll fight 'em till we're sweaty as a bull before we'll let 'em take you back."

The half-wit sat down on a flat stone and began probing inside his mouth, fingering the sore tooth.

"It hurts awful," he whimpered, the tears coursing down his cheeks and trickling among his scant whiskers.

Ed went to the farmhouse, returning presently with some food, a pair of pliers, shaving soap, and a safety razor. Ed laid his patient down and placed a knee on his chest. "Open your mouth, buddy," he commanded. "This will hurt like billy hell, but try to keep still."

"I know it," said the half-wit firmly. "Paul pulled a tooth for me before. And you must keep your tongue out of the way or the pliers may slip and pinch a big blue blister on it."

The half-wit winced as the tooth tore out, but he arose quietly and spat blood in the creek. Then Ed lathered him and shaved him. He held his head obediently the way Ed put it.

V

By this time the Autumn rains had set in. Every day sodden earth and leaden sky seemed to merge in a sheet of water. "Cloudy all over and pourin' down in the middle," Ed said dejectedly one morning as he pulled aside the blind and prepared to draw on his still damp overalls. "They's sand in my joints. I feel it grit in my kneecaps and in my elbow joints. This goin' wet all the time is enough to kill a mule."

The relentless rain chapped our faces, filled our shoes, and wadded our sox in hard ridges. When we wore oilskins, we were steamed with sweat. Some of the men had rubber boots, but they puckered the feet till they resembled a washer-

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woman's thumb after a hard day's scrubbing. If we stood a moment in one spot, we kept slowly sinking in the muck, and when we drew our feet out, the mud yielded reluctantly, making a sound like the fadeout kiss in a talkie. The ditcher gummed up, and vibrated the spongy ground so that the ditch was always caving. Trucks mired down, their back wheels impotently spinning and throwing slush. One day the triumphant farmers saw the useless ditcher pulled to the gravelled highway, and they came swarming, their judgment vindicated.

Miles away across the valley we could see a low range of hills. The superintendent would ride up on his cayuse and try to encourage the faint-hearted. He pointed his quirt toward the misty ridges.

"Yon's the High Ground, bullies," he would say cheerily. "Up there in the High Ground they's a sandy soil that don't stick like this gumbo. Looks a little lighter there in the West, don't you think? These clouds are gonna break away. It won't rain no forty days and forty nights like it done in Scripture days. Lord promises you that every time you see a rainbow."

Then he would spur briskly on to another gang, but his cheerfulness didn't dry our clothes or lessen the weight of our soggy brogans.

Ed and I were carrying food to the half-wit regularly. One rainy night I awakened to hear something scraping over the window sill and moving in our room. A lightning flash revealed the intruder as our protégé. I arose hastily and lit the kerosene lamp. He stood shamefacedly, rivulets trickling from his dank hair, his clay-plastered feet hesitating in a pool of yellow water.

"Tonight I got to thinking of Paul in the ditch," he began. "Paul was always more particular than me. He wouldn't like that sand in his hair or the mud on his face. He made me wash every night. I felt like a spell coming on, so I come here. I didn't know any place else to go."

"Let him sleep here," Ed yawned. "Give him a pair of my pants and a shirt, but we'll have to get him out early so nobody'll see him."

With dry clothes on, the half-wit curled up in a blanket on the floor. Soon his cloudy eyes closed and he snored.

"What we gonna do with him finally?" Ed wondered miserably. "He smells like a wet dog, and he might wake up in the night in a fit and murder both of us."

Still pondering, we fell asleep. When we awoke in the morning, our guest was gone, leaving the borrowed shirt and pants and taking his own clothes. He had painstakingly scraped all the mud off the floor.

The ditch now caved in so frequently that the men who bolted the joints worked feverishly, their eyes riveted on the sides. Ed and I were working away when a loose rock plinked on the pipe.

"Better jump!" I cried. "That's a sign it's coming in."

"I got my eye on it," said Ed, manipulating the wrench rapidly. "Soon's I tighten this nut, it can cave and be damned."

But I clambered out. Suddenly the sides buckled, leaving Ed buried to his neck. He feigned unconcern. Fortunately, the dirt was loose and sandy.

"No harm done," he wheezed, "but dig me out, kid. It ain't right by the company I should be standin' here idle."

A dozen men had gathered, but the boss waved them back.

"Two!" he decreed positively. "Two can do more good than twenty. Just be in one another's way. Is it squeezin' you, lad?"

"Naw!" Ed scoffed valiantly. "Gimme a cigarette while I'm restin'."

Two of us set to digging furiously. Ed's

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eyes bulged and I thought that the blood would burst out of his face. Then his tongue protruded and pushed the unlit cigarette off his lip. But when we uncovered his chest, he breathed more freely.

"Keep that shovel outa my ribs!" he cried gaily.

But when he was completely uncovered he could not walk. We carried him to the farmhouse. The next morning he could hobble around, but he was unable to work for two days.

The farmers didn't seem to mind the mud. They spat on their calloused hands and dug like gophers. At noon they ate a pone of cornbread and drank a fruit jar full of blue skimmed milk. They sold the cream. We older hands were playing out, and we resented their energy. Only the prospect of the High Ground and better digging rowelled our jaded spirits.

VI

"I just wanted to show you this," said the half-wit the next Sunday. He had led us to the graveyard. The ditch had been levelled to leave a symmetrical mound, and at the head of it there stood a flat sandrock carried from the creek. "Paul Stafford" was scratched on it.

"You got the S backwards," Ed said critically, but he was more agitated than he appeared. A suspicion that the half-wit's brother was really buried in the ditch had been growing on him.

"I carried sod from the creek because the clay looked so bare," the half-wit went on. "Now all I want to know is that you believe he's here. I know things sometimes. I saw him buried. But he's in a graveyard, anyway, and I wouldn't have known how to get him a nice funeral, anyway."

"Sure, buddy, we believe he's here," reassured Ed, with a sickly smile.

"That's all I want to know," cried the half-wit joyfully. "I been wanting to give you something, but I didn't have anything. But I looked for these, and they were hard to find because so many are wormy. You can tell the wormy ones because there's a little black hole in them."

He paused and fumbled in his coat, withdrawing a greasy paper bag in which we had once carried food to him from the farmhouse.

"Maybe you'll like these," he said hesitatingly, as though afraid of being rebuffed. The sack was full of hickory nuts.

"Sure, buddy, I like 'em swell. Much obliged," said Ed, picking up a rock and cracking one of the nuts on a tombstone. A fat white worm with a yellow head squirmed from the kernel. Ed swept it quickly into his hand and held it so the half-wit could not see. He had turned away, and was walking quickly.

"Good bye, then," he called back, breaking into a run. "Water broke in the mine and put the fire out. It's cold in there now. But I know how to keep hid. I know things sometimes, and my head's quit buzzing."

"Hey!" shouted Ed. "Wait a minute!"

But the half-wit was gathering speed. He vanished in the brush, and Ed came back to resume his nut cracking.

"Maybe his brother *is* buried here," he said after a while.

"The timekeeper said nobody was missing," I reminded him.

"Supposin' he just started that morning. A new man don't have a badge till the timekeeper makes his first round, and he hadn't checked up yet that morning. He goes by the badges."

"What can we do?" I asked, troubled.

"Why should we try to do anything?" said Ed, cracking another hickory nut and finding a worm in it, too.

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VII

"Hey!" said Ed indignantly the next day. "You know what? That High Ground business is just a fake. Old Pus-Gut has been horsin' us to a standstill with that boloney. A floater just pulled in and he come by the way of the High Ground. They's another crew over there with a ditcher, and they're about to the top of the hill a'ready. I'll be cow-kicked if I waller in this mess another hour!"

I was cleaning the gluey clay off my shovel with a putty knife, and I threw both down. All of the old hands palpitated with righteous wrath; they gathered in gesticulating knots. When the optimistic superintendent rode up to upbraid us for loafing we confronted him with the evidence of his perfidy. At a loss for an answer, he cantered away. We pelted him with mud balls and hurled sulphurous curses after him. He flung back a Parthian shot: "If you don't like the job, there's plenty of other men anxious to work."

And so it turned out. The farmers stuck sullenly to their posts. Along the muddy banks of the ditch the shovels rose and fell. The farmers worked grimly to show that they could succeed where the ditching machine had failed.

"You city guys c'n quit if you want to," said one of them. "You think this job is tough titty, but we got worse the year round and we never see a cent of money. Come a good crop year, you get nothin' for what you raise; come a year like this, when everything's burned to a cinder, and still you got nothin'. Fight the cussed chinch bugs, fight the corn borers! On this job you can anyways rest when you go to bed at night and know that what you made is yourn."

The farmers humped resolutely to their shovelling. The phantasmagoria of the High Ground had never excited them: they never expected anything and were never disappointed. We old hands were standing aside—spectators now. The job moved on without us and left us cleaning the mud off our shoes. Our feet were pounds lighter as we sloshed across the fields, but we were still sore about that High Ground hooey the super had fed us.

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THE LIFE OF LAURA JEETER

BY DOROTHY THOMAS

MA JEETER, the old woman in whose home I boarded the year I taught the Clay Creek school, used to talk to me about the love affairs of her six daughters while she lurched her heavy body about the kitchen on her gas-pipe crutch. One Saturday morning when she was working bread, I noticed that she opened the flour bin, under the kitchen table, by putting her foot on a lever near the floor.

"That's pretty nice," I said.

Ma sniffed, and turned and looked at me with her one eye. "It's a handy fixin'," she said, "but I don't get the pleasure out of it I might. Fred, my Laura's man, rigged it up for me. It took him two whole days to make it and I got tired to the bone havin' him under foot along with all the clutter he made, and all his talk I had to listen to. Laura's got used to it, I guess, but I ain't, and I don't think I ever will.

"My Bell's man tinkers too, and so did Harper, a man we had on the place here one year, but Bell's man keeps his mouth shut while he tinkers, and goes off to the barn or some place by hisself to do it, and Harper, he'd just go out on the stoop and whittle a little, and sweep up his own mess if he made one, and come in with whatever he was fixin' fixed, and say, 'Here you are, Mrs. Jeeter,' and it would work too, and that's all there'd be to it.

"But Fred, Laura's man, has to puff and sweat around all over the place, workin' out loud all the endurin' time, and after you been wadin' through the clutter he makes several days, and he gets it done, you got to listen to him show off how good it works. It ain't right to pick on him, though. He's a good man and he's good as he knows how to be to Laura and the children. A man can't help it if he turns out to be like his mother, and that's all that's the matter with Fred.

"That woman! Teacher, I wish you could've seen her, Old Mrs. Swartz. Some of Ella's man's cousins was here one time visitin'. They was from over in Iowa. We got to tellin' 'em about Old Lady Swartz and all she done, and they thought we was just stuffin' 'em. It was true, though, and there's plenty more'n we told. She's dead now.

"They was Germans, come over from the old country. He was a fine man, Pa always said, a mighty hard worker, and kept his place up so nice, and was real good natured but quiet. Mrs. Swartz she didn't go no place or see nobody, and I was sorry and would've gone over to see her if I'd had the time, but then all the children was little and goin' any place was an awful chore, but I'd always ask about her.

"When her man had lockjaw, Pa went over and sat up with him as many nights as any of their close neighbors did, and more. And then, he come to find out, the old woman wasn't just bashful because she couldn't speak nothin' but Dutch, but she was stuck up and standoffish because her

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grandfather over in the old country, and dead I don't know how long, was an inventor and made things up outa his head. She said he'd even had supper at the Kaiser's, or somethin' like that, and I don't know what all. She said it was in the blood and Fred was goin' to be one of 'em too. Henry, she said, was like his father and could go ahead and farm. That was when they was little fellows in short pants yet.

"Well, a little while after Swartz died she got to feelin' bad and her legs went back on her and she took to her bed and never stood on her feet again. The boys, they had to do all the farmin' by themselves, and they wasn't more'n fifteen or sixteen, and there wasn't money enough so she could send Fred off to school to learn inventin'.

"She just lay there all day long, thinkin' up things for them boys to do when they come in at night, to rig up that room for her. They'd have to work half the night, Fred and Henry, fixin' for her. Teacher, I wish you could've seen that room and her bed out in the middle of it. It didn't look like anything I ever seen unless it was a Punch and Judy. She had about two dozen strings run through staples drove in the ceiling, and different colored harness rings tied on to the end of every one of 'em, and hangin' close down over her bed so she could put up her hand and grab hold of one of 'em, without budgin' the rest of her. She'd pull on one and it'd ring a little bell out in the kitchen and Laura'd have to leave whatever she was doin' and come runnin' to see what it was she wanted. Laura was workin' for 'em. They'd always had a girl in the house, ever since the old lady was took bad. The boys was both of 'em of age before Laura went over there.

"Most of the time when Mrs. Swartz'd ring for Laura she didn't really want nothin', she just wanted noticin', like a baby, and when Laura'd come in she'd wrinkle up her little peewee of a nose and say in German, 'Ain't somethin' scorchin', Laura? I thought I smelled somethin' burnin'.' Laura's far and away the best cook we got, and she wouldn't ever set in no kitchen and leave somethin' boil dry right under her nose no more'n anything, and the old lady knew it. She just wanted to bother. She had two pair of ear-rings in her ears hangin' one inside the other, with separate piercin's, and when Laura'd say 'No, there ain't nothin' burnin',' the old lady'd bat her eyes, give her head a little jerk to set them earrings jingin' against each other and say, 'Nein?'

"She had a little table fixed on to the bed post with a swivel so's she could swing it up and around in front of her to eat off of and write letters on in German. They had just three little cherry trees, and later on, in cherry time, she made the boys rig up three little sheep bells in those three trees, with strings runnin' in at the window—tore the screen bad and Henry had to mend it—and every time she'd hear a tweet she'd yank on them bell-strings to scare the birds away, and lie there and cackle to herself.

"When she wasn't yankin' on that string to fetch Laura in, she was pullin' on the others, one to turn on the light over her bed, and one that went out through a hole bored clean through the outside wall of the house and run on out to the windmill where she had a full size cowbell, to call the boys in from the field or wherever they was. When she'd ring that bell they'd have to both come a runnin'. They got provoked about that and told her she wasn't ever to ring it exceptin' for meals and when she wanted somethin' extra special, so after that she'd go ahead and ring it anyhow, every so often, and when they come in she'd let on like she was

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dyin', just for an excuse, and Fred, he got tired of it and brung down an old horn that had been his Pa's and swung it up over her bed for her to blow on and play with, so as to have somethin' to do, and she got so's she could play a whole parade tune on it.

"She said she didn't have the strength to mend, or peel potatoes, or anything like that, but she always had plenty of wind for blowin', and lyin' there in bed all the time, like she was, she'd sleep any time she took a notion, not payin' much attention to day or night, and sometimes after she'd slept half the day she'd lie awake fidgitin' at night. Then she'd turn on the light and pull that horn down to her, and the other fixin' that held the music-piece, and start tootin' away in the middle of the night. Laura said it was enough to make you jump right outa bed, to be woke up like that. But the boys, they wouldn't even scold her.

"She run the two of 'em. Henry, she didn't pay so much attention to, but Fred she fussed over all the time, and both of 'em she bossed. An old person like that can be more provokin' than any young un could think up to be, and what she done at first wasn't nothin' compared to what she done after she seen both the boys was gone on Laura.

II

"I suppose I shouldn't've ever let Laura go over there to work like that, with two grown men in the house and the only woman on the place flat on her back, but they was real nice people, the Swartzes, everybody said, and they'd always had a girl for years, and nothin' ever come of it that was out of the way, and I went over with her myself when Fred come over to ask could she come, and it locked all right to me. The boys, they both slept upstairs, and her room was downstairs and off the kitchen with just that one room between her and the old lady's, and a good latch on the inside if ever one of 'em should take a notion into their heads to get funny. Anyway, after my Ella got in trouble, I just felt like that sort of thing was over and done with in this fam'ly, like you think lightnin' ain't likely to strike twice in the same place. They was both such fine lookin' boys, though I like Henry a lot the best, and I knew they'd be lookin' out for somebody to marry most any time along then, and I thought Laura might take a notion to one of 'em. She was a mighty pretty girl then.

"When she was little she wasn't so pretty as some of the others 'cause she was the only one to have straight, thready hair, and the only one to freckle up bad in the Summer. I was kinda sorry for her beside the rest of 'em. She was an awful good child, though. Lizzie, just younger'n her, used to pull her hair sometimes when she was too little to be spanked hard for it, and Laura'd never fight back. She'd grab hold of Lizzie's wrists to slack the pullin' what she could, and yell for Ella or me to come make her leave loose of her, but she wouldn't never cuff her one like another child would, or pull hair back. And when she got older and started to school, she'd give up things that was hers by rights, things she wanted real bad, and keep still about it. Good? Next to Ella, she's the best girl I got, but she lets her kids run over her more'n I like to see.

"Laura grew up real pretty, and her freckles didn't seem to take away from her looks at all. Her hair has darkened up some now, but when she went over there to work for the Swartzes it was brownish yellow, and she put it up in two big braids wound 'round her head, and the top

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brushed smooth so it shined like brass. Her cheeks was so red, on anybody else you'd think they had a fever. Laura is an awful good ironer, and she likes green gingham better'n any other house-dress goods, and when you'd see her in a clean apron, starched and ironed slick as glass, and her hair smooth and bright like it was, standin' at the stove stirrin' a skilletful of fried potatoes, you'd see how it was them boys was both gone on her like they was.

"They was real nice and respectable to her, though. Fred was always stickin' 'round the kitchen all he could, wantin' to do things to make the work easier for her, and talkin' and talkin', but it was Henry brung in the cobs and kept the water pails full and the swill bucket emptied. After supper Fred'd talk to her while she washed the dishes, and Henry'd set there by the stove with his hands hangin' down to his sides, followin' her 'round with his eyes and never sayin' a word.

"The old lady, she liked Laura better'n any girl she'd ever had on the place, for workin' and cookin' and for gettin' on with, too, but she was jealous as sin of those boys, 'specially Fred, likin' her the way they did. Every minute they was in the house she wanted 'em in her room, settin' by her bed listenin' to her play that horn, or to hear her tellin' how bad her back ached her, and what she'd like for 'em to fix up for her, more.

"That Spring Fred—the old lady always called him Fritz—whacked a barrel to pieces and made a hammock out of it to please Laura. He done all the work on it out to the barn, but the old lady caught on somehow he was doin' somethin' for Laura, and she took her mad out on her. She'd call her in forty times a day, and wasn't pleased with anything she done for her, or anything she cooked, and she was mean enough to say she'd ironed wrinkles in the pillow cases. Lena and Lizzie wouldn't ever of took off of anybody what she took off that old woman, and I know good and well Evie wouldn't of took it an hour, but Laura's smooth-tempered and she never sassed back or stood up for herself.

"Nights it wasn't too cool, as Spring come on, she'd go out and set in the hammock, and both those boys'd come out and set with her, Fred on one side, goin' on like he does, and Henry on the other, settin' with one hand on his knees and the other out on the back side of the hammock behind her, so if Fred'd make the least little move like he was goin' to put an arm 'round her Henry's hand'd come clamp on his wrist, but Henry, he never started nothin' hisself.

"Laura said it made her feel kinda foolish, always havin' two of 'em there like that, but she didn't know nothin' to do about it. Lizzie or Bell would've knowed what to do, once they'd made up their mind which one it was they wanted, but some girls is helpless 'round the man they want and never take nothin' into their own hands. That's Laura!

"Those boys wouldn't either of 'em let the other one be alone in the house with Laura a minute. If one of 'em come in for a drink, even, the other one come, too. They didn't laugh or joke 'round about it neither. Fred, he could see how silly it looked, but he never dared to grin or say nothin' or Henry would've hit him. Fred's no midget, like you can see, but Henry was a broader man than him.

"They had one of them electric light systems, the first there was 'round here, and Fred was always the one to see to it and be tinkerin' with it, but if he took a notion to monkey with it, Henry stayed right by him. Once they was out in the field, and Fred let on he was sick and had

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to go to bed, and Henry went right with him and seen to it he went right upstairs, and went up and sat on his bed. He didn't show no shame for lettin' Laura see he didn't trust Fred alone with her.

"They must've had words. Fred's never told her, but one night he come in with his face all swole under his eye, and after that he didn't come runnin' to the house so often, and Henry got some good out of him with the work. But Fred begun to ferget his lickin' pretty soon, and would come hangin' 'round makin' love to her. Once he grabs her quick and kissed her right there in the kitchen while Henry's back was to 'em at the washstand and his face in the towel. Time Henry'd turned 'round, he'd let go her and sprung away, and Laura kept still cause she didn't want 'em to fight.

III

"Then May come on. Seems to me weather's got more to do with everything than anything else. We had the nicest Spring that year. Rained most every night, a little, and always clear by morning. Just one good wash day after another, the sky blue as a shirt, and the oats springin' right out of the ground.

"Laura put in a strip of sweet peas and some other flowers, and Henry dug the trench for her and brung up the manure from the barn to fill it, and she said he was so nice to work 'round with. She wore one of his old hats to keep off the sun 'cause she freckles up so easy. They didn't talk none, nor anything, but she said she thought she'd never had so much fun at anything as she had spadin' and plantin' that flower strip.

"Fred was sore 'cause Henry helped her with the flowers, and he got worse than he was before, grabbin' her in the stairway when she was coming down from makin' the bed upstairs, and she was always havin' to shove him away and run into the old lady's room to get away from him. He wouldn't keep his hands off her. She held out and held out, and then one Sunday after she'd got through with the dishes, she slipped out and run away down to the creek, where they couldn't see her from the house, and picked a lot of violets, and then followed the creek along down to where the woods begins, and hid away in the plum thicket to rest awhile and get her breath from all that love makin'.

"But a plum thicket, that time of year, ain't no place to run to get over nothin' like that. Bees shinin' and buzzin' over it to make you giddy, every bush just white, and the smell! Teacher, there ain't nothin' like it. She was settin' there in the grass with all the violets in her lap, fixin' 'em over into a bouquet to tie 'em up with a grass blade and take home to put on the supper table, and the bushes started shakin', and there come Fred through the thicket and caught her 'fore she could get to her feet to run.

"Laura was a good girl. She was just sick when she thought back on how she'd forgot all that happened to Ella, and everything, and give in to him, and she wouldn't have nothin' more to do with him. She couldn't lift her head to look at Henry, she felt so bad. She kept to the house all the time and wouldn't even go out to gather the eggs. If one of 'em left her alone with the other one so much as a minute she'd drop whatever she was doin' and run to the old lady, and she wouldn't go near the hammock.

"Henry got the notion she didn't like him neither, any more. He'd look at her so sad at the table she couldn't eat. She didn't see how she could go on, everything like it was, but she hated to just quit and

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go home and she didn't know what to do.

"Then hot weather come on and it was awful. She hung up sheets in the old lady's room wrung out a cold water 'bout a dozen times a day, and'd take 'em down dry as a bone. It cooled it some, but not much. The boys drove to town every other day and brung out ice to keep in the cellar so their mother could have it in her beer. She had to have her beer every day. But she complained and complained and Laura was awful sorry for her.

"Nights it was so hot in Laura's little room she'd just smother, and couldn't hardly draw her breath. Her room was under the low part of the kitchen roof, just one little window, high up, and she couldn't leave her door open. Then, in the middle of the night, after she'd got to sleep at last, Fred'd come paddin' down the stairs and begin tappin' soft on her door and callin' in a whisper, and she'd raise up on her elbows and lie there so quiet it hurt, listenin' and holdin' her breath. He didn't dare push off the latch, though he could've with one hand if he'd tried, 'cause he was afraid of wakin' Henry or the old lady if he made any noise.

"And if the old lady quit snorin' he'd go sneakin' back to the stairs, and if she says, 'That you, Fred?' he'd go over to the water pail and rattle the dipper and get hisself a drink and ask the old lady if she'd like one too, and bring her one, and Laura'd hear her gulpin' it down and smackin' over it and sayin' in German he was a good boy, and Laura so dry, with the heat and bein' so scared and all, and she'd lie there in that stuffy little room, after she'd heard him go back upstairs, wonderin' if she'd dare go on out in the kitchen and get herself a drink, and be afraid to try it and fall asleep at last and dream he'd come back and got the latch slid and was comin' in without a sound and was sneakin' over to her, and she'd wake up not sure whether 'twas real or she'd dreamed it, and'd lie there strainin' her ears listenin', holdin' her breath and lookin' through the dark, and'd make herself get up out a bed and go feelin' over to the door with her hands for the lock and knowed for sure it was latched yet, and go back and got in bed.

"She said for a week at a time she'd get just little snatches of sleep like that and have to get up early and work all day, cookin', trottin', and doin' for that old woman, and all them bells jangin' 'til she was like to stagger. That's hard on a young girl that's hardly more'n got her full growth, do you know it?

IV

"One night in the middle of July the old lady said they'd have a party 'cause it was her birthday. She made Laura get out of her trunk a little old red satin waist she had from when she was a girl in Germany, had flutin' all 'round the neck and sleeves and the bottom. She had Laura get her into it over her gown. It wouldn't go more than half way 'round her, and the sleeves was so tight she could just squeeze into 'em and that was all, but she would have it on. And she sent Henry down cellar to bring up some wild grape wine she'd made when they first come out here, before either of the boys was born, and told Laura to get down the little red wine glasses that was in the top of the cupboard, and she swung the little table that was swivelled to the bedpost 'round in front of her and had Laura lay a drawed-work napkin on it and bring in the cookies she'd made that day.

"Laura said she'd've stirred a cake, and glad to do it, if the old lady had said it was her birthday, but she never even remembered it herself 'til after supper.

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Laura wouldn't ever drink the beer 'cause she didn't like it, but she drunk some of the wine 'cause it was the old lady's birthday. It stung all the way down, she said, and after a little she had some more and it wasn't so bad, and when she'd had a third, she begun to like it. They're the littlest glasses you ever saw. You remember to have Laura show 'em to you when you go over, if her little girls haven't got 'em down to play with and broke 'em.

"The old lady made Fred get out his accordion and play for her, and she tried playin' her horn and just couldn't manage it, said she was afraid she'd split her sleeves more, and give it up. Then she had Henry plump up her pillows and laid back, noddin' her head to the music, clickin' them ear rings, and clappin' her hands, raisin' her shoulders and flickin' the crumbs off the sheet—that was all she had over her—with the tips of her fingers.

"Then she remembered she ought to have a candle 'cause it was her birthday. They was in a box on the top of the cupboard. Laura clumb up on a chair to get 'em but she was so unsteady she couldn't leave go the back of the chair and stand up straight to reach, and stood there laughin' and Henry, he come and held her 'round the knees and both of 'em laughed hard, and he laid his head against her side, and that was the first time he ever touched her.

"She got the box down and the candles was all run and stuck together with the heat, and they broke 'em apart and put two in saucers and brung 'em in and had 'em on that swingin' table either side the bottle. It wasn't no little bottle like for ketchup but a great big bottle the same shape. The old lady told the boys to drink from the bottle and they did, and Laura had another of them little glasses.

"Henry come over to where Laura was and grabbed her 'round the waist, and when she seen he wanted to dance she was glad and willin' and they danced round and round the bed that was out in the middle of the floor, like I told you, and when they'd get behind the head of the bedstead he'd hold her close and kiss her. First he kissed her quick, and then he'd kiss her longer, and they'd be a long time comin' dancin' out from behind the bed and Fred, he caught on. Maybe the candle threw a shadow or somethin', anyway he threw the accordion down on the bed and said he wouldn't play no more, and his mother begin to cry a little and says 'Play, Fritz, please play!', in German, and Henry looks over Laura's shoulder and says, 'Ya, you play', and Fred went on playin' and his mother smilin' and cryin' and clappin' her hands. It was so hot they was all just drenched with sweat, Laura too, and all to once the old lady got sleepy and had 'em all take another sip of the wine and made 'em all kiss her, Laura too, and sent 'em off to bed.

"It was so hot in her little room, Laura couldn't get to sleep at all. She was all giddy in the head too, and lay there tossin'. Last she couldn't stand it no more and got up and took a comfort and went out in her bare feet and her gown, careful not to wake the old lady, and went 'round on the side of the house where the hammock was and folded the comfort and lay down. The moon was like day and she laid there lookin' up at the cottonwood over her and couldn't get to sleep. Hot? It was one of them godawful nights and not enough air to turn a cottonwood leaf over that was on edge a'ready. She laid there just sweatin' and turnin' and turnin', and her head all funny. She looked and seen she had a blue flower pattern all over her shoulder where the print pattern of the comfort had come off on her, she was sweatin' so.

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"The moon was sinkin' down and she begun to cry for nothin', and then after awhile she went to sleep, and when she woke up someone was kissin' her and she didn't know right sure who, or where she was at, or nothin'. All that wine, and a night like that, and her not eighteen 'til the twenty-sixth of February!

"He come inside 'fore it begun to get light and went back upstairs, and when the sun woke her up, and she come in with the comfort wrapped 'round her, the old lady rung the kitchen bell and begun to yell for her like everything. Laura went in with the comfort still 'round her, and the old woman yells in German she's a bad girl and to get out and leave her boys alone, and the boys upstairs, they heard her and come runnin' down, both of 'em, in their sock feet, and fastenin' their overall suspenders as they come, and she yells at Fred how he come sneakin' back in the house afore sunup from bein' out there with Laura in that hammock.

"Fred drops his jaw and says, why, he never, and Henry just stood there lookin' at Laura all wrapped up in that comfort, and her hair down. Fred looked at Henry lookin' at Laura like that and goes to his ma and takes both her hands she was wavin' 'round and told her it was him all right, and that he wanted to marry Laura. The old lady yanks her hands loose and rolls right off the bed and Fred catched her and rolled her back on it. Henry never moved from where he was, and kept on lookin' at Laura like she'd done him a wrong. She'd thought sure it was him, but she couldn't remember anything clear, and him not sayin' nothin', and Fred swearin' up and down it was him, she didn't know what to do.

"All to once she didn't see how she could stand it any longer, the lot of them Swartzes, Fred and the old woman carryin' on like that, and Henry lookin' at her like she'd tricked him or somethin'. Her head was so tired, and what she wanted most of all was to lay down some place where it was quiet and get her sleep out once. She run out in the kitchen and rung our ring and one of the little girls answered, and she told her Pete was to come over and get her right away, and went on in her room and latched the door and put on her clothes, and throwed her stuff into the suitcase, and leaned against the door and held her head to shut out the old lady's yellin', and stayed there 'til Pete come.

V

"The boys was both 'shamed of the old lady, yellin' like that in front of Laura's brother when he come, and let Laura go with him without any talk, but Henry still looked after her like she was to blame, and like he thought she ought to say somethin'.

"When they got home she went upstairs and the little girls come down tellin' she wouldn't let 'em in. I went up pretty soon and she told me all about it. I was for goin' right over there and tellin' the old lady how it was, and gettin' it fixed up with Henry, and she cried hard and said she couldn't leave me do that just yet, that she wasn't sure it was Henry, and that even if it was, she wasn't ready to tell him 'bout Fred, that other time, and anyway she was sick of the whole bunch of 'em and what she wanted was to go to sleep where she wouldn't be scared and sleep as long as she could.

"I come up twice't to look at her sleepin' and she looked so gaunt I was scared. I never seen one of my girls look as bad as she did. She slept till I was 'fraid she wasn't never goin' to wake up.

"A couple a days later Fred come over apologizin' like everything for his mother

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actin' like that and beggin' for Laura to come back. It was Summer, like I said, and Laura was restin' in the teacher's room, and I heard her get off the bed and come over to the stovepipe hole to listen. I hollered up and asked her if she wanted me to go over there with him, and she said no, she didn't want to go over. Then Fred begged some more and said he couldn't go on doin' everything by hisself, tendin' to the work, and feedin' and liftin' the old lady, and everything. And Laura says, 'What's wrong with Henry?' and he says Henry's gone away, and they don't know where.

"She wouldn't go, and told him he could get somebody else to mind his mother, and he got a girl out from town. Laura just kinda dragged 'round the next few weeks like she was gettin' over a fever, and I was worried sick about her. Then we had threshers and she worked hard helpin' me and Ella with the cookin', and while we was fixin' a boiler full of roastin' ears, she begun to cry and told me and Ella she was scared she was caught.

"In the evenin' it rained hard and the yard was just rivers, runnin' down to the road. After supper Fred come sploshin' up on one of his work horses and Laura went out on to the stoop to talk with him and took down a old case-knife that was stuck up in under the sidin', for him to clean his shoes off with, and he stood there cleanin' his shoes and told her Henry'd wrote 'em a letter that he was in the Navy and wasn't comin' back, and that Laura could marry Fred, since she wanted him.

"Fred stood there blubberin' and tellin' her over and over again how bad things was goin', and that his mother wanted her, too, bad, and wouldn't she come back to 'em whether she'd marry him or not, and he'd promise to leave her be, and she said she'd go and she'd marry him too.

"She could've had a wedding all right but she said she didn't have no heart for it, and they went to town and was married in the courthouse.

"Her baby come so little ahead of time it wasn't hardly noticeable.

"Old Mrs. Swartz was mighty glad to have her back and said she was sorry for all she said, and the wine must of upset her liver. She lived three years after Laura and Fred was married, and was an awful care. She was good to Laura and mean by turns. Laura made her stop tootin' that horn, though, and ringin' bells willy-nilly, after the baby come. Her baby was just as strong and healthy as could be, but can't any baby sleep with rackets like that goin' on.

"She wouldn't sleep upstairs, Laura wouldn't, and made Fred move all the furniture that was in their front room out into the dining-room, they always et in the kitchen anyway, and fixed the front room up for a real nice bedroom, sent off for a whole enameled bedroom set with two dressers, one with a lookin' glass and one without, to match the bed, and the best set of bed springs you ever saw. Laura said she was goin' to get some sleep in that house even if they had to do without a tractor.

"All four of Laura's babies is husky, but little Henry is the strongest. He's not talkie like the twins is, or the baby.

VI

"Big Henry come home once to visit, wearin' one of them sailor suits that's so tight in the seat, and a little cap and tie. Laura hardly left the stove, cookin' for him. He stayed three days and Fred, he never went out to the field at all, just sit in the kitchen, to hear Henry talk, he said, but Henry never said anything more'n he used to. He took an awful shine to Laura's

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boy that she'd named after him. Laura's got a whole cigar box of picture post-cards he's sent the little fellow from China and places so far off you wouldn't believe.

"Laura never says a word against Fred, and the fuss he makes to please her you'd think they wasn't married yet. There ain't none of the men that's married to our girls ever got tired of 'em, for that matter, but Fred acts like a beau 'round her yet. He works awful hard on the place. Henry's goin' away and leavin' everything for him to have the run of was the best thing that ever happened to him. He pitched right in. The house is full of conveniences he's fixed up for her to lighten the work. Don't be surprised, Teacher, when you go over there, if he leads you 'round all over the house, explainin' everything like it was a Fair Grounds building.

"Laura's proud of her place too. They're the best fixed, next to Ella, of any of 'em. She sets an awful good table and Fred lets her have plenty to do with. She's got four mighty fine kids, and the only twins there is among us. She's partial to the boy, though, and I don't blame her a lot. He's good to mind and the little girls ain't. She gets a lot of comfort out a him. She's awful good to her children but she ain't such a hand with 'em quite, as Ella.

"Laura's the best cook they is, but get her away from a cook-stove and she looks at you kinda wildered, like things wasn't goin' to come out at all the way she'd like 'em to, but she couldn't help it. If there's any of 'em I get sick-sorry thinkin' about it's Laura.

"When I think how we drove over there to Swartzes that first day, and how she hugged me and kinda hung on to me a little when we left, and how I had a feelin' then I hadn't ought to go and leave her there like that, but just told her to be a good girl and work hard, and then drove away, I have to cry."

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THE MUSIC ROOM

ON THE ALLEGED STEALINGS OF GREAT COMPOSERS

By Ernest Newman

Some time ago an English journalist reported, on the high authority of a tenor, how Toscanini one day sat down at the piano and showed a friend how Wagner "used the same chords to express the word *mother* in all his operas, from 'Rienzi' to 'Parsifal.'" So far as I remember, the word *mother* does not occur once in "Rienzi"; nor in "The Flying Dutchman"; nor in "Tannhäuser"; nor in "Lohengrin"; nor in "Das Rheingold"; nor in "Die Meistersinger." It may be that I have overlooked an instance or two; but at the moment I do not think so. Toscanini, therefore, could hardly have done what he is alleged to have done. I can see, however, this legend going round the musical world for years to come.

Rousseau tells us how the scientific world in the Eighteenth Century was shaken to its foundations by the discovery that a boy in Silesia had been born with a golden tooth. Learned books were written about the phenomenon; papers were read before learned societies. At last it occurred to someone or other, more skeptical than the rest, to go to the village in Silesia that was said to have been the scene of Nature's experiment in auriferous dentition; whereupon it was found that the boy's teeth were all composed of the usual substance. But I am sure the legend was believed for many years after that in France. And so will it be with this story of Wagner and the *mother*-chords.

Precisely what Toscanini really did on that occasion I do not know; but presumably he was demonstrating a characteristic of musical psychology to which I have more than once drawn attention—the practical certainty that whenever a composer happens to be in a particular mood, he will unconsciously revert to a formula which, for him, is the basic expression for that mood. This is not quite the same thing as thematic coincidence; in hundreds of instances that could be cited the melodies are externally so different that their consanguinity has never been suspected. It is only when we have isolated the basic formula that we discover that hundreds of phrases apparently quite dissimilar can all be resolved back into it.

There has been a good deal of not very intelligent talk about the "borrowings" of one composer from another, on the strength of a similarity of melodic outline between a phrase in one and a phrase in another. The coincidence-hunters and the would-be restorers of stolen property have not seen that, from the very constitution of the musical scale, different composers will often write virtually the same succession of notes for quite different reasons. Mendelssohn is accused of having echoed, in the phrase marked A in the following quotation (taken from the Italian Symphony), a phrase (B) from Beethoven's Eroica, and Wagner, in turn (C), of having derived a melody in the prelude to the third act of "Lohengrin" from either Beethoven or Mendelssohn, or both. But this is a very common sequence of notes, such as might occur to any composer with the

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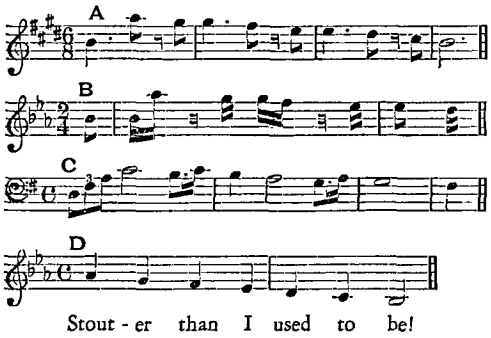
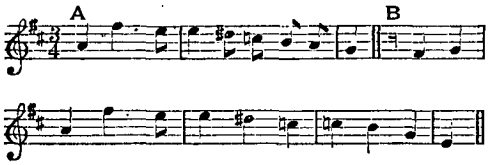
chord of the dominant seventh in the forefront of his mind: Sullivan, for instance, employs it in "Patience" to express one of the woes of poor Jane (D):



Commentators who have disliked Wagner have been at great pains to demonstrate, as they imagine, that he stole most of his themes from other composers; even Berlioz was foolish enough to hint that the theme of the Wedding Chorus in "Lohengrin" was derived from Boïeldieu's "Les Deux Nuits"—on the strength of a chord and an accent that are the commonest small change of music! We are solemnly asked to believe, even, that in this same work of Boïeldieu's, of which Wagner had probably never heard, is to be found the inspiration for a well-known passage in "Tristan"!

The people who tell us that Wagner stole his Treaty motive (in the "Ring") from Liszt's piano sonata have not gone into this grave matter deeply enough: had they probed a little further, they would have discovered that, on their own theory of "theft," Liszt himself must have stolen the theme from the overture to Cherubini's "Water-Carrier." And everyone knows the similarity—quite superficial and utterly misleading, as I shall show later—between a theme in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" overture and a passage in "Die Meistersinger"; another instance, of course, of Wagner's thieving!

But just as the theory of the Baconian cipher in Shakespeare can be reduced to absurdity by the demonstration of half a dozen other ciphers, so the theory of Wagnerian borrowings can be reduced to an absurdity by pointing out coincidences in the case of other composers in which there cannot be any question whatever of borrowing. It is extremely improbable, for instance, that either Wagner or Johann Strauss had ever heard even the title of Boïeldieu's "Les Deux Nuits." Yet the following passage from that work (A)



which has been solemnly described as exhibiting "a sudden harmonic darkening that presages from afar the sententious style of Wagner," appears also (B) in "Der Zigeunerbaron."

One might go on in this strain *ad infinitum*: the resemblances are all true, and to dwell upon them is arrant foolishness. Composers do not borrow or steal from each other like this; what they really do is much more interesting and more curious—they steal from themselves, in utter unconsciousness that they are so doing. If, a hundred times in the course of their lives, they are faced with the same problem of expression, they will almost certainly use, all hundred times, what I have called the same basic formula.

In the "Blue Danube" waltz there is a little melodic curve which the superficial reminiscence-hunter would say has been echoed by Richard Strauss in a love-theme of his "Don Juan." But when you look into the matter you see that this curve is rooted, as it were, in Richard's psychic protoplasm; for him it answers to a mood

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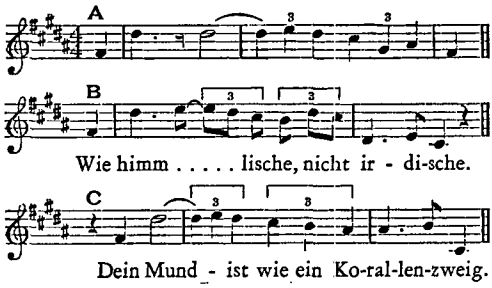
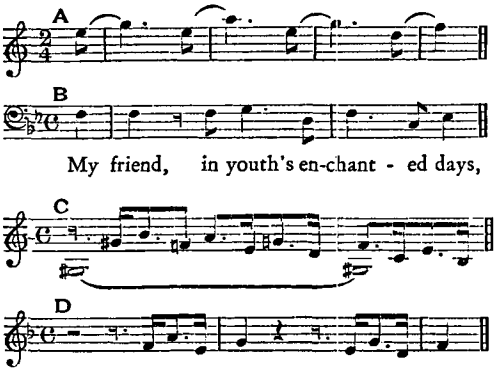
of high ecstasy. The "Don Juan" phrase is given as A of the next quotation. By its side I place two other Strauss themes, transposed, for the convenience of the reader, into the same key as A: B is the ecstatic cry of Sophie when she first sees Octavian; C expresses the erotic madness of Salomé as she thinks of the forbidden lips of the Baptist:



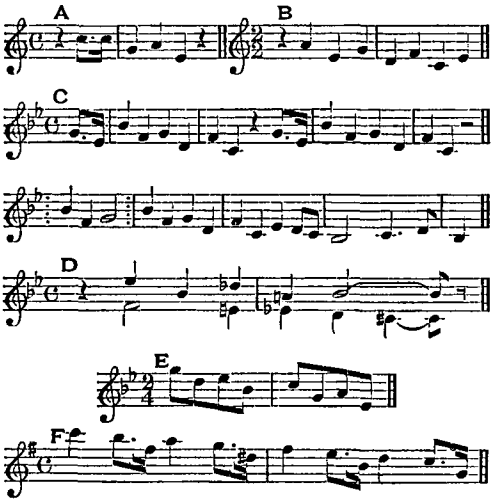
To show the absurdity of the "reminiscence"-hunting that looks merely at the pitches of the notes, without taking into consideration the really vital thing, the idea of which the notes are merely the outward symbol, let us return to the case of Nicolai and Wagner.

In the example following, A shows the passage in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" overture from which, it is alleged, Wagner derived a passage (B) in the third act of "Die Meistersinger":



The feature common to them both is the succession of intervals of the fourth. But this interval happens to be characteristic of a good deal of the music in the scene in "Die Meistersinger" with which we are dealing; C and D show other phases of it.

Now, intervals of the fourth are as common in melodies as any other intervals; and indeed they will be found in thousands of other places in "Die Meistersinger" than those to which I have directed attention. But examples such as those I have quoted constitute a special, though of course quite unconscious, use of fourths on Wagner's part. Used in this particular way, they are the symbol of a mood of resolution, of energy, of a decision taken, of emphatic insistence upon a point, of dignified or heavy movement. It is difficult to express a purely musical idea in a word or two, but the reader will see that basically all the moods I have mentioned have something in common; and the following examples will perhaps make the matter clearer to him:



A is the figure of fourths used so largely in "Parsifal" to express the stately tread of the Knights of the Grail. (In the guidebooks it is called the Bells motive, but this is an error. Wagner does indeed find it

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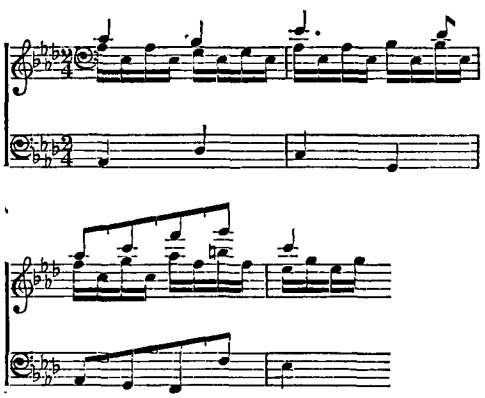
convenient to give the figure to the bells, but from evidence supplied by his works as a whole it becomes clear that primarily these fourths are motived by the idea of a procession.) B is the melody to which Siegfried and Brünnhilde sing the final words of their duet, "She [he] is for ever, is for aye my wealth and world"; here Wagner instinctively drops into fourths to suggest the maximum of energy and joyous resolution. C is a particularly instructive example from the end of the "Kaisermarsch"; after a good deal of previous insistence on fourths, Wagner hammers away at them repeatedly at the finish in order to get the maximum of emphasis into his melody. The similarity between this and B must be evident to everyone at first sight.

D is rather more subtle: it is sung by Kundry to the words "Let me upon his breast lie weeping," and repeated in various forms during the following dozen bars or so; and the melody stamps itself out in fourths because Wagner, having to express here the despair and self-reproach of Kundry at their maximum, unconsciously reverts to the formula that, for him, is inextricably interwoven with all moods expressive of a great decision taken.

E is the figure used quasi-symphonically in the first act of "Siegfried" to symbolise the young Siegfried's physical joy in life; once more the fourths come up in Wagner's mind when he has to express a sort of stamping energy. (The reader will remember also, in this connection, the stamping fourths in the motive of the Giants.) F is a motive which the commentators have never been able to label quite satisfactorily. I lack space to discuss it in full here, but I suggest that the clue to its psychic origin may perhaps be found in its fourths, and I leave the reader to work out the problem for himself.

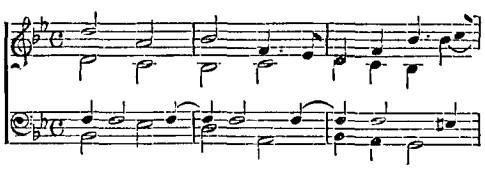
It will be seen, then, that there is not the slightest necessity to look to "The Merry Wives" overture for the source of the passage in Act III of "Die Meistersinger": the governing interval of the fourth was virtually predestined for Wagner when he had to describe Sachs's mood at this point. Moreover, in Nicolai the fourths suggest light-heartedness; whereas in Wagner a melodic sequence of that kind invariably carries quite another suggestion.

In conclusion, I will give a few more illustrations, this time from Beethoven, of how a composer tends to do the same thing again and again when in the same mood. Here is the opening of the slow movement of the "Pathetic" sonata:



The controlling essence of it is the movement of the harmonic base from the tonic to the subdominant, then to the third, then to the leading note, then to the tonic, while the melody above gradually rises to a climax.

The same thing is seen in the theme of the adagio of the Ninth Symphony:



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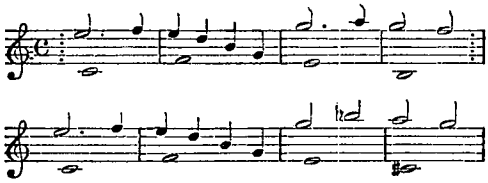
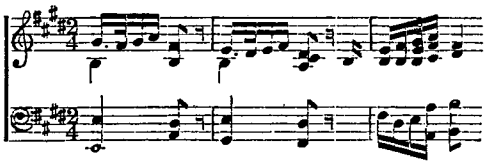
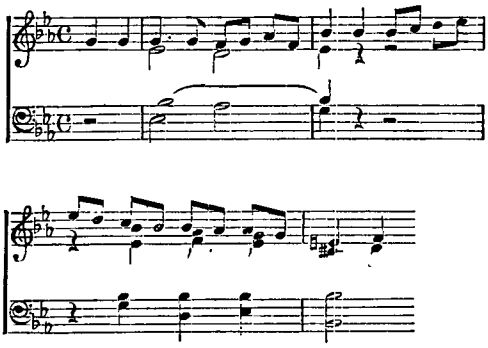
In the next example, from the "Coriolan" overture, I skeletonise the relations of the melody and the harmony for the benefit of the reader with the minimum of technical knowledge:



The adagio of the third piano sonata shows the *tic* in a slightly different form, the principle, however, remaining the same:



The scena, "Ah perfido", shows a melodic elongation of it:



These are the merest hints of the way in which a composer unconsciously borrows from himself. From Beethoven alone I could cite examples by the thousand; a great deal of his work can easily be shown to be a series of variations upon some ten or twelve protoplasmic cell-formulæ; and the same holds good of all other composers.

BOOKS

THE COMPLETE BOOK OF THE GREAT MUSICIANS.

By Percy A. Scholes & Will Earhart.

The Oxford University Press

$3 7⅜ x 4¾; 411 pp. *New York*

In this volume the authors wrestle with the difficult problem of making good music interesting to children. Their solution of it, if not brilliant, is at least respectable. They get a good deal of vitality into the figures of the great composers, and when they come to explain such recondite things as counterpoint they do it very simply and ingeniously. One of the authors, Mr. Scholes, is an Englishman, and hence it is not surprising to find many English composers treated very seriously and at great length. Sir Edward Elgar, for example, actually gets more space than either Mozart or Beethoven, and such third-raters as Sterndale Bennett and Hubert Parry are given precedence of Dvořák. At the end there is a series of brief biographies of recent British composers, followed by a similar one of American composers. The latter includes Sousa, Schumann-Heink and Huneker.

THE MEANING OF MUSIC.

By Carroll C. Pratt.

The McGraw-Hill Book Company

$2 7⅜ x 4⅞; 253 pp. *New York*

Dr. Pratt, who is an assistant professor of psychology at Harvard, gives his book the sub-title of "A Study in Psychological Æsthetics." It is an elaboration of a series of lectures given at Harvard. The author begins with a brief discussion of the physical materials of music, proceeds to a consideration of form, and ends with an exposition of his main thesis, which is that, while music, save within narrow limits, cannot represent actual phenomena, it can undoubtedly evoke all the emotional reactions commonly associated with them. "One person will argue that a sorrowful piece of music is the requiem for a pet dog, another will insist that it portrays the pangs of unrequited love, while a third will be positive that it is a lament over the iniquities of Jerusalem." But there will be unanimous recognition that it is sorrowful.

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BY H. L. MENCKEN

Science and Theology

THE RELIGION OF SCIENTISTS, edited by C. L. Drawbridge. $1.25. 7¾ x 5⅜; 160 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company.*

THE REV. MR. DRAWBRIDGE (whose ecclesiastical character is nowhere mentioned in the present book) is the secretary of the Christian Evidence Society (London), and the author of many volumes of Christian apologetics, *e.g.*, "Popular Attacks on Christianity", "Common Objections to Christianity", "The War and Christian Ideals", and "Anti-Christian Socialism". It occurred to him some time ago that it would be a good idea to poll the fellows of the British Royal Society, and find out how their minds were running on the subject of religion. He had heard, it appeared, that a good many scientific men, shaken by the revolutionary notions of Professors Planck and Einstein, were throwing off the innocent agnosticism that Thomas Henry Huxley had spread in their fraternity, and coming back to the faith of their grandfathers. So he got up a questionnaire, and sent it to all the fellows of the Society, including the fifty foreign fellows, but excluding the Royal Princes. Two hundred of them sent in replies, and 122 authorized him to use their names.

These replies gave great comfort to the Rev. Mr. Drawbridge, and he here passes them on to a candid world. Of the 180 learned men who answered his inquiry about the freedom of the will, 173 said that they thought it was more or less free, and only 7 that they thought it was not. A hundred and forty-three out of 149 told him that they saw no conflict between a belief in evolution and a belief in a Creator. On the question of a personal God, 26 said nay, but 103 were either for the affirmative or on the fence. Finally, coming to survival after death, the crown and cornerstone of Christian theology, 47 said that they did not believe in it, 41 that they did, and 112 "either did not state what their belief is, or said they were uncertain upon the point". All of which convinced Mr. Drawbridge that "men of science are at least as religious as other men," and this belief he sets forth in the last chapter of his little book. To it he adds the somewhat irrelevant corollary that "they are not frivolous and pleasure-loving", but "sympathize most with those who take life seriously and live unselfishly."

The rev. gentleman's conclusions will no doubt be soothing to many persons of his own general cast of mind, but I find myself in considerable doubt that they really prove anything. For one thing, he failed to squeeze answers from *all* the fellows of the Royal Society, and there are two good reasons for believing that those who *did* answer were selected out by the test of piety, and represented, on the whole, the more devout wing. The first of these reasons is that every man he addressed knew that he was a clergyman actively engaged in Christian propaganda—and the pious would obviously be more likely than the infidels to be polite to him. The second is that the pious would have definite beliefs and be eager to expound and justify them, whereas many, and perhaps most of the infidels would have too little in-

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terest in the subject to want to put their ideas into words. Mr. Drawbridge's own evidence bears out both of these surmises. On the one hand, his list shows a marked representation of notoriously devout scientists, *e.g.*, Professor J. S. Haldane and Sir Oliver Lodge, and a suspicious sprinkling of "scientists" who are such only by courtesy, *e.g.*, the Bishop of Birmingham; and on the other hand it shows that not a few of the skeptics viewed the whole inquiry as vain and foolish, and said so plainly, sometimes in very tart words. Thus the returns were heavily loaded before they came in, and about all they prove is that among scientists and quasi-scientists who lean somewhat toward religion there is something of a leaning toward religion.

But even more important is the fact that the rev. gentleman's questions, at least in large part, scarcely put the matter clearly and fairly. The first of them, for example, was Do you credit the existence of a spiritual domain? Some of the brethren answered simply (and quite accurately) that the question was vague and meaningless, but others showed by their replies that they confused the domain of mere consciousness with the domain of what the theologians call spirit. The two things are wholly unlike, and yet many who answered yes to consciousness are counted as answering yes to spirit, whatever that may be. For example, Professor Frederick Soddy, the Oxford chemist, who says "I suppose 'I' am the 'spiritual domain'," and an unnamed "fellow of the Institute of Physics", who says, "It is the only thing I do credit, for thought and feeling—both spiritual—are all I know of directly". No wonder 121 of the fellows "answered in the affirmative"! The only ones who answered in the negative, in fact, seem to be those who, despite their unfamiliarity with theology, saw at once the difference between "a spiritual domain" and simple consciousness.

I do not accuse the Rev. Mr. Drawbridge of attempting to bamboozle his laboratory animals: the truth is that he seems to be confused in his own mind. When he comes to free will he is confused even more sadly, for at once he seems to mistake it for free thought. "If men possess no freedom of initiative," he says gravely, "there is no such thing as freedom of thought". But this is nonsense, and Henry Sidgwick disposed of it many years ago—in fact, in 1874, when Mr. Drawbridge was only six years old. I may plan a course of action freely and desire fervently to carry it out, but my resolution may be completely insufficient for the business. If that were not true, there would be no regret and remorse in this world, and little dread. For it is the sad experience of every man that the noble actions he is dissuaded from by the pressure of his environment are as naught compared to the noble actions he is dissuaded from by his own weakness and lack of will. Most of Mr. Drawbridge's scientists, I suspect, had freedom of thought in mind when they voted for freedom of the will, and so their answers are of little significance. A few of them, seeing the dichotomy in the question, dismissed the problem of the will as insoluble, as indeed it probably is. It belongs properly to metaphysics, not to science.

It is curious to note how the fellows divided according to their *Fächer*. The number heard from was too small, of course, to justify any serious generalizations, but certainly it can't be without significance that the five physiologists who replied unequivocally to the question about survival after death were all against it, whereas eight of the nine physicists favored it. Why physicists, as a class, should be more religiously inclined than other

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men of science is hard to make out, but the fact seems to be undeniable. Whenever one of the recurrent campaigns is under way to reconcile religion and science, physicists are always in the forefront of the fray. I need point only to Sir Oliver Lodge in England and to Dr. Robert A. Millikan in the United States. One never hears of a physiologist or a pathologist mounting a Methodist pulpit and assuring the customers that there is nothing in "The Descent of Man" to shatter their hope of becoming angels when they die, but physicists often do it, at the same time emitting loud hosannahs. I once attempted to account for this phenomenon on the ground that they deal habitually with things either too small to be seen or too large to be grasped, and that they are thus seduced into some sort of acceptance of St. Paul's definition of faith. But the explanation is plainly somewhat defective. The physiologists and pathologists also deal, at least in large part, with invisible things, and yet they show a hearty skepticism, and do not commonly frequent the communion table. The whole biological faculty, indeed, is inclined toward infidelity. Its members are probably far too familiar with man the mammal to cherish any belief that he has an immortal soul, and will sit upon the right hand of God *post mortem*. When one hears of a graduate of the dissecting-room who credits such wonders it always turns out that he is not a laboratory man, but a practising physician or surgeon, which is to say, much less a scientist than an artist.

The Rev. Mr. Drawbridge's book, as I have said, proves little if anything that was not known before; nevertheless, it serves the useful purpose of recalling that common knowledge to the common attention. For one, I find it instructive and exhilarating to observe that no less than forty-seven fellows of the Royal Society still believe innocently that they have immortal souls, and will be transported to some fairer realm when they die. Forty-one reject the miracle as incredible, and a hundred and twelve are in doubt, but forty-seven profess to be sure—fifty years after Darwin and thirty-seven after Huxley! This belief, to me at least, is one of the most fantastic ever cherished by presumably civilized men. I see no difficulty in believing in a personal God—not, of course, the brummagem police sergeant of the Christian proletariat, but a hard-working, honest and not too intelligent Overseer of our miserable rat-hole in the cosmos, beset heavily day and night by the arbitrary and ill-natured mandates of gods still higher. Nor am I repelled by the concept of a moral order of the world—that is, so long as I am permitted to criticize it as inequitable and irrational. As for the freedom of the human will, with its implication of human responsibility, I find that I must admit it as a metaphysical necessity, though it cannot be demonstrated as a scientific fact. But when it comes to the immortality of the soul, whatever that may mean precisely, I can only say that it seems to me to be wholly incredible and preposterous. There is not only no plausible evidence for it: there is a huge mass of irrefutable evidence against it, and that evidence increases in weight and cogency every time a theologian opens his mouth.

All of the common arguments for survival after death may be reduced to four. The first is logical and is to the effect that it would be impossible to imagine God creating so noble a beast as man, and then letting him die after a few unpleasant years on earth. The answer is simple: I can imagine it, and so can many other men. Moreover, there is no reason to believe that God regards man as noble: on the con-

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trary, all the available theological testimony runs the other way. The second argument is that a belief in immortality is universal in mankind, and that its very universality is ample proof of its truth. The answer is (a) that many men actually dissent, some of them in a very violent and ribald manner, and (b) that even if all men said aye it would prove nothing, for all men once said aye to the existence of witches. The third argument is that the dead, speaking through the mouths of gifted mediums, frequently communicate with the living, and must thus be alive themselves. Unfortunately, the evidence for this is so dubious that it takes a special kind of mind to credit it, and that kind of mind is far from persuasive. The fourth and final argument is based frankly on revelation: the soul is immortal because God hath said it is.

I confess that this last argument seems to me to be rather more respectable than any of the others: it at least makes no silly attempt to lug in the methods of science to prove a proposition in theology. But all the same there are plenty of obvious holes in it. Its proponents get into serious difficulties when they undertake to say when and how the soul gets into the body, and where it comes from. Must it be specially created in each instance, or is it the offspring of the two parent souls? In either case, when does it appear, at the moment of conception or somewhat later? If the former, then what happens to the soul of a zygote cast out, say, an hour after fertilization? If the death of that soul ensues, then the soul is not immortal in all cases, which means that its immortality can be certain in none: and if, on the contrary, it goes to Heaven or Hell or some vague realm between, then we are asked to believe that the bishops and archbishops who swarm beyond the grave are forced to associate, and on terms of equality, with shapes that can neither think nor speak, and resemble tadpoles far more than they resemble Christians. And if it be answered that all souls, after death, develop to the same point and shed all the characters of the flesh, then every imaginable scheme of *post-mortem* jurisprudence becomes ridiculous.

The assumption that the soul enters the body at some time after conception opens difficulties quite as serious, but I shall not annoy you with them in this hot weather. Suffice it to say that it forces one to believe either that there is a time when a human embryo, though it is alive, is not really a human being, or that a human being can exist without a soul. Both notions revolt me—the first as a student of biology, and the second as a dutiful subject of a great Christian state. The answers of the professional theologians are all inadequate. The Catholics try to get rid of the problem by consigning the souls of the unbaptized to a Limbus Infantium which is neither Heaven nor Hell, but that is only a begging of the question. As for the Protestants, they commonly refuse to discuss it at all. Their position seems to be that everyone ought to believe in the immortality of the soul as a matter of common decency, and that, when one has got that far, the details are irrelevant. But my appetite for details continues to plague me. I am naturally full of curiosity about a doctrine which, if it can be shown to be true, is of the utmost personal importance to me. Failing light, I go on believing dismally that when the bells ring and the cannon are fired, and people go rushing about frantic with grief, and my mortal clay is stuffed for the National Museum at Washington, it will be the veritable end of the noble and lovely creature once answering to the name of Henry.

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The World of Creatures

THE STANDARD NATURAL HISTORY FROM AMOEBA TO MAN, edited by W. P. Pycraft. $6. 8⅞ x 5⅞; 942 pp. New York: *Frederick Warne & Company.*

THERE are scores of popular natural histories on the market, some of them of high merit, but this is the best that I have so far encountered. It is well organized, it is written simply, there is a sufficiency of interesting detail, and the illustrations are numerous and really illustrate. The editor, Mr. Pycraft (in England not all zoölogists are Ph.D.'s), is attached to the British Museum, and most of his collaborators seem to be connected with the same institution: thus the work shows an English tinge, and sometimes the species chosen for discussion are unfamiliar on this side of the water. But that defect is not obtrusive, and in most cases the typical American animals—for example, the opossums—get plenty of attention.

The scheme of the work is simple, and it is carried out very effectively. There is no attempt to cover the field completely, but as the various phyla, classes and orders are reached, moving forward from the unicellular organisms to the primates, salient and familiar species are singled out for detailed description. This brings the narrative within the compass of the general reader's experience, and greatly increases the interest of the book. Within each phylum the exposition follows the probable order of evolution, with the extinct forms first, and whenever an important class or order is reached its structure and habits are dealt with at length. Thus, for example, the Arthropoda are first described as a whole, then the Insecta are reviewed, and finally there is an excellent treatise, short but by no means cursory, upon the special characteristics of the Diptera, including their means of reproduction, their metamorphoses, their feeding habits, and their relations to man.

A relatively large part of the volume is devoted to the lower orders of animals, and it is not until page 780 that the mammals are reached. This is as it should be, for the mammals, zoölogically speaking, are a great deal less interesting than some of the more simple forms. But though they get less attention than the birds, and much less than the Arthropoda, they are nevertheless described in an admirably comprehensive manner, with sufficient attention to the peculiarities of such families as the cats. The illustrations are mainly in line, but there are also many half-tones, and also twelve full-page plates in color. The last-named are rather less successful than the black-and-whites. In some cases too much is crowded upon a single plate, and in other cases the color work, which was done in England, is not as good as it might be. But the volume really has few deficiencies of any consequence. It covers an immense field in an unusually careful and adequate manner, and it makes excellent reading.

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

S. MILES BOUTON *was born in New York State and is a newspaper man. He has lived abroad for years, representing American papers in Stockholm and Berlin. He is now stationed at Berlin, where he has been since the end of the war.*

HUGH BRADLEY *was educated at Washington College and the University of Maryland Law School. He was in newspaper work for many years, but is now free-lancing.*

ARLINGTON B. CONWAY *saw active service in the World War and has since devoted himself to the study of military science.*

ROBERT C. COOK *was born in Washington in 1898, and educated at George Washington University. Since 1922 he has been managing editor of the* Journal of Heredity.

JACK CONROY *was born in Moberly, Mo., in 1899, and has worked as a railroad hand, carpenter, ditch digger, and newspaper man.*

RALPH ADAMS CRAM *is the foremost living church architect in the United States. Among his designs are those for St. Thomas' Church and the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, both of New York. He is also the author of numerous books and essays.*

JOHN M. GIBSON *was graduated from the University of North Carolina in 1919, and later studied at Columbia University and the University of Paris. He did newspaper work for a while, but in 1927 was stricken with tuberculosis, and for the next two years took the cure at the North Carolina Sanatorium, from where he was released in January, 1929. Since then he has been editor and business manager of the Sanatorium* Sun, *Sanatorium, N. C.*

CARTER BROOKE JONES *is the subject of an Editorial Note in this issue.*

GEORGE MILBURN'S *"Oklahoma Town" was published recently. He is also the editor of "The Hobo's Hornbook."*

ERNEST NEWMAN *is the well-known music critic.*

ALBERT JAY NOCK *was one of the editors of the old* Freeman. *He has long been a student of Jefferson, and his latest book is a critical biography of him.*

CLIFFORD B. REEVES *was graduated from the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce of the University of Pennsylvania, and has worked on newspapers in Philadelphia and New York. He is now in Wall Street.*

JAMES RORTY *was formerly in the advertising business, and for a while was one of the editors of the* New Masses.

MARIAN STORM *was born in Stormville, N. Y., and educated at Penn Hall and Smith College. She was on the staff of the old New York* Evening Post *from 1918 to 1924, and since then has been a free lance writer of verse and prose. She is the author of "Minstrel Weather," "The Gallant Came Later," and "Prologue to Mexico." She has traveled widely in Central and South America.*

DOROTHY THOMAS *was born in Kansas, but has spent the greater part of her adult life in Nebraska. She was educated at Cotner College and the University of Nebraska. Her first novel, "Ma Jeeter's Girls," will be published next Spring.*

DANE YORKE *is a retired business man, now living in Maine.*

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